HD WIDENER
HW GZT4 4

Digitized by Google

47581.15 (2)
A

Harvard College Library

FROM

The bequest of
James Walker

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# FAUST

## *A TRAGEDY*

BY

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

## The Second Part

*TRANSLATED, IN THE ORIGINAL METRES,*

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

Sein Ohr vernimmt den Einklang der Natur;
Was die Geschichte reicht, das Leben gibt,
Sein Busen nimmt es gleich und willig auf:
Das weit Zerstreute sammelt sein Gemüth,
Und sein Gefühl belebt das Unbelebte.

GOETHE: *Tasso*

BOSTON
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.
1871

Digitized by Google

47581.15 (2)
A

1873, March 22.
Bequest of
James Walker, D. D., L. L. D.
(H. U. 1814.)
President of Harv. Univ.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871,
BY BAYARD TAYLOR,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.
CAMBRIDGE.

Digitized by Google

# INTRODUCTION.

Eleusin servat quod ostendat revisentibus.

SENECA, *Quæst. Nat.* vii. 31.

I KNOW how much prepossession I encounter, in claiming for the Second Part of Faust a higher intellectual character, if a lower dramatic and poetical value, than the First Part. In Mr. Hayward's Appendix, and Mr. Lewes' *Life of Goethe*, the Second Part is virtually declared to be a secondary, unimportant work, chaotic in detail and without any consistent design as a whole; in short, the mistake of Goethe's old age, instead of being, as it really is, the conception of his prime, partly written, and entirely planned, before the publication of the First Part.

The five translations which have already appeared have, unfortunately, not succeeded in presenting the work clearly and attractively to the English reader. Those of Bernays, Macdonald, and Gurney are characterized by knowledge of the text, but give no satisfactory clew to the author's design; while that of Dr. Anster, the most readable of all, and showing a further insight into the meaning, is a very loose paraphrase, rather than a translation. The original metres, which are here even more important than in the First Part, have been retained by no translator. I do not wish to be understood as passing an unfriendly judgment upon the labors

Digitized by Google

of my predecessors; for I have learned what difficulties stood in their way, and, also how easy it is, in the perplexing labyrinth of German comment, to miss the simplest and surest key to Goethe's many-sided allegories.

The first mistake which many of the critics have made is in attempting any comparison of the two parts. While the moral and intellectual problem, which is first stated in the *Prologue in Heaven*, advances through richer and broader phases of development to its final solution, the story which comes to an end in Margaret's dungeon is not resumed. The Second Part opens abruptly in a broad, bright, crowded world; we not only breathe a new atmosphere, but we come back to Faust and Mephistopheles as if after a separation of many years, and find that our former acquaintances have changed in the interval, even as ourselves. "It must be remembered," says Goethe, "that the First Part is the development of a somewhat obscure individual condition. It is almost wholly subjective; it is the expression of a confused, restricted, and passionate nature." On the other hand, we learn from the study of Goethe's life that the wealth of the material which he had accumulated for the Second Part occasioned an embarrassment in regard to the form, which partly accounts for the long postponement of the work. He expressly declares* that the Second Part of the drama must be performed upon a different, a broader, and more elevated stage of action; that one who has not lived in the world and acquired some experience will not know how to comprehend it; and that, like an

* Announcement of the *Helena* (quoted in note 103). Correspondence with Schiller, and Eckermann's Conversations.

Digitized by Google

unsolved riddle, it will repeatedly allure the reader to the renewed study of its secret meanings.

The last of these declarations is not egotistical, because it is so exactly true. No commentary can exhaust the suggestiveness of the work. Schiller doubted that a poetic measure could be formed, capable of holding Goethe's plan; and we find, indeed, that the substance overflows its bounds on all sides. With all which the critics have accomplished, they have still left enough untouched to allow fresh discoveries to every sympathetic reader. There are circles within circles, forms which beckon and then disappear; and when we seem to have reached the bottom of the author's meaning, we suspect that there is still something beyond. The framework lay buried so long in the sea of Goethe's mind, that it became completely incrusted, here and there with a barnacle, it is true, but also with a multitude of pearl-oysters. Many of the crowded references are directly deducible from the allegory; still more are made clear to us through a knowledge of Goethe's development, as man and poet; while some few have lost the clew to their existence, and must probably always stand, orphaned and strange, on one side or other of the plain line of development running through the poem.

The early disparagement which the Second Part of *Faust* received is only in our day beginning to give way to an intelligent recognition of its grand design, its wealth of illustration, and the almost inexhaustible variety and beauty of its rhythmical forms. Although its two chief offences (to the German mind) are not yet, and perhaps never can be wholly, condoned, the period of misconception is over, and

Digitized by Google

the voices of rage or contempt, once so frequently heard, are becoming faint and few. The last twenty-five years have greatly added to our means of elucidation; and much that seemed to be whim or purposed obscurity is now revealed in clear and intelligible outlines. When Vischer compares the work to a picture of the old Titian, wherein the master-hand is still recognized, but trembling with age and stippling in the color with slow, painful touches, he forgets that the design was already drawn, and some of the figures nearly completed, in the Master's best days. I should rather liken it to a great mosaic, which, looked at near at hand, shows us the mixture of precious marbles and common pebbles, of glass, jasper, and lapis-lazuli; but, seen in the proper perspective, exhibits only the Titanic struggle of Man, surrounded with shapes of Beauty and Darkness, towards a victorious immortality.

It would have been better, undoubtedly, if the completion of the work had not been so long delayed, and Goethe had thereby been able to give us, with more limited stores of knowledge, a greater poetic unity. It is hardly the feebleness of the octogenarian which we perceive. The acquisitions of the foregoing thirty years seem to have gradually formed a crust over the lambent poetical element in his nature; but the native force of the latter is nowhere so wonderfully revealed as here, since it is still able to crack and shiver the erudite surface of his mind, and to flame out clearly and joyously. Wherever it thus displays itself, it is still the same pure, illuminating, solving and blending power, as in his earlier years.

The reader to whom this book is a new land must of necessity be furnished with a compass and an outline chart

Digitized by Google

before he enters it. He may, otherwise, lose his way in its tropical jungles, before reaching that "peak in Darien," from which Keats, like Balboa, beheld a new side of the world. While the Notes contain as much interpretation of the details of the plan as seems to be possible at present, I consider that a brief previous statement of the argument is absolutely required.

We must forget the tragical story of the First Part, and return to the compact between Faust and Mephistopheles, where the latter declares: "The little world, and then the great, we'll see." The former world is at an end, and, after an opening scene which symbolizes the healing influences of Time and Nature, Faust and his companion appear at the Court of the German Emperor. The ruined condition of the realm gives Mephistopheles a chance of acquiring place and power for Faust, through the introduction of a new financial system. While this is in progress, the days of Carnival furnish the occasion for a Masquerade, crowded with allegorical figures, representing Society and Government. Goethe found that no detached phases of life were adequate to his purpose. Faust, in the First Part, is an individual, in narrow association with other individuals: here he is thrown into the movement of the world, the phenomena of human development, and becomes, to a certain extent, typical of Man. Hence the allegorical character of the Masquerade, which is confusing, from the great range and mixture of its symbolism.

The Emperor's wish to have Paris and Helena called from the Shades (as in the original Legend) is expressed when Faust is already growing weary of the artificial life of the Court.

Digitized by Google

Mephistopheles sends him to the mysterious Mothers, that he may acquire the means of evoking the models of Beauty; and at this point the artistic, or æsthetic element — the sense of the Beautiful in the human mind — is introduced as a most important agent of human culture, gradually refining and purifying Faust's nature, and lifting it forever above all the meanness and littleness of the world. Mephistopheles is bound by his compact to serve, even in fulfilling this aspiration which he cannot comprehend; but he obeys unwillingly, and with continual attempts to regain his diminishing power. After the apparition of Helena, and Faust's rash attempt to possess at once the Ideal of the Beautiful, the scene changes to the latter's old Gothic chamber, where we meet the Student of the First Part as a Baccalaureus, and find Wagner, in his laboratory, engaged in creating a Homunculus. This whimsical sprite guides Faust and Mephistopheles to the Classical Walpurgis-Night, where the former continues his pilgrimage towards Helena (the Beautiful), while the latter, true to his negative character, finally reaches his ideal of Ugliness in the Phorkyads. The allegory of the Classical Walpurgis-Night is also difficult to be unravelled, but it is not simply didactic, like that of the Carnival Masquerade. A purer strain of poetry breathes through it, and the magical moonlight which shines upon its closing Festals of the Sea prepares us for the sunbright atmosphere of the *Helena.*

This interlude, occupying the Third Act, is another allegory, complete in itself, and only lightly attached to the course of the drama. While it exhibits, in the latter connection, the æsthetic purification of Faust's nature, its leading motive is the recon-

Digitized by Google

ciliation of the Classic and Romantic elements in Art and Literature. Euphorion, the child of Faust and Helena, who vanishes in flame, leaving only his garments and lyre behind him, is then presented to us as Byron, and the Act closes with a transmigration of "the fair humanities of old religion" into the spirit and sentiment of Modern Poetry.

The Fourth Act exhibits Faust to us, enlightened and elevated above his former self, and anxious for a grand and worthy sphere of activity. His aim is, to bend Nature to the service of Man, — to bar the ocean from a great stretch of half-submerged land, and thus conquer the aimless force of the unruly elements. Mephistopheles takes advantage of the political dissensions of the Empire, and the appearance of a new claimant for the crown, at the head of an army, to proffer his own and Faust's services to the Emperor. A battle takes place; the rebels are defeated, through the magic arts of Mephistopheles, and Faust receives the sea-shore in feoff forever.

The Fifth Act opens on the accomplished work. Faust, a hundred years old, inhabits a palace, in the midst of a green, thickly-peopled land, diked from the sea. But he has not yet found the one moment of supreme happiness. A pestilential marsh still remains to be drained; and he has not succeeded in gaining the coveted possession of a sand-hill near his palace, the residence of an old couple who have charge of a little chapel on the downs. Mephistopheles endeavors to implicate him in the guilty seizure of this Naboth's vineyard, but is again baffled. Faust, become blind, finds a clearer light dawning upon his spirit: while the workmen are employed

Digitized by Google

upon the canal which completes his great work, he perceives that he has created free and happy homes for the coming generations of men, and the fore-feeling of satisfied achievement impels him to say to the passing Moment: "Ah, still delay,—thou art so fair!" When the words are uttered, he sinks upon the earth, dead.

The struggle of Mephistopheles with the angels for the possession of Faust's soul, and a scene in Heaven, where Margaret appears, like Beatrice in Dante's *Paradiso*, as the spiritual guide of her redeemed lover, close the drama. Although the condition of the compact has been fulfilled, Mephistopheles loses his wager. In willing the Bad, he has worked the Good: the "obscure aspiration" in Faust's nature has lifted itself, through Love, Experience, the refining power of the Beautiful, and beneficent activity, to more than an instinct, to a knowledge of "the one true way." The Epilogue in Heaven carries us back to the Prologue, and indicates to us, through a wondrous, mystic symbolism, the victorious vitality of Good and the omnipotence of the Divine Love.

Briefly, then, Act I. represents Society and Government; Acts II. and III. the development of the Idea of the Beautiful as the highest human attribute, with almost a saving power; Act IV. War; and Act V. Beneficent Activity, crowned by Grace and Redemption. The financial scheme, the discussion of geological theories, the union of the Classic and Romantic, and the introduction of those three tricksy spirits, the Boy Charioteer, Homunculus, and Euphorion (whom I have interpreted as different personifications of Goethe's own Poetic Genius), must be considered as digressions from the direct course

Digitized by Google

of the plot. In order to understand how they originated, and the probable *raisons d'être* by which the author justified them to his own mind, I refer the reader to the Notes, which will be found indispensable. I might, indeed, have greatly added to the latter, had I not felt obliged to consider that those to whom the material is not familiar may as easily lose their clew through too much detail of interpretation as from the unexplained text.

Goethe's chief offence is the license which he allows himself in regard to his language. We find, especially in those portions which were last written, frequent instances of crabbed, arbitrary construction, words and compounds invented in defiance of all rule, and various other deviations from his own full, clear, and rounded style.* This has been contemptuously called the "Privy-Councillor's dialect" (*Geheimrathssprache*) by some of the critics, who assail Goethe with cries of wrath; but it is a feature of the original which cannot be reproduced in the translation, and ought not to be, if it could be. If the reader now and then falls upon an unusual compound, or a seemingly forced inversion of language, I must beg him to remember that my sins against the poetical laws of the English language are but a small percentage of Goethe's sins against the German. The other difficulty seems to lie partly in the intellectual constitution of the critics themselves, many of whom are nothing if not metaphysical. The fulness of the

* "That which first repels the reader in this second Faust-drama is the philological element, which is found throughout the greater part of it. A dragging march of the diction, awkwardly long and painfully complicated sentences, a mass of unsuccessful verbal forms and adaptations, unnecessarily obscure images, forced transitions, affected superlative participles and compounds, — all these things operate repellently enough upon many persons, and spoil, in advance, their enjoyment of the work." — *Kostlin, Goethe's Faust, Seine Kritiker und Ausleger.*

Digitized by Google

matter is such that various apparently consistent theories may be drawn from it, and much of the confusion which has thence ensued has been charged to the author's account. Here, as in the First Part, the study of Goethe's life and other works has been my guide through the labyrinth of comment; I have endeavored to give, in every case, the simplest and most obvious interpretation, even if, to some readers, it may not seem the most satisfactory.

I have adhered, as those familiar with the original text will perceive, to the same plan of translation. The original metres are more closely reproduced than even in the First Part, for the predominance of symbol and aphorism, in the place of sentiment and passion, has, in this respect, made my task more easy; and there are, from beginning to end, less than a score of lines where I have been compelled to take any liberty with either rhythm or rhyme. Indeed, the form, especially in the *Helena*, is so intimately blended with the symbolical meaning, that I cannot conceive of the two being separated; for they are soul and body, and separation, to us, is death of the one and disappearance of the other. The classic metres, which Goethe uses, surely lend themselves as readily to the English language as to the German; and, while I have rendered this portion of the drama almost as literally as would be possible in prose, I can only hope that the unaccustomed ear will not be startled and repelled by its new metrical character. I am not aware that either the iambic trimeter or the trochaic tetrameter has ever been introduced into English verse. The classic reader, who may miss the cæsura here and there, will, I trust, recognize both the necessity and the justification.

Digitized by Google

In concluding this labor of years, I venture to express the hope that, however I may have fallen short of reproducing the original in another, though a kindred language, I may, at least, have assisted in naturalizing the masterpiece of German literature among us, and to that extent have explained the supreme place which has been accorded to Goethe among the poets of the world. Where I have differed from the German critics and commentators, I would present the plea, that the laws of construction are similar, whether one builds a cottage or a palace; and the least of authors, to whom metrical expression is a necessity, may have some natural instinct of the conceptions of the highest.

B. T.

March, 1871.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# CONTENTS.

## SECOND PART OF THE TRAGEDY.

### ACT I.


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Scene I. | A Pleasant Landscape | 3 |
| II. | The Emperor's Castle | 9 |
| III. | Spacious Hall (*Carnival Masquerade*) | 27 |
| IV. | Pleasure-Garden (*Paper-Money Scheme*) | 75 |
| V. | A Gloomy Gallery (*The Mothers*) | 87 |
| VI. | Brilliantly Lighted Halls | 96 |
| VII. | Hall of the Knights (*Paris and Helena*) | 101 |


### ACT II.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Scene I. | A Gothic Chamber, formerly Faust's | 115 |
| II. | Laboratory (*Homunculus*) | 129 |
| III. | Classical Walpurgis-Night. | |
| | I. The Pharsalian Fields | 141 |
| | II. Peneus | 155 |
| | III. On the Upper Peneus, as before | 169 |
| | IV. Rocky Coves of the Ægean Sea | 198 |
| | V. Telchines of Rhodes | 212 |


### ACT III.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| The Helena | | 225 |


Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

Scene I. High Mountains . . . . . 313
II. On the Headland (*The Battle*) . . . . . 331
III. The Rival Emperor's Tent . . . . . 356

ACT V.

Scene I. Open Country . . . . . 373
II. In the Little Garden . . . . . 377
III. Palace . . . . . 380
IV. Dead of Night . . . . . 388
V. Midnight (*Faust's Blindness*) . . . . . 393
VI. Great Outer Court of the Palace (*Faust's Death*) . 401
VII. Mountain-Gorges, Forest, Rock, Desert . . . 419

---

NOTES . . . . . 433

Digitized by Google

# SECOND PART OF THE TRAGEDY.

## IN FIVE ACTS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# ACT I.

## I.

### A PLEASANT LANDSCAPE.

TWILIGHT.

FAUST, *bedded on flowery turf, fatigued, restless, endeavoring to sleep.*
*Circle of hovering spirits in motion: graceful, diminutive figures.*

ARIEL.[1]

(*Chant, accompanied by Æolian harps.*)

WHEN the Spring returns serener
Raining blossoms over all;
When the fields with blessing greener
On the earth-born children call;
Then the craft of elves propitious
Hastes to help where help it can:
Be he holy, be he vicious,
Pity they the luckless man.

Who round this head in airy circles hover,
Yourselves in guise of noble Elves discover!

Digitized by Google

The fierce convulsions of his heart compose;
Remove the burning barbs of his remorses,
And cleanse his being from the suffered woes!
Four pauses makes the Night upon her courses,[2]
And now, delay not, let them kindly close!
First on the coolest pillow let him slumber,
Then sprinkle him with Lethe's drowsy spray!
His limbs no more shall cramps and chills encumber,
When sleep has made him strong to meet the day.
Perform, ye Elves, your fairest rite:
Restore him to the holy Light!

CHORUS [3]

(*singly, by two or more, alternately and collectively*).

When around the green-girt meadow
Balm the tepid winds exhale,
Then in fragrance and in shadow
Twilight spreads her misty veil:
Whispers peace in accents cheery,
Rocks the heart in childhood's play,
And upon these eyelids weary
Shuts the golden gates of Day.

Now the Night already darkles,
Holy star succeeds to star;

Digitized by Google

Dazzling lights and fainter sparkles
Glimmer near and gleam afar:
Glimmer here, the lake reflecting,
Gleam in cloudless dark aboon;
While, the bliss of rest protecting,
Reigns in pomp the perfect moon.

Now the Hours are cancelled for thee,
Pain and bliss have fled away:
Thou art whole: let faith restore thee!
Trust the new, the rising Day!
Vales grow green, and hills are lifting
Through the shadow-rest of morn;
And in waves of silver, drifting
On to harvest, rolls the corn.

Wouldst thou win desires unbounded,
Yonder see the glory burn!
Lightly is thy life surrounded —
Sleep 's a shell, to break and spurn!
When the crowd sways, unbelieving,
Show the daring will that warms!
He is crowned with all achieving,
Who perceives and then performs.

(*A tremendous tumult announces the approach of the Sun.*)

Digitized by Google

ARIEL.

Hearken! Hark! — the Hours careering!
Sounding loud to spirit-hearing,
See the new-born Day appearing!
Rocky portals jarring shatter,
Phœbus' wheels in rolling clatter,
With a crash the Light draws near![4]
Pealing rays and trumpet-blazes, —
Eye is blinded, ear amazes:
The Unheard can no one hear!
Slip within each blossom-bell,
Deeper, deeper, there to dwell, —
In the rocks, beneath the leaf!
If it strikes you, you are deaf.

FAUST.

Life's pulses now with fresher force awaken
To greet the mild ethereal twilight o'er me;
This night, thou, Earth! hast also stood unshaken,
And now thou breathest new-refreshed before me,
And now beginnest, all thy gladness granting,
A vigorous resolution to restore me,
To seek that highest life for which I 'm panting. —
The world unfolded lies in twilight glimmer,

Digitized by Google

A thousand voices in the grove are chanting;
Vale in, vale out, the misty streaks grow dimmer;
The deeps with heavenly light are penetrated;
The boughs, refreshed, lift up their leafy shimmer
From gulfs of air where sleepily they waited;
Color on color from the background cleareth,
Where flower and leaf with trembling pearls are freighted:
And all around a Paradise appeareth.

Look up! — The mountain summits, grand, supernal,[5]
Herald, e'en now, the solemn hour that neareth;
They earliest enjoy the light eternal
That later sinks, till here below we find it.
Now to the Alpine meadows, sloping vernal,
A newer beam descends ere we divined it,
And step by step unto the base hath bounded:
The sun comes forth! Alas, already blinded,
I turn away, with eyesight pierced and wounded!

'T is thus, when, unto yearning hope's endeavor,
Its highest wish on sweet attainment grounded,
The portals of fulfilment widely sever:
But if there burst from those eternal spaces
A flood of flame, we stand confounded ever;

Digitized by Google

For Life's pure torch we sought the shining traces,
And seas of fire — and what a fire! — surprise us.
Is 't Love? Is 't Hate? that burningly embraces,
And that with pain and joy alternate tries us?
So that, our glances once more earthward throwing,
We seek in youthful drapery to disguise us.

Behind me, therefore, let the sun be glowing!
The cataract, between the crags deep-riven,
I thus behold with rapture ever-growing.
From plunge to plunge in thousand streams 't is given,
And yet a thousand, to the valleys shaded,
While foam and spray in air are whirled and driven.
Yet how superb, across the tumult braided,
The painted rainbow's changeful life is bending,
Now clearly drawn, dissolving now and faded,
And evermore the showers of dew descending!
Of human striving there 's no symbol fuller:
Consider, and 't is easy comprehending —
Life is not light, but the refracted color.[6]

Digitized by Google

## II.

THE EMPEROR'S CASTLE.

HALL OF THE THRONE.

COUNCIL OF STATE AWAITING THE EMPEROR.

*Trumpets.*

*Enter* COURT RETAINERS *of all kinds, splendidly dressed. The* EMPEROR *advances to the throne: the* ASTROLOGER *on his right hand.*

EMPEROR.[7]

I GREET you, Well-beloved and Trusty,
Assembled here from far and wide!
I see the Wise Man at my side;
But where 's the Fool, his rival lusty?

SQUIRE.

Behind thy mantle's flowing swell
Suddenly on the stairs he fell:
They bore away the weight of fat;
If dead, or drunk? none knoweth that.



Digitized by Google

SECOND SQUIRE.

As quick as thought, through all the pother,
Him to replace there came another,
Adorned and prinked with wondrous art,
Yet so grotesque that all men start.
The guards their halberds cross-wise hold
To bar him — them he thrusts apart:
Lo! here he comes, the Fool so bold!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*kneeling before the throne*).

What 's cursed and welcomely expected?[8]
What is desired, yet always chased?
What evermore with care protected?
What is accused, condemned, disgraced?
To whom dar'st thou not give a hearing?
Whose name hears each man willingly?
What is 't, before thy throne appearing?
What keeps itself away from thee?

EMPEROR.

Spare us thy words! the time is pressing;
This is no place for riddle-guessing:
These gentlemen such things explain.
Solve it thyself! — to hear I 'm fain.

Digitized by Google

My old Fool went, I fear, an endless distance;
Take thou his place, come here and lend assistance!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *goes up and stations himself on the* EMPEROR'S *left hand.*)

MURMURS OF THE CROWD.[9]

Another fool — for worries new! —
Whence came he? — how did he get through?
The old one fell — he 's walked his path. —
*He* was a barrel — this, a lath!

EMPEROR.

So now, my Well-beloved and Loyal,
Be welcome all, from near and far!
You meet beneath a fortunate star;
Welfare and luck are now the aspects royal.
But tell me why, in days so fair,[10]
When we 've withdrawn ourselves from care,
And beards of beauty masquerading wear, —
When gay delights for us are waiting,
Why should we plague ourselves, deliberating?
Yet, since the task you think we cannot shun,
'T is settled then, so be it done!

Digitized by Google

CHANCELLOR.

The highest virtue, like a halo-zone
Circles the Emperor's head; and he alone
Is worthy validly to exercise it.
'T is Justice! — all men love and prize it,
None can forego, but all require and want it:
The people look to him, that he should grant it.
But, ah! what help can human wit impart,
Or readiness of hand, or kindly heart,
When lies the State, as if in fever fretting,
And brooded Evil evil is begetting?
Who looks abroad from off this height supreme
Throughout the realm, 't is like a weary dream,
Where one deformity another mouldeth,
Where lawlessness itself by law upholdeth,
And 't is an age of Error that unfoldeth!

One plunders flocks, a woman one,
Cup, cross, and candlestick from altar,
And then to boast it does not palter,
Of limb or life nowise undone.
To Court behold the plaintiffs urging,
Where puffs the judge on cushions warm,
And swells, meanwhile, with fury surging,

Digitized by Google

Rebellion's fast-increasing storm!
His easy way through crime is broken,
Who his accomplices selects;
And "Guilty!" hears one only spoken
Where Innocence itself protects.
They all pull down what they should care for, —
Destroy their weal, in self-despite:
How can the sense develop, therefore,
Which, only, leads us to the Right?
At last, the man of good intent
To flatterer and briber bendeth;
The judge, debarred from punishment,
Mates with the felon, ere he endeth.
I 've painted black, but denser screen
I 'd rather draw before the scene.

(*Pause.*)

Here measures cannot be evaded;
When all offend, and none are aided,
His Majesty a victim stands.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

In these wild days, how discords thicken!
Each strikes and in return is stricken,
And they are deaf to all commands.

Digitized by Google

The burgher in his fortifications,
The knight upon his rocky nest,
Have sworn to worry out our patience
And keep their strength with stubborn crest.
The mercenaries, no whit better,
Impatiently demand their pay,
And, if we were not still their debtor,
They 'd start forthwith and march away.
Let one forbid what all would practise
And in a hornet's nest he stands:
The realm which they should guard, the fact is,
'T is devastated by their hands.
They give the rein to wild disorder,
And half the world is wasted now;
There still are kings beyond our border,
But none thinks it concerns him anyhow.

TREASURER.

Trust allies, and we soon shall rue us!
The subsidies they promised to us —
Like water in leaky pipes — don't come.
Then, Sire, in all thy states extended
To whom hath now the rule descended?
Where'er one goes, a new lord is at home,

Digitized by Google

And hopes to live in independence;
He takes his course and we look on:
Such rights we 've given to our attendants
That all *our* right to anything is gone.
On parties, too, whate'er the name be,
Our trust, to-day, is far from great;
Though loud their praise or fierce their blame be,
Indifferent is their love and hate.
The Ghibellines and Guelfs from labor
Are resting — both laid on the shelf.
Who, therefore, now will help his neighbor?
Each has enough, to help himself.
The gate of gold no more unlatches,
And each one gathers, digs, and scratches,
While our strong-box is void indeed.

LORD HIGH STEWARD.

What evil I, as well, am having!
We 're always trying to be saving,
And ever greater is our need:
Thus daily grows this task of mine.
The cooks have all they want at present, —
Wild-boar and deer, and hare and pheasant,
Duck, peacock, turkey, goose, and chicken:

Digitized by Google

These, paid in kind, are certain picking,
And do not seriously decline;
Yet, after all, we 're short of wine.
Where casks on casks were once our cellars filling,
Rare vintages of flavors finely thrilling,
The noble lords' eternal swilling
Has drained them off, till not a drop appears.
The City Council, too, must tap their liquor;
They drink from mug, and jug, and beaker,
Till no one longer sees or hears.
'T is I must pay for all the dances;
The Jew will have me, past all chances;
His notes of hand and his advances
Will soon eat up the coming years.
Before they 're fat the swine are taken;
Pawned is the pillow, ere one waken,
The bread is eaten ere the board it sees.

THE EMPEROR

(*after some reflection, to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Say, Fool, canst thou not add a want to these?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I? Not at all! I see the circling splendor —
Thyself, and thine! Should one his trust surrender,

Digitized by Google

Where Majesty thus unopposed commands,
Where ready power the hostile force disbands,
Where loyal wills, through understanding strong,
And mixed activities, around thee throng?
What powers for evil could one see combining, —
For darkness, where such brilliant stars are shining?

MURMURS.

He is a scamp — who comprehends. —
He lies his way — until it ends. —
I know it now — what 's in his mind. —
What then? — A project lurks behind!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where, in this world, doth not some lack appear?
Here this, there that, — but money 's lacking here.
True, from the floor you can't at once collect it,
But, deepliest hidden, wisdom may detect it.
In veins of mountains, under building-bases,
Coined and uncoined, there 's gold in many places:
And ask you who shall bring it to the light?
A man endowed with Mind's and Nature's might.

CHANCELLOR.

Nature and Mind — to Christians we don't speak so.
Thence to burn Atheists we seek so,



Digitized by Google

For such discourses very dangerous be.
Nature is Sin, and Mind is Devil:
Doubt they beget in shameless revel,
Their hybrid in deformity.
Not so with us! — Two only races
Have in the Empire kept their places,
And prop the throne with worthy weight.
The Saints and Knights are they: [11] together
They breast each spell of thunder-weather,
And take for pay the Church and State.
The vulgar minds that breed confusion
Are met with an opposing hand:
They 're wizards! — heretics! Delusion
Through them will ruin town and land.
And these will you, with brazen juggle,
Within this high assembly smuggle?
For hearts corrupt you scheme and struggle;
The Fool's near kin are all the band.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By that, I know the learned lord you are!
What you don't touch, is lying leagues afar;
What you don't grasp, is wholly lost to you;
What you don't reckon, think you, can't be true;

Digitized by Google

What you don't weigh, it has no weight, alas!
What you don't coin, you 're sure it will not pass.

EMPEROR.

Therewith to help our needs you naught determine.
What wilt thou, here, with such a Lenten sermon?
I 'm tired of the eternal If and How:
Money we want: good, then, procure it now!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'll furnish what you wish, and more: 't is, true,
A light task, but light things are hard to do.
The gold 's on hand, — yet, skilfully to win it,
That is the art: who knows how to begin it?
Consider only, in those days of blood
When o'er the Empire poured a human flood,
How many men, such deadly terror steeled them,
Took their best goods, and here and there concealed them!
'T was so beneath the mighty Roman sway,
And ever so repeated, till our day.
All that was buried in the earth, to save it:
The Emperor owns the earth, and he should have it.

TREASURER.

Now, for a Fool, his words are rather bright:
That is indeed the old Imperial right.

Digitized by Google

CHANCELLOR.

Satan has laid his golden snares, to try us;
Such things as these are neither right nor pious.

LORD HIGH STEWARD.

Let him but bring his gifts to Court, and share them,
And if things were a little wrong, I 'd bear them!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

The Fool is shrewd, to promise each his needs;
Whence it may come the soldier never heeds.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And should you think, perchance, I overreach you,
Here 's the Astrologer — ask him to teach you!
The spheres of Hour and House are in his ken: [12]
What are the heavenly aspects? — tell us, then!

MURMURS.

Two rogues are they, — in league they've grown,
Dreamer and Fool — so near the throne!
The song is old — and flatly sung. —
The Fool he prompts — the Wise Man's tongue!

ASTROLOGER

(*speaks:* MEPHISTOPHELES *prompts*).

The Sun himself is gold of purest ray;

Digitized by Google

The herald, Mercury, serves for love and pay;
Dame Venus has bewitched you all, for she,
Early and late, looks on you lovingly;
Chaste Luna has her whims, no two alike;
Mars threatens you, although he may not strike,
And Jupiter is still the splendid star.
Saturn is great, though seeming small and far:
As metal, him we don't much venerate,
Of value slight, though heavy in his weight.
Now, when of Sol and Luna union 's had, —
Silver with gold, — then is the world made glad:
All else, with them, is easy to attain, —
Palaces, gardens, cheeks of rosy stain;
And these procures this highly learned man,
Who that can do which none of us e'er can.

EMPEROR.

Two meanings in his words I find,
And yet they don't convince my mind.

MURMURS.

Why tell us that? — stuff stale and flat!
'T is quackery! — 't is chemistry!
I 've heard the strain — and hoped in vain, —
And though it come — 't is all a hum.

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They stand around, amazed, unknowing;
They do not trust the treasure-spell;
One dreams of mandrake, nightly growing,
The other of the dog of Hell.
Why, then, should one suspect bewitching,
And why the other jest and prate,
When in their feet, they, too, shall feel the itching,
When they shall walk with tottering gait?

All feel the secret operation
Of Nature's ever-ruling might,
And from the bases of Creation
A living track winds up to light.
In every limb when something twitches
In any place uncanny, old, —
Decide at once, and dig for riches!
There lies the fiddler, there the gold![13]

MURMURS.

It hangs like lead my feet about. —
I 've cramp i' the arm — but that is gout. —
I 've tickling in the greater toe. —
Down all my back it pains me so. —

Digitized by Google

From signs like these 't is very clear
The richest treasure-ground is here.

EMPEROR.

Haste, then! Thou 'lt not again make off!
Test now thy frothy, lying graces,
And show at once the golden places!
My sword and sceptre I will doff,
Mine own imperial hands I 'll lend thee,
If thou liest not, therein befriend thee,
But, if thou liest, to Hell will send thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'd find, in any case, the pathway there! —
Yet I cannot enough declare
What, ownerless, waits everywhere.
The farmer, following his share,
Turns out a gold-crock with the mould:
He seeks saltpetre where the clay-walls stand,
And findeth rolls of goldenest gold,
With joyful fright, in his impoverished hand.
What vaults there are to be exploded,
Along what shafts and mines corroded,
The gold-diviner's steps are goaded,

Digitized by Google

Until the Under-world is nigh!
In cellars vast he sees the precious
Cups, beakers, vases, plates, and dishes,
Row after row, resplendent lie:
Rich goblets, cut from rubies, stand there,
And, would he use them, lo! at hand there
Is ancient juice of strength divine.
Yet, trust to him who 's knowledge gotten,
The wood o' the staves has long been rotten,
A cask of tartar holds the wine.[15]
Not only gold and gems are hiding,
But of proud wines the heart abiding,
In terror and in night profound:
Herein assiduously explore the wise;
It is a farce, by day to recognize,
But mysteries are with darkness circled round.

EMPEROR.

See thou to them! What profits the Obscure?
Whate'er has value comes to daylight, sure.
At dead of night who can the rogue betray?
Then all the cows are black, the cats are gray.
If pots are down there, full of heavy gold,
Drive on thy plough and turn them from the mould!

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take hoe and spade thyself, I pray thee, —
Thou shalt be great through peasant-toil!
A herd of golden calves, to pay thee,
Will loose their bodies from the soil.
And then at once canst thou, with rapture,
Gems for thyself and for thy mistress capture:
Their tints and sparkles heighten the degree
Of Beauty as of Majesty.

EMPEROR.

Then quick! at once! how long will it require?

ASTROLOGER.

(*prompted by* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Sire, moderate such urgence of desire!
Let first the gay, the motley pastime end!
Not to the goal doth such distraction tend.
First self-command must quiet and assure us;
The upper things the lower will procure us.
Who seeks for Good, must first be good;
Who seeks for joy, must moderate his blood;
Who wine desires, let him the ripe grapes tread;
Who miracles, by stronger faith be led!



Digitized by Google

EMPEROR.

Let us the time in merriment efface!
And, to our wish, Ash-Wednesday comes apace.
Meanwhile, we 'll surely celebrate withal
More jovially the maddening Carnival.

[*Trumpets.* *Exeunt.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How closely linked are Luck and Merit,
Doth never to these fools occur:
Had they the Philosopher's Stone, I swear it,
The Stone would lack the Philosopher!

Digitized by Google

## III.

SPACIOUS HALL,

WITH ADJOINING APARTMENTS

*Arranged and Decorated for the Carnival Masquerade.*[16]

HERALD.

THINK not, as in our German bounds, your chance is
Of Death's or Fools' or Devils' dances:
Here cheerful revels you await.
Our Ruler, on his Roman expedition,
Hath for his profit, your fruition,
Crossed o'er the Alpine high partition,
And won himself a gayer State.
He to the holy slipper bowed him
And first the right of power besought;
Then, as he went to get the Crown allowed him,
For us the Fool's-cap he has also brought.
Now are we all new-born, to wear it:
Each tactful and experienced man,
Drawn cosily o'er head and ears, doth bear it;
A fool he seems, yet he must share it,

Digitized by Google

And be, thereby, as sober as he can.
They crowding come, I see already,
Close coupling, or withdrawn unsteady, —
The choruses, like youth from school.
Come in or out, bring on your ranks!
Before or after — 't is the rule —
With all its hundred thousand pranks,
The World is one enormous Fool!

GARDEN-GIRLS.[17]

(*Song, accompanied with mandolines*).

That we win your praises tender
We are decked in festal gear;
At the German Court of splendor,
Girls of Florence, we appear.

On our locks of chestnut glosses
Wear we many a flowery bell;
Silken threads and silken flosses
Here must play their parts, as well.

Our desert, not over-rated,
Seems to us assured and clear,
For by art we 've fabricated
Flowers that blossom all the year.

Digitized by Google

Every sort of colored snipping
Won its own symmetric right:
Though your wit on each be tripping,
In the whole you take delight.

We are fair to see and blooming,
Garden-girls, and gay of heart;
For the natural way of woman
Is so near akin to art.

HERALD.

Let us see the wealth of blossoms
Basket-crowning heads that bear them,
Garlanding your arms and bosoms!
Each select, and lightly wear them.
Haste! and bosky arbors dressing,
Let a garden here enring us!
Worthy they of closer pressing,
Hucksters and the wares they bring us.

GARDEN-GIRLS.

Now in cheerful places chaffer,
But no marketing be ours!
Briefly, clearly, let each laugher
Know the meaning of his flowers.

Digitized by Google

OLIVE BRANCH, WITH FRUIT.[18]

Flowery sprays I do not covet;
Strife I shun, or branch above it,
Foe of conflict I remain.
Yet am I the marrow of nations,
Pledge of happy consummations,
Sign of peace on every plain.
Be, to-day, my lucky fate
Worthy head to decorate!

WREATH OF EARS (*golden*).

You to crown, the gifts of Ceres
Here their kindly grace have sent;
Unto Use what chiefly dear is
Be your fairest ornament!

FANCY-WREATH.

Gayest blossoms, like to mallows, —
From the moss a marvel grew!
Fashion calls to light, and hallows,
That which Nature never knew.

FANCY NOSEGAY.

What our name is, Theophrastus[19]
Would not dare to say: contrast us!

Digitized by Google

Yet we hope to please you purely,
If not all, yet many, surely, —
Such as fain we 'd have possess us,
Braiding us in shining tresses,
Or, a fairer fate deciding,
On the heart find rest abiding.

CHALLENGE.

Motley fancies blossom may
For the fashion of the day,
Whimsical and strangely moulded,
Such as Nature ne'er unfolded:
Bells of gold and stems of green
In the plenteous locks be seen! —
Yet we

ROSEBUDS

lie concealed behind;
Lucky, who shall freshly find!
When the summer-time returneth,
And the rosebud, bursting, burneth,
Who such blisses would surrender?
Promise sweet, and yielding tender,
They, in Flora's realm, control
Swiftly eyes and sense and soul.

Digitized by Google

(*Under green, leafy arcades, the* GARDEN-GIRLS *adorn and gracefully exhibit their wares.*)

GARDENERS.[20]

(*Song, accompanied with theorbos.*)

Blossoms there, that sprout in quiet,
Round your heads their charms are weaving;
But the fruits are not deceiving,
One may try the mellow diet.

Sunburnt faces tempt with glowing
Cherries, peaches, plums, your vision:
Buy! for vain the eye's decision
To the tongue's and palate's showing.

Ripest fruit from sunniest closes
Eat, with taste and pleasure smitten!
Poems one may write on roses,
But the apple must be bitten.

Then permit that we be mated
With your youth, so flowery-fair:
Thus is also decorated,
Neighbor-like, our riper ware.

Digitized by Google

Under wreaths of flowery tether,
As the leafy arbors suit,
All may then be found together,
Buds and leaves, and flower and fruit!

(*With alternating songs, accompanied with mandolines and theorbos, both Choruses continue to set forth their wares upon steps rising aloft, and to offer them to the spectators.*)

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.[21]

MOTHER.

Maiden, when thou cam'st to light,
Tiny caps I wrought thee;
Body tender, soft, and white,
Lovely face I brought thee.
As a bride I thought thee, led
To the richest, wooed and wed,
As a wife I thought thee.

Ah! already many a year,
Profitless, is over:
None of all the wooers here
Now around thee hover;
Though with one wast wont to dance,
Gav'st another nudge and glance, —
Hast not found thy lover!



Digitized by Google

I to feast and revel thee
Vainly took, to match one:
Pawns, and hindmost man of three,
Would not help thee snatch one.
Every fool now wears his cap:
Sweetheart, open thou thy lap!
Still, perchance, mayst catch one!

[*Other maiden-playmates, young and beautiful, join the garden-girls: the sound of familiar gossip is heard. Fishers and bird-catchers, with nests, fishing-rods, limed twigs, and other implements, appear, and disperse themselves among the maidens. Reciprocal attempts to win, to catch, to escape, and to hold fast, give opportunity for the most agreeable dialogues.*]

WOOD-CUTTERS.[22]

(*Enter, boisterously and boorishly.*)

Room! Make a clearing!
Room in your revel!
The trees we level
That tumble cracking:
Where we 're appearing
Look out for whacking.
Our praise adjudging,
Make clear this fable!

Digitized by Google

Save Coarse were drudging
Within your borders,
Would Fine be able
To build their orders,
Howe'er they fretted?
Be taught in season,
For you 'd be freezing
Had we not sweated!

PULCINELLI
(*uncouth, almost idiotic*).

You, Fools, are trooping,
Since birth so stooping;
The wise ones we are,
From burdens freer.
Our caps, though sleazy,
And jackets breezy
To wear are easy:
It gives us pleasure
To go with leisure,
With slippered shuffles
Through market-scuffles,
To gape at the pother,
Croak at each other!

Digitized by Google

Through crowded places
You always trace us,
Eel-like gliding,
Skipping and hiding,
Storming together:
Moreover, whether
You praise — reprove us,
It does n't move us.

PARASITES (*fawningly-lustful.*)

Ye woodland bandsmen,
And they, your clansmen,
The charcoal-burners,
To you we turn us:
For all such plodding,
Affirmative nodding,
Tortuous phrases,
Blowing both ways — is
Warming or chilling,
Just as you 're feeling:
What profit from it?
There might fall fire,
Enormous, dire,
From heaven's summit,

Digitized by Google

Were there not billets
And coal in wagons,
To boil your skillets
And warm your flagons.
It roasts and frizzles;
It boils and sizzles!
The taster and picker,
The platter-licker,
He sniffs the roasting,
Suspects the fishes,
And clears, with boasting,
His patron's dishes.

DRUNKEN MAN[23] (*unconsciously*).

Naught, to-day, bring melancholy!
Since I feel so frank and free:
Fresh delight and songs so jolly,
And I brought them both with me!
Thus I 'm drinking, drinking, drinking!
Clink your glasses, clinking, clinking!
You behind there, join the rout!
Clink them stout, and then it 's out!

Though my wife assailed me loudly,
Rumpled me through thin and thick;

Digitized by Google

And, howe'er I swaggered proudly,
Called me "masquerading stick":
Yet I 'm drinking, drinking, drinking!
Clink your glasses! clinking, clinking!
Masking sticks, another bout!
When you 've clinked them, drink them out!

Say not mine a silly boast is!
I am here in clover laid:
Trusts the host not, trusts the hostess, —
She refusing, trusts the maid.
Still I 'm drinking, drinking, drinking!
Come, ye others, clinking, clinking!
Each to each! keep up the rout!
We, I 'm thinking, drink them out.

How and where my fun I 'm spying,
Let me have it as I planned!
Let me lie where I am lying,
For I cannot longer stand.

CHORUS.

Every chum be drinking, drinking!
Toast afresh, with clinking, clinking!

Digitized by Google

Bravely keep your seats, and shout!
Under the table *he* 's drunk out.

[*The* HERALD *announces various Poets* [24] — *Poets of Nature, Courtly and Knightly Minstrels, Sentimentalists as well as Enthusiasts. In the crowd of competitors of all kinds, no one allows another to commence his declamation. One slips past with a few words:*]

SATIRIST.

Know ye what myself, the Poet,
Would the most rejoice and cheer?
If I dared to sing, and utter,
That which no one wants to hear.

[*The Night and Churchyard Poets excuse themselves, because they have just become engaged in a most interesting conversation with a newly-arisen vampire, and therefrom a new school of poetry may possibly be developed. The* HERALD *is obliged to accept their excuses, and meanwhile calls forth the Grecian Mythology, which, even in modern masks, loses neither its character nor its power to charm.*]

THE GRACES.[25]

AGLAIA.

Life we bless with graces living;
So be graceful in your giving!

Digitized by Google

HEGEMONE.

Graceful be in your receival;
Wish attained is sweet retrieval.

EUPHROSYNE.

And in days serene and spacious,
In your thanks be chiefly gracious!

THE PARCÆ.[26]

ATROPOS.

I, the eldest, to the spinning
Have received the invitation;
When the thread of Life 's beginning
There is need of meditation.

Finest flax I winnow featly
That your thread be softly given;
Draw it through my fingers neatly,
Make it thin, and smooth, and even.

If too wanton your endeavor,
Grasping here of joy each token,
Think, the thread won't stretch forever!
Have a care! it might be broken.

Digitized by Google

CLOTHO.

Know that, given to me for wearing,
Lately were the shears supplied;
Since men were not by the bearing
Of our eldest edified.

Useless webs she long untangled,
Dragging them to air and light;
Dreams of fortune, hope-bespangled,
Clipped and buried out of sight.

Also I, in ignorance idle,
Made mistakes in younger years,
But to-day, myself to bridle,
In their sheath I stick the shears.

Thus restrained in proper measure,
Favor I this cheerful place:
You these hours of liberal pleasure
Use at will, and run your race!

LACHESIS.

In my hands, the only skilful,
Was the ordered twisting placed;
Active are my ways, not wilful,
Erring not through over-haste.



Digitized by Google

Threads are coming, threads are reeling;
In its course I each restrain:
None, from off the circle wheeling,
Fails to fit within the skein.

If I once regardless gadded,
For the world my hopes were vain:
Hours are counted, years are added,
And the weaver takes the chain.

HERALD.

You would not recognize who now appear,
Though ne'er so learned you were in ancient writing;
To look at them, in evil so delighting,
You 'd call them worthy guests, and welcome here.

They are THE FURIES,[27] no one will believe us, —
Fair, well-proportioned, friendly, young in years:
But make acquaintance, and straightway appears
How snake-like are such doves to wound, deceive us.

Though they are spiteful, yet on this occasion,
When every fool exults in all his blame,
They also do not crave angelic fame,
But own themselves the torments of the nation.

Digitized by Google

ALECTO.

What good of that, for you will trust us still! —
Each of us young and fair, a wheedling kitten.
Hath one of you a girl with whom he 's smitten,
We 'll rub and softly stroke his ears, until

'T is safe to tell him, spite of all his loathing,
That she has also this and the other flame, —
A blockhead he, or humpbacked, squint and lame,
And if betrothed to him, she 's good-for-nothing!

We 're skilled, as well, the bride to vex and sever:
Why scarce a week ago, her very lover
Contemptuous things *to her* was saying of her!
Though they make up, there 's something rankles ever.

MEGÆRA.

That 's a mere jest! For, let them once be married,
I go to work, and can, in every case,
The fairest bliss by wilful whims displace.
Man has his various moods, the hours are varied,

And, holding the Desired that once did charm him,
Each for the More-desired, a yearning fool,

Digitized by Google

Leaves the best fortune, use has rendered cool:
He flies the sun, and seeks the frost to warm him.

Of ills for all I understand the brewing,
And here Asmodi as my follower lead,[28]
To scatter mischief at the proper need,
And send the human race, in pairs, to ruin.

TISIPHONE.

Steel and poison I, not malice,
Mix and sharpen for the traitor:
Lov'st thou others, soon or later,
Ruin pours for thee the chalice.

Through the moment's sweet libation
See the gall and wormwood stealing!
Here no bargaining, no dealing!
Like the act and retaliation.

No one babble of forgiving!
To the rocks I cry: *Revenge!* is
Echo's answer: he who changes
Shall be missed among the living.

HERALD.

Do me the favor, now, to stand aside,

Digitized by Google

For that which comes is not to you allied.
You see a mountain pressing through the throng,[29]
The flanks with brilliant housings grandly hung,
A head with tusks, a snaky trunk below, —
A mystery, yet I the key will show.
A delicate woman sits upon his neck,
And with a wand persuades him to her beck;
The other, throned aloft, superb to see,
Stands in a glory, dazzling, blinding me.
Beside him walk two dames in chains; one fearful
And sore depressed, the other glad and cheerful.
One longs for freedom and one feels she 's free:
Let each declare us who she be!

FEAR.

Smoky torches, lamps are gleaming
Through the festal's wildering train;
Ah! amid these faces scheming
I am fastened by my chain.

Off, ridiculously merry!
I mistrust your grinning spite:
Each relentless adversary
Presses nearer in the night.

Digitized by Google

Friend would here as foe waylay me,
But I know the masking shapes;
Yonder 's one that wished to slay me,—
Now, discovered, he escapes.

From the world I fain would wander
Through whatever gate I find;
But perdition threatens yonder,
And the horror holds my mind.

HOPE.

Good my sisters, I salute you!
Though to-day already suit you,
Masquerading thus demurely,
Yet I know your purpose surely
To reveal yourselves to-morrow.
And if we, by torches lighted,
Fail to feel a special pleasure,
Yet in days of cheerful leisure,
At our will, delight we 'll borrow,
Or alone or disunited
Free through fairest pastures ranging,
Rest and action interchanging,
And in life no cares that fetter

Digitized by Google

Naught forego, but strive for better.
Welcome guests are all around us,
Let us mingle with the rest!
Surely, what is best hath found us,
Or we 'll somewhere find the best.

PRUDENCE.

Two of human foes, the greatest,
Fear and Hope, I bind the faster,
Thus to save you at the latest:
Clear the way for me, their master

I conduct the live colossus,
Turret-crowned with weighty masses;
And unweariedly he crosses,
Step by step, the steepest passes.

But aloft the goddess planted,
With her broad and ready pinions,
Turns to spy where gain is granted
Everywhere in Man's dominions.

Round her all is bright and glorious;
Splendor streams on all her courses:

Digitized by Google

Victory is she — the victorious
Goddess of all active forces.

ZOÏLO-THERSITES.[30]

Ho! ho! I 've hit the time of day.
You 're all together bad, I say!
But what appeared my goal to me
Is she up there, Dame Victory.
She, with her snowy wings spread out,
Thinks she 's an eagle, past a doubt;
And, wheresoever she may stir,
That land and folk belong to her;
But when a famous thing is done
I straightway put my harness on,
To lift the low, the high upset,
The bent to straighten, bend the straight, —
That, only, gives my heart a glow,
And on this earth I 'll have it so.

HERALD.

Then take, thou beggar-cur, the blow,
This magic baton's stroke of skill! —
So, twist and wriggle at thy will!
See how the double dwarfish ape

Digitized by Google

Rolls to a hideous ball in shape! —
A marvel! 'T is an egg we view;
It puffs itself and cracks in two:
A pair of twins come forth to day,
The Adder and the Bat are they.
Forth in the dust one winds and creeps;
One darkly round the ceiling sweeps.
They haste to join in company:
The third therein I would not be!

MURMURS.

Come! the dance is yonder gay. —
No! I would I were away. —
Feel'st thou how the phantom race
Flits about us in this place? —
Something whizzes past my hair. —
Round my feet I saw it fare. —
None of us are injured, though. —
But we all are frightened so. —
Wholly spoiled is now the fun. —
Which the vermin wanted done.

HERALD.

Since, as Herald, I am aiding
At your merry masquerading,



Digitized by Google

At the gate I 'm watching, fearful
Lest within your revels cheerful
Something slips of evil savor;
And I neither shrink nor waver.
Yet, I fear, the airy spectres
Enter, baffling all detectors,
And from goblins that deceive you
I 'm unable to relieve you.
First, the dwarf became suspicious;
Now a mightier pageant issues
Yonder, and it is my duty
To explain those forms of beauty:
But the thing I comprehend not,
How can I its meaning mention?
Help me to its comprehension!
Through the crowd you see it wend not?
Lo! a four-horse chariot wondrous,
Hither drawn, the tumult sunders;
Yet the crowd seems not to share in 't—
Nowhere is a crush apparent.
Colored lights, in distance dimmer,
Motley stars around it shimmer;
Magic lantern-like they glimmer.
On it storms, as to assault.
Clear the way! I shudder!

Digitized by Google

BOY CHARIOTEER.

Halt!
Steeds, restrain the eager pinion,
Own the bridle's old dominion,
Check yourselves, as I desire you,
Sweep away, when I inspire you! —
Honor we these festal spaces!
See, the fast increasing faces,
Circles, full of admiration!
Herald, come! and in thy fashion,
Ere we take from here our glories,
Name us, and describe and show us!
For we 're naught but allegories,
Therefore 't is thy place to know us.

HERALD.

No, thy name from me is hidden, —
Could describe thee, were I bidden.

BOY CHARIOTEER.

Try it!

HERALD.

Granted, at the start,
Young and beautiful thou art, —

Digitized by Google

A half-grown boy; and yet the woman-nature
Would rather see thee in completed stature.
To me thou seem'st a future fickle wooer,
Changing the old betrayed love for a newer.

BOY CHARIOTEER.

Go on! So far, 't is very fine:
Make the enigma's gay solution thine!

HERALD.

Black lightning of the eyes, the dark locks glowing,[31]
Yet bright with jewelled anadem,
And light thy robe as flower on stem,
From shoulder unto buskin flowing
With tinsel-braid and purple hem!
One for a maiden might surmise thee,
Yet, good or ill, as it might be,
The maids, e'en now, would take and prize thee:
They 'd teach thee soon thy A B C.

BOY CHARIOTEER.

And he, who like a splendid vision,
Sits proudly on the chariot's throne?

HERALD.

He seems a king, of mien Elysian;

Digitized by Google

Blest those, who may his favor own!
No more has he to earn or capture;
His glance detects where aught 's amiss,
And to bestow his perfect rapture
Is more than ownership and bliss.

BOY CHARIOTEER.

Thou darest not at this point desist:
Describe him fully, I insist!

HERALD.

But undescribed is Dignity.
The healthy, full-moon face I see,
The ample mouth, the cheeks that fresher
Shine out beneath his turban's pressure,
Rich comfort in the robe he 's wearing, —
What shall I say of such a bearing?
He seems, as ruler, known to me.

BOY CHARIOTEER.

Plutus, the God of Wealth, is he.
He hither comes in proud attire;
Much doth the Emperor him desire.

HERALD.

Of thee the *What* and *How* declare to me!

Digitized by Google

BOY CHARIOTEER.

I am Profusion, I am Poesy.[32]
The Poet I, whose perfect crown is sent
When he his own best goods hath freely spent.
Yet, rich in mine unmeasured pelf,
Like Plutus I esteem myself:
I prank and cheer his festal show
And whatsoe'er he lacks bestow.

HERALD.

Fresh charm to thee thy brag imparts,
But let us now behold thine arts!

BOY CHARIOTEER.

Just see me fillip with my fingers!
What brilliance round the chariot lingers,
And there a string of pearls appears!

(*continuing to fillip and snap his fingers in all directions:*)

Take golden spangles for neck and ears,
Combs, and diadems free of flaw,
And jewelled rings as ne'er ye saw!
I also scatter flamelets bright,
Awaiting where they may ignite.

Digitized by Google

HERALD.

How strives the crowd with eager longing,
Almost upon the giver thronging!
As in a dream he snaps the toys;
All catch and snatch with crush and noise.
But now new tricks have I detected:
What each has zealously collected
His trouble doth but poorly pay;
The gifts take wings and fly away.
The pearls are loosened from their band
And beetles crawl within his hand;
He shakes them off, and then instead,
Poor dolt, they hum around his head!
The others find their solid things
Are butterflies with gaudy wings.
How much the scamp to promise seems,
And only gives what golden gleams![33]

BOY CHARIOTEER.

Masks to announce, I grant, thou 'rt worthy;
But 'neath the shell of Being to bestir thee
Is not a herald's courtly task:
A sharper sight for that we ask.
Yet every quarrel I evade;
To thee, my Chief, be speech and question made!

Digitized by Google

(*Turning to* PLUTUS.)

Didst thou not unto me confide
The tempest of the steeds I guide?
Canst thou not on my guidance reckon?
Am I not there, where thou dost beckon?
And have I not, on pinions boldest,
Conquered for thee the palm thou holdest?
When in thy battles I have aided,
I ever have been fortunate;
Thy brow when laurels decorate,
Have I not them with hand and fancy braided?[34]

PLUTUS.

If there be need that I bear witness now,
I 'm glad to say: soul of my soul art thou!
Thine acts are always to my mind,
And thou the richer art, I find.
Thy service to reward, I hold
The green bough higher than my crowns of gold.
To all a true word spoken be:
Dear Son, I much delight in thee.

BOY CHARIOTEER (*to the Crowd*).

The greatest gifts my hand flings out,
See! I have scattered round about.

Digitized by Google

On divers heads there glows the tongue
Of flame which I upon them flung,—
Leaps back and forth among the shapes,
On this remains, from that escapes,
But very seldom upward streams
In transient flush of mellow beams;
And unto many, ere they mark,
It is extinct and leaves them dark.

CHATTER OF WOMEN.

Upon the chariot that man
Is certainly a charlatan:
There, perched behind, the clown is seen,
From thirst and hunger grown so lean
As one ne'er saw him; if you 'd pinch,
He has n't flesh to feel and flinch.

THE STARVELING.

Disgusting women, off! I know
That when I come, you 'd have me go.
When woman fed her own hearth-flame,
Then *Avaritia* was my name;[35]
Then throve the household fresh and green,
For naught went out and much came in.



Digitized by Google

To chest and press I gave good heed,
And that you 'd call a vice, indeed!
But since in later years, the fact is,
Economy the wife won't practice,
And, like the host of spendthrift scholars,
Has more desires than she has dollars,
The husband much discomfort brooks,
For there are debts where'er he looks.
She spends what spoil she may recover
Upon her body, or her lover;
In luxury eats, and to excess
Drinks with the flirts that round her press;
For me that raises money's price:
Male is my gender, Avarice!

LEADER OF THE WOMEN.

With dragons, mean may be the dragon;
It 's all, at best, but lying stuff!
He comes, the men to spur and egg on,
And now they 're troublesome enough.

CROWD OF WOMEN.

The scarecrow! Knock him from the wagon!
What means the fag, to threaten here?
As if his ugly face we 'd fear!

Digitized by Google

Of wood and pasteboard is each dragon:
Come on — his words shall cost him dear!

HERALD.

Now, by my wand! Be still — let none stir!
Yet for my help there 's scarcely need;
See how each grim and grisly monster,
Clearing the space around with speed,
Unfolds his fourfold wings of dread!
The dragons shake themselves in anger,
With flaming throats, and scaly clangor;
The place is clear, the crowd has fled.

(PLUTUS *descends from the chariot.*)

HERALD.

How kingly comes he from above!
He beckons, and the dragons move;
Then from the chariot bring the chest
With gold, and Avarice thereon.
See, at his feet the load they rest!
A marvel 't is, how it was done.

PLUTUS (*to the* CHARIOTEER).

Now thou hast left the onerous burden here,
Thou 'rt wholly free: away to thine own sphere!

Digitized by Google

Here it is not! Confused and wild, to-day,
Distorted pictures press around our way.
Where clear thy gaze in sweet serenity,
Owning thyself, confiding but in thee,
Thither, where Good and Beauty are unfurled,
To Solitude! — and there create thy world!

BOY CHARIOTEER.

Thus, as an envoy, am I worthy of thee;
Thus, as my next of kindred, do I love thee.
Where thou art, is abundance; where I go
Each sees a splendid profit round him grow.
In inconsistent life each often wavers,
Whether to seek from thee, or me, the favors.
Thy followers may be indolent, 't is true;
Who follows me, has always work to do.
My deeds are never secret and concealed;
I only breathe, and I 'm at once revealed.
Farewell, then! Thou the bliss hast granted me;
But whisper low, and I return to thee!

[*Exit, as he came.*

PLUTUS.

'T is time, now, to unchain the precious metals!
The padlocks with the herald's wand I smite:
The chest is opened: look! from iron kettles

Digitized by Google

It pours like golden blood before your sight.
It boils, and threatens to devour, as fuel,
Melting them, crown and ring and chain and jewel!

ALTERNATE CRIES OF THE CROWD.

See here, and there! they boil and swim;
The chest is filling to the brim! —
Vessels of gold are burning there,
And minted rolls are turning there,
And ducats jingle as they jump! —
O, how my heart begins to thump! —
All my desire I see, and more.
They 're rolling now along the floor. —
'T is offered you: don't be a dunce,
Stoop only, and be rich at once! —
Then, quick as lightning we, the rest,
Will take possession of the chest.

HERALD.

What ails ye, fools? What mean ye all?
'T is but a joke of Carnival.
To-night be your desires controlled;
Think you we 'd give you goods and gold?
Why, in this game there come to view

Digitized by Google

Too many counters even, for you.
A pleasant cheat, ye dolts! forsooth
You take at once for naked truth.
What 's truth to you? Illusion bare
Surrounds and rules you everywhere.
Thou Plutus-mask, Chief unrevealed,
Drive thou this people from the field![36]

PLUTUS.

Thy wand thereto is fit and free;
Lend it a little while to me!
I dip it in the fiery brew, —
Look out, ye maskers! all of you.
It shines, and snaps, and sparkles throws;
The burning wand already glows.
Who crowdeth on, too near to me,
Is burned and scorched relentlessly. —
And now my circuit I 'll commence.

CRIES AND CROWDING.

Woe 's me! We 're lost — there 's no defence! —
Let each one fly, if fly he can! —
Back! clear the way, you hindmost man! —
It sparkles fiercely in mine eyes. —

Digitized by Google

The burning wand upon me lies. —
We all are lost, we all are lost! —
Back, back! ye maskers, jammed and tossed! —
Back, senseless crowd, away from there! —
O, had I wings, I 'd take the air.

PLUTUS.

Now is the circle crowded back,
And none, I think, scorched very black.
The throng retires,
Scared by the fires.
As guaranty for ordered law,
A ring invisible I draw.

HERALD.

A noble work is thine, to-night:
I thank thy wisdom and thy might.

PLUTUS.

Preserve thy patience, noble friend,
For many tumults yet impend.

AVARICE.

Thus, if one pleases, pleasantly
May one survey this circle stately;

Digitized by Google

For, ever foremost, crowd the women greatly,
If aught to stare at, or to taste, there be.
Not yet entirely rusty are my senses!
A woman fair is always fair to me:
And since, to-day, it makes me no expenses,
We 'll go a courting confidently.
But in a place so populate
All words to every ear don't penetrate;
So, wisely I attempt, and hope success,
Myself by pantomime distinctly to express.
Hand, foot, and gesture will not quite suffice,
So I employ a jocular device.
Like clay will I the gold manipulate;
One may transform it into any state.

HERALD.

What will the lean fool do? [37] Has he,
So dry a starveling, humor? See,
He kneads the gold as it were dough!
Beneath his hands 't is soft; yet, though
He roll and squeeze it, for his pains
Disfigured still the stuff remains.
He turns to the women there, and they
All scream, and try to get away,

Digitized by Google

With gestures of disgust and loathing:
The ready rascal stops at nothing.
I fear he takes delight to see
He has offended decency.
I dare not silently endure it:
Give me my wand, that I may cure it!

PLUTUS.

The danger from without he does not see:
Let him alone; his Fool's-hour fast is waning.
There 'll be no space for his mad pranks remaining;
Mighty is Law, mightier Necessity.

TUMULT AND SONG.

The savage hosts, with shout and hail,
From mountain-height and forest-vale
Come, irresistibly as Fate:
Their mighty Pan they celebrate.
They know, forsooth, what none can guess,
And in the empty circle press.

PLUTUS.

I know you well, and your illustrious Pan!
Boldly together you 've performed your plan.



Digitized by Google

Full well I know what every one does not,
And clear for you, as duty bids, the spot.
Be Fortune still her favor lending!
The strangest things may here be bred:
They know not whitherward they 're wending,
Because they have not looked ahead.[38]

SAVAGE SONG.

Furbished people, tinsel-stuff!
They 're coming rude, they 're coming rough;
In mighty leap, in wildest race,
Coarse and strong they take their place.

FAUNS.

Fauns, pair on pair,
Come dancing down,
With oaken crown
On crispy hair;
The fine and pointed ear is seen,
Leaf-like, the clustering curls between:
A stubby nose, face broad and flat,
The women don't object to that;
For when his paw holds forth the Faun,
The fairest to the dance is drawn.

Digitized by Google

SATYR.

See now, behind, the Satyr skip,
With foot of goat, lean leg and hip, —
Lean and sinewy must they be:
For, chamois-like, on mountains he
Loveth to stand or scamper free.
Then, strong in freedom of the skies,
Child, wife, and man doth he despise,
Who, deep in the valley's smoke and steam
That they live also, snugly dream;
While, pure and undisturbed, alone
The upper world is all his own.

GNOMES.[39]

The little crowd comes tripping there;
They don't associate pair by pair.
In mossy garb, with lantern bright,
They move commingling, brisk and light,
Each working on his separate ground,
Like firefly-emmets swarming round;
And press and gather here and there,
Always industrious everywhere.
With the "Good People" kin we own;
As surgeons of the rocks we 're known,

Digitized by Google

Cupping the mountains, bleeding them
From fullest veins, depleting them
Of store of metals, which we pile,
And merrily greet: "Good cheer!" the while.
Well-meant the words, believe us, then!
We are the friends of all good men.
Yet we the stores of gold unseal
That men may pander, pimp, and steal;
Nor iron shall fail his haughty hand
Who universal murder planned:
And who these three Commandments breaks
But little heed o' the others takes.
For that we 're not responsible:
We 're patient — be you, too, as well!

GIANTS.

The wild men of the woods they 're named,
And in the Hartz are known and famed;
In naked nature's ancient might
They come, each one a giant wight,
With fir-tree trunk in brawny hand,
Around the loins a puffy band,
The merest apron of leaf and bough: —
The Pope hath no such guards, I trow.

Digitized by Google

NYMPHS IN CHORUS.

(*They surround the great* PAN.)

He comes! We scan
The world's great All,
Whose part doth fall
To mighty Pan.
Ye gayest ones, advance to him,
Your maddest measures dance to him!
Since serious and kind is he,
He wills that we should joyous be.
Under the blue, o'er-vaulting roof,
Ever he seemeth slumber-proof;
Yet murmurs of the brooks he knows,
And soft airs lull him to repose.
At midday sleeping, o'er his brow
The leaf is moveless on the bough:
Of healthy buds the balsam there
Pervades the still, suspended air:
The nymph no longer dares to leap,
And where she stands, she falls asleep.
But when, all unexpected, he
Maketh his voice heard terribly,
Like rattling thunder, roar of wave,
Then each one seeks himself to save;

Digitized by Google

The serried ranks disperse in fright,
The hero trembles in the fight.
Then honor to whom the honor is due,
And hail to him who led us to you!

DEPUTATION OF GNOMES

(*to the great* PAN).

When the rich possession, shining
Through the rocks in thread and vein,
To the skilful wand's divining
Shows its labyrinthine chain,

We in vaults and caverns spacious,
Troglodytes, contented bide;
While in purest daylight, gracious,
Thou the treasures dost divide.

Now we see, wilt thou believe us,
Here a wondrous fountain run,
Promising with ease to give us
What was hardly to be won.

Lo! It waits for thy attaining:
Then be moved to break the spell!

Digitized by Google

All the wealth which thou art gaining
Profits all the world as well.

PLUTUS (*to the* HERALD).

We, in the highest sense, must be collected,
And let what *may* come, come, though unexpected.
Thy courage has not yet been counted short:
The fearful thing we now shall see will try it;
The world and History will both deny it,
So write it faithfully in thy report!

HERALD.

(*Grasping the wand which* PLUTUS *holds in his hand.*)

The dwarfs conduct the great Pan nigher,
Yet gently, to the fount of fire.
It bubbles from the throat profound,
Then sinks, retreating, to the ground,
And dark the open crater shows;
And then again it boils and glows.
Great Pan in cheerful mood stands by,
Rejoiced the wondrous things to spy,
And right and left the foam-pearls fly.
How can he in the cheat confide?
He bends and stoops, to look inside. —

Digitized by Google

But now, behold! his beard falls in:
Whose is that smoothly-shaven chin?
His hand conceals it from our sight.
What follows is a luckless plight;
The beard, on fire, flies back to smite
His wreath and head and breast with flame:
To pain is turned the merry game.
They haste to quench the fire, but none
The swiftly-kindling flames can shun,
That flash and dart on other heads
Till wide the conflagration spreads:
Wrapped in the element, in turn
The masking groups take fire and burn.
But hark! what news is bruited here
From mouth to mouth, from ear to ear?
O evermore ill-fated night,
That brings to us such woe and blight!
To-morrow will proclaim to all
What no one wishes to befall,
For everywhere the cry I hear:
"The Emperor suffers pain severe!"
O were the proclamation wrong!
The Emperor burns and all his throng.[41]
Accurst be they who him misled,

Digitized by Google

With resinous twigs on breast and head,
To rave and bellow hither so,
To general, fatal overthrow.
O Youth! O Youth! wilt never thou
Limit thy draught of joy, in season? —
O Majesty, wilt never thou,
Omnipotent, direct with reason?
The mimic woods enkindled are;
The pointed tongues lick upward far
To where the rafters interlace:
A fiery doom hangs o'er the place.
Our cup of misery overflows,
For who shall save us no one knows.
The ash-heap of a night shall hide,
To-morrow, this imperial pride.

PLUTUS.

Terror is enough created;
Now be help inaugurated!
Smite, thou hallowed wand, and make
Earth beneath thee peal and quake!
Thou, the spacious breadth of air,
Cooling vapors breathe and bear!
Hither speed, around us growing,



Digitized by Google

Misty films and belts o'erflowing,
And the fiery tumult tame!
Trickle, whisper, clouds, be crisper,
Roll in masses, softly drenching,
Mantling everywhere, and quenching!
Ye, the moist, the broadly bright'ning,
Change to harmless summer lightning
All this empty sport of flame!—
When by spirits we 're molested,
Then be Magic manifested.

Digitized by Google

## IV.

### PLEASURE-GARDEN.

THE MORNING SUN.

*The* EMPEROR, *his Court, Gentlemen and Ladies:* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *becomingly, according to the mode, not showily dressed: both kneel.*

FAUST.

SIRE, pardon'st thou the jugglery of flame?

EMPEROR (*beckoning him to rise*).

I wish more exhibitions of the same.
A-sudden stood I in a glowing sphere;
It almost seemed as if I Pluto were.
There lay, like night, with little fires besprent,
A rocky bottom. Out of many a vent,
Whirling, a thousand savage flames ascended,
Till in a single vault their streamers blended.
The tongues even to the highest dome were shot,
That ever was, and ever then was not.
Through the far space of spiral shafts of flame

Digitized by Google

The long processions of the people came;
Crowding, till all the circle was o'errun,
They did me homage, as they 've ever done.
Some from my Court I knew: to speak with candor,
A Prince I seemed o'er many a salamander.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That art thou, Sire! Because each element
Fully accepts thy Majesty's intent.
Obedient Fire is tested now by thee:
Where wildest heaving, leap into the Sea,
And scarce the pearly floor thy foot shall tread,
A grand rotunda rises o'er thy head:
Thou seest the green, translucent billows swelling,
With purple edge, for thy delightful dwelling,
Round thee, the central point. Walk thou at will,
The liquid palaces go with thee still!
The very walls rejoice in life, disporting
In arrowy flight, in chasing and consorting:
Sea-marvels crowd around the glory new and fair,
Shoot from all sides, yet none can enter there.
There gorgeous dragons, golden-armored, float;
There gapes the shark, thou laughest in his throat.
However much this Court thy pride may please,

Digitized by Google

Yet hast thou never seen such throngs as these.
Nor from the loveliest shalt thou long be parted;
The curious Nereids come, the wild, shy-hearted,
To thy bright dwelling in the endless waters, —
Timid and sly as fish the youngest daughters,
The elder cunning: Thetis hears the news
And will, at once, her second Peleus choose.
The seat, then, on Olympus high and free —

EMPEROR.

The spaces of the air I leave to thee:
One all too early must ascend that throne.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And Earth, high Prince! already is thine own.

EMPEROR.

What fortune brought thee here, for our delights,
Directly from the One and Thousand Nights?
If thou like Scheherazade art rich in stories,
My favor shall insure thee higher glories.
Be ready always, when your world of day,
As often haps, disgusts me every way!

LORD HIGH STEWARD (*enters hastily*).

Highness Serene, I never dared expect

Digitized by Google

To trumpet forth a fortune so select
As this, supremely blessing me,
Which I announce with joy to thee:
Reckoning on reckoning 's balanced squarely;
The usurer's claws are blunted rarely;
I 'm from my hellish worry free:
Things can't in Heaven more cheerful be.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF (*follows hastily*).

Arrears of pay are settled duly,
The army is enlisted newly;
The trooper's blood is all alive,
The landlords and the wenches thrive.

EMPEROR.

How breathe your breasts in broader spaces!
How cheerful are your furrowed faces!
How ye advance with nimble speed!

TREASURER (*appearing*).

Ask these, 't is they have done the deed!

FAUST.

It is the Chancellor's place the matter to present.

Digitized by Google

CHANCELLOR (*who comes forward slowly*).

In my old days I 'm blest, and most content.
So hear and see the fortune-freighted leaf[42]
Which has transformed to happiness our grief.

(*He reads.*)

"To all to whom this cometh, be it known:
A thousand crowns in worth this note doth own.
It to secure, as certain pledge, shall stand
All buried treasure in the Emperor's land:
And 't is decreed, perfecting thus the scheme,
The treasure, soon as raised, shall this redeem."

EMPEROR.

A most enormous cheat — a crime, I fear!
Who forged the Emperor's sign-manual here?
Has there not been a punishment condign?

TREASURER.

Remember! Thou the note didst undersign;
Last night, indeed. Thou stood'st as mighty Pan,
And thus the Chancellor's speech, before thee, ran:
"Grant to thyself the festal pleasure, then
The People's good — a few strokes of the pen!"
These didst thou give: they were, ere night retreated,

Digitized by Google

By skilful conjurers thousandfold repeated;
And, that a like advantage all might claim,
We stamped at once the series with thy name:
Tens, Thirties, Fifties, Hundreds, are prepared.
Thou canst not think how well the folk have fared.
Behold thy town, half-dead once, and decaying,
How all, alive, enjoying life, are straying!
Although thy name long since the world made glad,
Such currency as now it never had.
No longer needs the alphabet thy nation,
For in this sign each findeth his salvation.

EMPEROR.

And with my people does it pass for gold?
For pay in court and camp, the notes they hold?
Then I must yield, although the thing 's amazing.

LORD HIGH STEWARD.

'T was scattered everywhere, like wild-fire blazing,
As currency, and none its course may stop.
A crowd surrounds each money-changer's shop,
And every note is there accepted duly
For gold and silver's worth — with discount, truly.
Thence is it spread to landlords, butchers, bakers:

Digitized by Google

One half the people feast as pleasure-takers;
In raiment new the others proudly go, —
The tradesmen cut their cloth, the tailors sew.
The crowd "The Emperor's health!" in cellars wishes,
Midst cooking, roasting, rattling of the dishes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If one along the lonely terrace stray,
He sees the lady, in superb array,
With brilliant peacock-fan before one eye;
A note she looks for, as she simpers by,
And readier than by wit or eloquence
Before Love's favor falls the last defence.
One is not plagued his purse or sack to carry;
Such notes one lightly in his bosom bears,
Or them with fond epistles neatly pairs:
The priest devoutly in his breviary
Bears his: the soldier would more freely trip,
And lightens thus the girdle round his hip.
Your Majesty will pardon, if my carriage
Seems as it might the lofty work disparage.

FAUST.

The overplus of wealth, in torpor bound,



Digitized by Google

Which in thy lands lies buried in the ground,
Is all unused; nor boldest thought can measure
The narrowest boundaries of such a treasure.
Imagination, in its highest flight,
Exerts itself, but cannot grasp it quite;
Yet minds, that dare explore the secrets soundless,
In boundless things possess a faith that 's boundless.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such paper, stead of gold and jewelry,
So handy is — one knows one's property:
One has no need of bargains or exchanges,
But drinks of love or wine, as fancy ranges.
If one needs coin, the brokers ready stand,
And if it fail, one digs awhile the land.
Goblet and chain one then at auction sells,
And paper, liquidated thus, compels
The shame of doubters and their scornful wit.
The people wish naught else; they 're used to it:
From this time forth, your borders, far and wide,
With jewels, gold, and paper are supplied.

EMPEROR.

You 've given our empire this prosperity;

Digitized by Google

The pay, then, equal to the service be!
The soil intrusted to your keeping, shall you
The best custodians be, to guard its value.
You know the hoards, well-kept, of all the land,
And when men dig, 't is you must give command.
Unite then now, ye masters of our treasure,
This, your new dignity, to wear with pleasure,
And bring the Upper World, erewhile asunder,
In happiest conjunction with the Under!

TREASURER.

No further strife shall shake our joint position:
I like to have as partner the magician.

[*Exit with* FAUST.

EMPEROR.

Man after man, the Court will I endow:
Let each confess for what he 'll spend, and how!

PAGE (*receiving*).

I 'll lead a jolly life, enjoy good cheer.

A SECOND (*the same*).

I 'll buy at once some trinkets for my dear.

CHAMBERLAIN (*accepting*).

Wines twice as good shall down my throat go trickling.

Digitized by Google

A Second (*the same*).

I feel the dice within my pockets tickling.

Knight Banneret (*reflectively*).

My lands and castle shall be free of debt.

Another (*the same*).

I 'll add to other wealth the wealth I get.

Emperor.

I hoped the gifts to bolder deeds would beckon;
But he who knows you, knows whereon to reckon.
I see that, spite of all this treasure-burst,
You stay exactly as you were at first.

Fool (*approaching*).

You scatter favors: grant me also some!

Emperor.

Thou 'rt come to life? 'T would go at once for rum.

Fool.

The magic leaves! I don't quite comprehend.

Emperor.

That I believe; for them thou 'lt badly spend.

Digitized by Google

FOOL.

There others drop: I don't know what to do.

EMPEROR.

Just pick them up! they fall to thy share, too.

[*Exit.*

FOOL.

Five thousand crowns are mine? How unexpected!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Two-leggèd wine-skin, art thou resurrected?

FOOL.

Much luck I 've had, but like this never yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou 'rt so rejoiced, it puts thee in a sweat.

FOOL.

But look at this, is 't money's-worth, indeed?

MEPHISTOPHELES

'T will bring thee what thy throat and belly need.

FOOL.

And cattle can I buy, and house and land?

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course! just make an offer once, off-hand!

FOOL.

Castle and wood, and chase, and fishing?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All!
I 'd like upon Your Worship then to call.

FOOL.

To-night as landed owner I shall sit.

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*solus*).

Who now will doubt that this our Fool has wit?

Digitized by Google

## V.

### A GLOOMY GALLERY.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

WHAT wilt thou with me in this gloomy gallery?
Is there not still enough of sport
There, in the crowded, motley Court, —
Not chance for tricks, and fun, and raillery?

FAUST.

Don't tell me that! — In our old days the fun of it
Didst thou wear out, and I 'll have none of it.
Thy wandering here and there is planned
Just to evade what I demand.
But I 'm tormented something to obtain;
The Marshal drives me, and the Chamberlain.
The Emperor orders, he will instantly
Helen and Paris here before him see, —
The model forms of Man and Woman, wearing,
Distinctly shown, their ancient shape and bearing.
Now to the work! I dare not break my word.

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So thoughtlessly to promise was absurd.

FAUST.

Thou hast not, comrade, well reflected
What comes of having used thy powers:
We 've made him rich; 't is now expected
That we amuse his idle hours.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou deem'st the thing is quickly fixed:
Here before steeper ways we 're standing;
With strangest spheres wouldst thou be mixed,
And, sinful, addest new debts to the old, —
Think'st Helen will respond to thy commanding
As freely as the paper-ghosts of gold!
With witches'-riches and with spectre-pictures,
And changeling-dwarfs, I 'll give no cause for strictures;
But Devil's-darlings, though you may not scold 'em,
You cannot quite as heroines behold 'em.

FAUST.

The old hand-organ still I hear thee play!
From thee one always gets uncertain sense,

Digitized by Google

The father, thou, of all impediments:
For every means thou askest added pay.
A little muttering, and the thing takes place;
Ere one can turn, beside us here her shade is.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 've no concern with the old heathen race;
They house within their special Hades.[43]
Yet there 's a way.

FAUST.

Speak, nor delay thy history!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unwilling, I reveal a loftier mystery. —
In solitude are throned the Goddesses,
No Space around them, Place and Time still less;
Only to speak of them embarrasses.
They are THE MOTHERS![44]

FAUST (*terrified*).

Mothers!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou dread?

FAUST.

The Mothers! Mothers! — a strange word is said.



Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is so. Goddesses, unknown to ye,
The Mortals, — named by us unwillingly.
Delve in the deepest depths must thou, to reach them:
'T is thine own fault that we for help beseech them.

FAUST.

Where is the way?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No way! — To the Unreachable,
Ne'er to be trodden! A way to the Unbeseechable,
Never to be besought! Art thou prepared?
There are no locks, no latches to be lifted;
Through endless solitudes shalt thou be drifted.
Hast thou through solitudes and deserts fared?

FAUST.

I think 't were best to spare such speeches;
They smell too strongly of the witches,
Of cheats that long ago insnared.
Have I not known all earthly vanities?
Learned the inane, and taught inanities?
When as I felt I spake, with sense as guide,
The contradiction doubly shrill replied;

Digitized by Google

Enforced by odious tricks, have I not fled
To solitudes and wildernesses dread,
And that I might not live alone, unheeded,
Myself at last unto the Devil deeded!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And hadst thou swum to farthest verge of ocean,
And there the boundless space beheld,
Still hadst thou seen wave after wave in motion,
Even though impending doom thy fear compelled.
Thou hadst seen something, — in the beryl dim
Of peace-lulled seas the sportive dolphins swim;
Hadst seen the flying clouds, sun, moon, and star:
Naught shalt thou see in endless Void afar, —
Not hear thy footstep fall, nor meet
A stable spot to rest thy feet.

FAUST.

Thou speak'st, as of all mystagogues the chief,
Who e'er brought faithful neophytes to grief;
Only reversed: — I to the Void am sent,
That Art and Power therein I may augment:
To use me like the cat is thy desire,
To scratch for thee the chestnuts from the fire.

Digitized by Google

Come on, then! we 'll explore, whate'er befall;
In this, thy Nothing, may I find my All!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'll praise thee, ere we separate: I see
Thou knowest the Devil thoroughly.
Here, take this key! [45]

FAUST.

That little thing?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take hold of it, not undervaluing!

FAUST.

It glows, it shines, — increases in my hand!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How much 't is worth, thou soon shalt understand.
The Key will scent the true place from all others:
Follow it down! — 't will lead thee to the Mothers.

FAUST (*shuddering*).

The Mothers! Like a blow it strikes me still!
What is the word, to hear which makes me chill?

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Art thou so weak, disturbed by each new word?
Wilt only hear what thou 'st already heard?
To wondrous things art thou so used already,
Let naught, howe'er it sound, make thee unsteady!

FAUST.

Nathless in torpor lies no good for me;
The chill of dread is Man's best quality.
Though from the feeling oft the world may fend us,
Deeply we feel, once smitten, the Tremendous.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Descend, then! I could also say: Ascend!
'T were all the same. Escape from the Created
To shapeless forms in liberated spaces!
Enjoy what long ere this was dissipated!
There whirls the press, like clouds on clouds unfolding;
Then with stretched arm swing high the key thou 'rt holding!

FAUST (*inspired*).

Good! grasping firmly, fresher strength I win:
My breast expands, let the great work begin!

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At last a blazing tripod tells thee this,
That there the utterly deepest bottom is.
Its light to thee will then the Mothers show,
Some in their seats, the others stand or go,
At their own will: Formation, Transformation,
The Eternal Mind's eternal recreation,
Forms of all creatures, — there are floating free.
They 'll see thee not; for only wraiths they see.
So pluck up heart, — the danger then is great, —
Go to the tripod ere thou hesitate,
And touch it with the key!

(FAUST, *with the key, assumes a decidedly commanding attitude.* MEPHISTOPHELES, *observing him.*)

So, that is right!
It will adhere, and follow thee to light.
Composedly mounting, by thy luck upborne,
Before they notice it, shalt thou return.
When thou the tripod hither hast conveyed,
Then call the hero, heroine, from the shade, —
The first that ever such a deed perfected:
'T is done, and thou thereto hast been selected.
For instantly, by magic process warmed,
To gods the incense-mist shall be transformed.

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

What further now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Downward thy being strain!
Stamp and descend, stamping thou 'lt rise again.

(FAUST *stamps, and sinks out of sight.*)

If only, by the key, he something learn!
I 'm curious to see if he return.

Digitized by Google

## VI.

### BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED HALLS.

EMPEROR AND PRINCES. THE COURT IN MOVEMENT.

CHAMBERLAIN (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

THE spirit-scene you 've promised, still you owe us;
Our Lord 's impatient; come, the phantasm show us!

LORD HIGH STEWARD.

Just now His Gracious Self did question me:
Delay not, nor offend His Majesty!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My comrade 's gone to set the work in motion;
How to begin, he has the proper notion.
In secret he the charms must cull,
Must labor with a fervor tragic:
Who would that treasure lift, the Beautiful,
Requires the highest Art, the sage's Magic.

Digitized by Google

LORD HIGH STEWARD.

What arts you need, is all the same to me;
The Emperor wills that you should ready be.

A BLONDE (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

One word, Sir! Here you see a visage fair, —
In sorry summer I another wear!
There sprout a hundred brown and reddish freckles,
And vex my lily skin with ugly speckles.
A cure!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is pity! Shining fair, yet smitten, —
Spotted, when May comes, like a panther-kitten!
Take frog-spawn, tongues of toads, which cohobate,
Under the full moon deftly distillate,
And, when it wanes, apply the mixture:
Next spring, the spots will be no more a fixture.

A BRUNETTE.

To sponge upon you, what a crowd 's advancing!
I beg a remedy: a frozen foot
Annoys me much, in walking as in dancing;
And awkwardly I manage to salute.



Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A gentle kick permit, then, from my foot![46]

THE BRUNETTE.

Well, — that might happen, when the two are lovers.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My kick a more important meaning covers:
*Similia similibus*, when one is sick.
The foot cures foot, each limb its hurt can palliate;
Come near! Take heed! and, pray you, don't retaliate!

THE BRUNETTE (*screaming*).

Oh! oh! it stings! That was a fearful kick,
Like hoof of horse.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But it has cured you, quick.
To dance whene'er you please, you now are able;
To press your lover's foot, beneath the table.

LADY (*pressing forwards*).

Make room for me! Too great is my affliction,
My tortures worse than those described in fiction:

Digitized by Google

His bliss, till yesterday, was in *my* glances,
But now he turns his back, and spins with *her* romances!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The matter 's grave, but listen unto me!
Draw near to him with gentle, soft advances;
Then take this coal and mark him stealthily
On mantle, shoulder, sleeve, — though ne'er so slight,
Yet penitent at once his heart will be.
The coal thereafter you must straightway swallow,
And let no sip of wine or water follow:
He 'll sigh before your door this very night.

THE LADY.

It is not poison, sure?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*offended*).

Respect, where it is due!
To get such coals, you 'd travel many a mile:
They 're from the embers of a funeral pile,
The fires whereof we once more hotly blew.

PAGE.

I love, yet still am counted adolescent.

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I know not whom to listen to, at present.

(*To the Page.*)

Let not the younger girls thy fancies fetter;
Those well in years know how to prize thee better. —

(*Others crowd around him.*)

Already others? 'T is a trial, sooth!
I 'll help myself, at last, with naked truth —
The worst device! — so great my misery.
O Mothers! Mothers! let but Faust go free!

(*Gazing around him.*)

The lights are burning dimly in the hall,
The Court is moving onward, one and all:
I see them march, according to degrees,
Through long arcades and distant galleries.
Now they assemble in the ample space
Of the Knights' Hall; yet hardly all find place.
The breadth of walls is hung with arras rich,
And armor gleams from every nook and niche.
Here, I should think, there needs no magic word:
The ghosts will come, and of their own accord.

Digitized by Google

## VII.

HALL OF THE KNIGHTS, DIMLY LIGHTED.

(*The Emperor and Court have entered.*)

HERALD.[47]

MINE ancient office, to proclaim the action,
Is by the spirits' secret influence thwarted:
One tries in vain; such wildering distraction
Can't be explained, or reasonably reported.
The chairs are ranged, the seats are ready all:
The Emperor sits, fronting the lofty wall,
Where on the tapestry the battles he
Of the great era may with comfort see.
Here now are all — Prince, Court, and their belonging,
Benches on benches in the background thronging;
And lovers, too, in these dim hours enchanted,
Beside their loved ones lovingly are planted.
And now, since all have found convenient places,
We 're ready: let the spirits show their faces!

*Trumpets.*

Digitized by Google

ASTROLOGER.

Begin the Drama! 'T is the Sire's command:
Ye walls, be severed straightway, and expand!
Naught hinders; magic answers our desire:
The arras flies, as shrivelled up by fire;
The walls are split, unfolded: in the gloom
A theatre appears to be created:
By mystic light are we illuminated,
And I ascend to the proscenium.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*rising to view in the prompter's box*).

I hope to win, as prompter, general glory;
For prompting is the Devil's oratory.

(*To the Astrologer.*)

Thou know'st the tune and time the stars that lead;
Thou wilt my whispers like a master heed.

ASTROLOGER.

By power miraculous, we here behold
A massive temple of the days of old.
Like Atlas, who erewhile the heavens upbore,
The serried columns stand, an ample store:

Digitized by Google

Well may they for the weight of stone suffice,
Since two might bear a mighty edifice.

ARCHITECT.[48]

That the antique? As fine it can't be rated;
I 'd sooner style it awkward, over-weighted.
Coarse is called noble, and unwieldy, grand:
Give me the slender shafts that soar, expand!
To lift the mind, a pointed arch may boast;
Such architecture edifies us most.

ASTROLOGER.

Receive with reverence the star-granted hours;
Let magic words bind Reason's restless powers,
But in return unbind, to circle free,
The wings of splendid, daring Phantasy!
What you have boldly wished, see now achieved!
Impossible 't is — therefore to be believed.

(FAUST *rises to view on the other side of the proscenium.*)

In priestly surplice, crowned, a marvellous man,
He now fulfils what he in faith began.
With him, a tripod from the gulf comes up:
I scent the incense-odors from the cup.
He arms himself, the work to consecrate,
And henceforth it can be but fortunate.

Digitized by Google

FAUST (*sublimely*).

Ye Mothers, in your name, who set your throne
In boundless Space, eternally alone,
And yet companioned! All the forms of Being,
In movement, lifeless, ye are round you seeing.
Whate'er once was, there burns and brightens free
In splendor — for 't would fain eternal be; [49]
And ye allot it, with all-potent might,
To Day's pavilions and the vaults of Night.
Life seizes some, along his gracious course;
Others arrests the bold Magician's force;
And he, bestowing as his faith inspires,
Displays the Marvellous, that each desires.

ASTROLOGER.

The glowing key has scarcely touched the cup,
And lo! through all the space, a mist rolls up:
It creeps about, and like a cloudy train,
Spreads, rounding, narrowing, parting, closed again.
And now, behold a spirit-masterpiece!
Music is born from every wandering fleece.
The tones of air, I know not how they flow;
Where'er they move all things melodious grow.
The pillared shaft, the triglyph even rings:

Digitized by Google

I think, indeed, the whole bright temple sings.
The vapors settle; as the light film clears,
A beauteous youth, with rhythmic step, appears.
Here ends my task; his name I need not tell:
Who doth not know the gentle Paris well?

LADY.

O, what a youthful bloom and strength I see!

A SECOND.

Fresh as a peach, and full of juice, is he!

A THIRD.

The finely drawn, the sweetly swelling lip!

A FOURTH.

From such a cup, no doubt, you 'd like to sip?

A FIFTH.

He 's handsome, if a little unrefined.

A SIXTH.

He might be somewhat gracefuller, to my mind.

KNIGHT.

The shepherd I detect; I find him wearing
No traces of the Prince, or courtly bearing.



Digitized by Google

ANOTHER.

O, yes! half-naked is the youth not bad;
But let us see him first in armor clad!

LADY.

He seats himself, with such a gentle grace!

KNIGHT.

You 'd find his lap, perchance, a pleasant place?

ANOTHER.

He lifts his arm so lightly o'er his head.

CHAMBERLAIN.

'T is not allowed: how thoroughly ill-bred!

LADY.

You lords find fault with all things evermore.

CHAMBERLAIN.

To stretch and yawn before the Emperor!

LADY.

He only acts: he thinks he 's quite alone.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERLAIN.

Even the play should be politely shown.

LADY.

Now sleep falls on the graceful youth so sweetly.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Now will he snore: 't is natural, completely!

YOUNG LADY.

Mixed with the incense-steam, what odor precious
Steals to my bosom, and my heart refreshes?

OLDER LADY.

Forsooth, it penetrates and warms the feeling!
It comes from him.

OLDEST LADY.

His flower of youth, unsealing,
It is: Youth's fine ambrosia, ripe, unfading,
The atmosphere around his form pervading.

(*Helena comes forward.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So, that is she? *My* sleep she would not waste:
She 's pretty, truly, but she 's not my taste.

Digitized by Google

ASTROLOGER.

There 's nothing more for me to do, I trow;
As man of honor, I confess it now.
The Beauty comes, and had I tongues of fire, —
So many songs did Beauty e'er inspire, —
Who sees her, of his wits is dispossessed,
And who possessed her was too highly blessed.

FAUST.

Have I still eyes? Deep in my being springs
The fount of Beauty, in a torrent pouring!
A heavenly gain my path of terror brings.
The world was void, and shut to my exploring, —
And, since my priesthood, how hath it been graced!
Enduring 't is, desirable, firm-based.
And let my breath of being blow to waste,
If I for thee unlearn my sacred duty!
The form, that long erewhile my fancy captured,[51]
That from the magic mirror so enraptured,
Was but a frothy phantom of such beauty!
'T is Thou, to whom the stir of all my forces,
The essence of my passion's courses, —
Love, fancy, worship, madness, — here I render!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*from the box*).

Be calm! — you lose your rôle, to be so tender!

Digitized by Google

OLDER LADY.

Tall and well-formed! Too small the head, alone.

YOUNGER LADY.

Just see her foot! A heavier ne'er was shown.

DIPLOMATIST.

Princesses of her style I 've often seen:
From head to foot she 's beautiful, I ween.

COURTIER.

She near the sleeper steals, so soft and sly.

LADY.

How ugly, near that youthful purity!

POET.

Her beauty's light is on him like a dawn.

LADY.

Endymion and Luna — as they 're drawn!

POET.

Quite right! The yielding goddess seems to sink,

Digitized by Google

And o'er him bend, his balmy breath to drink.
Enviable fate — a kiss! — the cup is full!

DUENNA.

Before all people! — that is more than cool.

FAUST.

A fearful favor to the boy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still!
Suffer the shade to do whate'er it will!

COURTIER.

She slips away, light-footed: he awakes.

LADY.

Just as I thought! Another look she takes.

COURTIER.

He stares: what haps, to him a marvel is.

LADY.

But none to her, what she before her sees!

Digitized by Google

COURTIER.

She turns around to him with dignity.

LADY.

I see, she means to put him through his paces:
All men, in such a case, act stupidly.
Then, too, he thinks that first he 's won her graces.

KNIGHT.

Majestically fine! — She pleases me.

LADY.

The courtesan! How very vulgar she!

PAGE.

Just where he is, is where I 'd like to be!

COURTIER.

Who would not fain be caught in such sweet meshes?

LADY.

Through many a hand hath passed that jewel precious;
The gilding, too, is for the most part gone.

ANOTHER.

She has been worthless from her tenth year on.

Digitized by Google

KNIGHT.

Each takes the best that chance for him obtains;
I 'd be contented with these fair remains.

A LEARNED MAN.

I freely own, though I distinctly see,
'T is doubtful if the genuine one she be.
The Present leads us to exaggeration,
And I hold fast the written, old relation.
I read that, truly, ere her bloom was blighted,
The Trojan gray-beards greatly she delighted.
And here, methinks, it tallies perfectly:
I am not young, yet she delighteth me.

ASTROLOGER.

No more a boy! A bold, heroic form,
He clasps her, who can scarce resist the storm.
With arm grown strong he lifts her high and free:
Means he to bear her off?

FAUST.

Rash fool, let be!
Thou dar'st? Thou hear'st not? Hold! — I 'll be obeyed.

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The spectral drama thou thyself hast made!

ASTROLOGER.

A word more! After all we 've seen to-day,
I call the piece: *The Rape of Helena.*[52]

FAUST.

What! Rape? Am I for nothing here? To stead me,
Is not this key still shining in my hand?
Through realms of terror, wastes, and waves it led me,
Through solitudes, to where I firmly stand.
Here foothold is! Realities here centre!
The strife with spirits here the mind may venture,
And on its grand, its double lordship enter!
How far she was, and nearer, how divine!
I 'll rescue her, and make her doubly mine.
Ye Mothers! Mothers! crown this wild endeavor!
Who knows her once must hold her, and forever!

ASTROLOGER.

What art thou doing, Faust? O, look at him!
He seizes her: the form is growing dim.
He turns the key against the youth, and, lo!
It touches him — Woe 's me! Away now! Woe on woe!



Digitized by Google

(*Explosion.* FAUST *lies upon the earth. The Spirits dissolve in vapor.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*taking* FAUST *upon his shoulders*).

You have it now! One 's self with fools to hamper,
At last even on the Devil puts a damper.

*Darkness. Tumult.*

Digitized by Google

# ACT II.

## I.

A HIGH-ARCHED, NARROW, GOTHIC CHAMBER, FORMERLY FAUST'S, UNCHANGED.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*coming forth from behind a curtain.*[53] *While he holds it up and looks behind him,* FAUST *is seen lying stretched out upon an antiquated bed*).

LIE there, ill-starred! seduced, unwise,
To bonds that surely hold the lover!
Whom Helena shall paralyze
Not soon his reason will recover.

(*Looking around him.*)

I look about, and through the glimmer
Unchanged, uninjured, all appears:
The colored window-panes, methinks, are dimmer,
The cobwebs have increased with years.
The ink is dry, the paper old and brown,
But each thing in its place I find:

Digitized by Google

Even the quill is here laid down,
Wherewith his compact with the Devil he signed.
Yea, deeper in, the barrel 's red
With trace of blood I coaxed him then to shed.
A thing so totally unique
The great collectors would go far to seek.
Half from its hook the old fur-robe is falling,
That ancient joke of mine recalling,
How once I taught the boy such truth
As still, it may be, nourishes the youth.
The wish returns, with zest acuter,
Aided by thee, thou rough disguise,
Once more to take on airs as college tutor,
As one infallible in one's own eyes.
The *savans* this assurance know:
The Devil lost it, long ago!

(*He shakes the fur which he has taken down: moths, crickets, and beetles fly out.*)

CHORUS OF INSECTS.

Welcome, and hail to thee!
Patron, to-day:
We 're flying and humming,
We hear and obey.

Digitized by Google

Singly and silently
Us thou hast sown;
Hither, by thousands,
Father, we 've flown.
The imp in the bosom
Is snugly concealed;
But lice in the fur-coat
Are sooner revealed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What glad surprise I feel, from this young life bestowed!
One reaps in time, if one has only sowed.
Once more I 'll shake the ancient fleeces out:
Still here and there a chance one flies about. —
Off, and around! in hundred thousand nooks
Hasten to hide yourselves — among the books,
There, in the pasteboard's wormy holes,
Here, in the smoky parchment scrolls,
In dusty jars, that broken lie,
And yonder skull with empty eye.
In all this trash and mould unmatched,
Crotchets forever must be hatched.[54]

(*He puts on the fur-mantle.*)

Come, once again upon my shoulders fall!

Digitized by Google

Once more am I the Principal.
But 't is no good to ape the college;
For where are those who will my claim acknowledge?

(*He pulls the bell, which gives out a shrill, penetrating sound, causing the halls to tremble and the doors to fly open.*)

FAMULUS

(*tottering hither down the long, dark gallery*).

What a sound! What dreadful quaking!
Stairs are rocking, walls are shaking;
Through the colored windows brightening
I behold the sudden lightning;
Floors above me crack and rumble,
Lime and lumber round me tumble,
And the door, securely bolted,
Is by magic force unfolded. —
There! How terrible! a Giant
Stands in Faust's old fur, defiant!
As he looks, and beckons thither,
I could fall, my senses wither.
Shall I fly, or shall I wait?
What, O what shall be my fate!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*beckoning*).

Come hither, Friend! Your name is Nicodemus.

Digitized by Google

FAMULUS.

Most honored Sir, such is my name — *Oremus!*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dispense with that!

FAMULUS.

O joy! you know me yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Old, and a student still, — I don't forget,
Most mossy Sir! Also a learned man
Continues study, since naught else he can.
'T is thus one builds a moderate house of cards;
The greatest minds ne'er end them, afterwards.
Your master is a skilful fellow, though:
The noble Doctor Wagner all must know.
The first in all the learned world is he,
Who now together holds it potently,
Wisdom increasing, daily making clearer.
How thirst for knowledge listener and hearer!
A mighty crowd around him flocks.
None for the rostrum e'er were meeter:
The keys he holds as doth Saint Peter,
The Under and the Upper he unlocks.

Digitized by Google

His light above all others sparkles surer,
No name or fame beside him lives:
Even that of Faust has grown obscurer;
'T is he alone invents and gives.

FAMULUS.

Pardon, most honored Sir! if I am daring
To contradict you, in declaring
All that upon the subject has no bearing;
For modesty is his allotted part.
The incomprehensible disappearing
Of that great man to him is most uncheering;
From his return he hopes new strength and joy of heart.
As in the days of Doctor Faust, the room,
Since he 's away, all things unchanged,
Waits for its master, long estranged.
To venture in, I scarce presume. —
What stars must govern now the skies!
It seemed as if the basements quivered;
The door-posts trembled, bolts were shivered:
You had not entered, otherwise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where may his present dwelling be?
Lead me to him! Bring him to me!

Digitized by Google

FAMULUS.

His prohibition is so keen!
I do not dare to intervene.
For months, his time unto the great work giving,
In most secluded silence he is living.
The daintiest of distinguished learners,
His face is like a charcoal-burner's,
From nose to ears all black and deadened;
His eyes from blowing flames are reddened:
Thus he, each moment, pants and longs,
And music make the clattering tongs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

An entrance why should he deny me?
I 'll expedite his luck, if he 'll but try me!

(*The* FAMULUS *goes off:* MEPHISTOPHELES *seats himself with gravity.*)

Scarce have I taken my position here,
When there, behind, I see a guest appear.
I know him; he is of the school new-founded,
And his presumption will be quite unbounded.

BACCALAUREUS[55] (*storming along the corridor*).

Doors and entrances are open!
Well, — at last there 's ground for hoping



Digitized by Google

That no more, in mouldy lumber,
Death-like, doth the Living slumber,
To himself privations giving,
Till he dies of very living!

All this masonry, I 'm thinking,
To its overthrow is sinking;
And, unless at once we hurry,
Us will crash and ruin bury.
Daring though I be, 't were murther
Should I dare to venture further.

What is that I see before me?
Here, (what years have since rolled o'er me!)
Shy and unsophisticated,
I as honest freshman waited:
Here I let the gray-beards guide me,
Here their babble edified me!

Out of dry old volumes preaching,
What they knew, they lied in teaching;
What they knew, themselves believed not,
Stealing life, that years retrieved not.
What! — in yonder cell benighted
One still sits, obscurely lighted!

Digitized by Google

Nearer now, I see, astounded,
Still he sits, with furs surrounded, —
Truly, as I saw him last,
Roughest fleeces round him cast!
Then adroit he seemed to be,
Not yet understood by me:
But to-day 't will naught avail him —
O, I 'll neither fear nor fail him!

If, ancient Sir, that bald head, sidewards bending,
Hath not been dipped in Lethe's river cold,
See, hitherward, your grateful scholar wending,
Outgrown the academic rods of old.
You 're here, as then when I began;
But *I* am now another man.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm glad my bell your visit brought me.
Your talents, then, I rated high;
The worm, the chrysalid soon taught me
The future brilliant butterfly.
Your curly locks and ruffle-laces
A childish pleasure gave; you wooed the graces.
A queue, I think, you 've never worn?
But now your head is cropped and shorn.

Digitized by Google

Quite bold and resolute you appear.
But don't go, *absolute*, home from here![56]

BACCALAUREUS.

Old master, in your old place leaning,
Think how the time has sped, the while!
Spare me your words of double meaning!
We take them now in quite another style.
You teased and vexed the honest youth;
You found it easy then, in truth,
To do what no one dares, to-day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If to the young the simple truth we say,
The green ones find it nowise pleasant play;
But afterwards, when years are over,
And they the truth through their own hide discover,
Then they conceive, themselves have found it out:
"The master was a fool!" one hears them shout.

BACCALAUREUS.

A rogue, perhaps! What teacher will declare
The truth to us, exactly fair and square?
Each knows the way to lessen or exceed it,
Now stern, now lively, as the children need it.

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Beyond a doubt, there is a time to learn;
But you are skilled to teach, I now discern.
Since many a moon, some circles of the sun,
The riches of experience you have won.

BACCALAUREUS.

Experience! mist and froth alone!
Nor with the mind at all coequal:
Confess, what one has always known
Is not worth knowing, in the sequel!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*after a pause*).

It 's long seemed so to me. I was a fool:
My shallowness I now must ridicule.

BACCALAUREUS.

I 'm glad of that! I hear some reason yet —
The first old man of sense I ever met!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I sought for hidden treasures, grand and golden,
And hideous coals and ashes were my share.

Digitized by Google

BACCALAUREUS.

Confess that now your skull, though bald and olden,
Is worth no more than is yon empty, there!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*amiably*).

Know'st thou, my friend, how rude thou art to me?

BACCALAUREUS.

One lies, in German, would one courteous be.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*wheeling his chair still nearer to the proscenium, to the spectators*).

Up here am I deprived of light and air:
Shall I find shelter down among you there?

BACCALAUREUS.

It is presumptuous, that one will try
Still to be something, when the time 's gone by.
Man's life lives in his blood, and where, in sooth,
So stirs the blood as in the veins of youth?
There living blood in freshest power pulsates,
And newer life from its own life creates.
Then something 's done, then moves and works the man;
The weak fall out, the sturdy take the van.

Digitized by Google

While half the world beneath *our* yoke is brought,
What, then, have you accomplished? Nodded — thought —
Dreamed, and considered — plan, and always plan!
Age is an ague-fever, it is clear,
With chills of moody want and dread;
When one has passed his thirtieth year,
One then is just the same as dead.[57]
'T were best, betimes, to put you out o' the way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Devil, here, has nothing more to say.

BACCALAUREUS.

Save through my will, no Devil can there be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The Devil, though, will trip thee presently!

BACCALAUREUS.

This is Youth's noblest calling and most fit!
The world was not, ere I created it;
The sun I drew from out the orient sea;
The moon began her changeful course with me;
The Day put on his shining robes, to greet me;

Digitized by Google

The Earth grew green, and burst in flower to meet me,
And when I beckoned, from the primal night
The stars unveiled their splendors to my sight.
Who, save myself, to you deliverance brought
From commonplaces of restricted thought?
I, proud and free, even as dictates my mind,
Follow with joy the inward light I find,
And speed along, in mine own ecstasy,
Darkness behind, the Glory leading me!

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go hence, magnificent Original! —
What grief on thee would insight cast!
Who can think wise or stupid things at all,
That were not thought already in the Past?[58]
Yet even from him we 're not in special peril;
He will, erelong, to other thoughts incline:
The must may foam absurdly in the barrel,
Nathless it turns at last to wine.

(*To the younger parterre, which does not applaud.*)

My words, I see, have left you cold;
For you, my children, it may fall so:
Consider now, the Devil 's old;
To understand him, be old also!

Digitized by Google

## II.

### LABORATORY.

*After the manner of the Middle Ages; extensive, ponderous apparatus for fantastic purposes.*

WAGNER (*at the furnace.*)

THE loud bell chimes with fearful clangor,
The sooty walls feel the vibration;
Soon must the long suspense be ended
Of my most earnest expectation.
It shines, the darknesses are rended:
Within the phial's inmost chamber
It gleams, as doth a living ember,—
Yea, a carbuncle, burning, bright'ning,
It rays the darkness with its lightning.
Now white and clear the lustres blend!
O that I hold, nor lose it more!
Ah, God! what rattles at the door?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*).

Welcome! I mean it as a friend.



Digitized by Google

WAGNER (*anxiously*).

Be welcome to the planet of the hour!

(*Whispering.*)

Yet breath and speech suspend! A work of power,
A splendid work, will soon be here displayed.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*whispering*).

What is it, then?

WAGNER (*whispering*).

A man is being made.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A man? And what enamored pair
Have you within the chimney hidden?

WAGNER.

Nay, God forbid! This procreation is most rare:
Of the old, senseless mode we 're now well ridden.
The tender point, whence Life commenced its course,
The outward stress of gracious inward force,
Which took and gave, itself delineating,
First near, then foreign traits assimilating,
We now of all its dignity divest:

Digitized by Google

The beast therein may further find a zest,
But Man must learn, with his great gifts, to win
Henceforth a purer, loftier origin.

(*Turning towards the furnace.*)

It brightens, — see! Sure, now, my hopes increase
That if, from many hundred substances,
Through mixture — since on mixture all depends —
The human substance gently be compounded,
And by a closed retort surrounded,
Distilled, and fed, and slowly founded,
Then in success the secret labor ends.

(*Again turning towards the furnace.*)

'T will be! the mass is working clearer!
Conviction gathers, truer, nearer!
The mystery which for Man in Nature lies
We dare to test, by knowledge led;
And that which she was wont to organize
We crystallize, instead.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who lives, learns many secrets to unravel;
For him, upon this earth, there 's nothing new can be:
I 've seen already, in my years of travel,
Much crystallized humanity.

Digitized by Google

WAGNER

(*up to this time continuously attentive to the phial*).

It mounts, it lightens, grows, — 't is won!
A moment more, and it is done!
Insane, at first, appears a great intent;
We yet shall laugh at chance in generation;
A brain like this, for genuine thinking meant,
Will henceforth be a thinker's sure creation.

(*Rapturously inspecting the phial.*)

The glass vibrates with sweet and powerful tone;
It darkens, clears: it *must* arrive at being!
And now in delicate shape is shown
A pretty manikin, moving, living, seeing!
What more can we, what more the world demand?
The secret, solved, all men may reach:
Hark! as the ringing tones expand,
They form a voice, result in speech.

HOMUNCULUS[59]

(*in the phial, to* WAGNER).

How goes it, Daddy? It was then no jest!
Come, press me tenderly upon thy breast!
But not too hard, for fear the glass might shatter!

Digitized by Google

This is the quality of matter:
For what is natural, scarce the world has place;
What 's artificial, needs restricted space.

(*To* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

Thou rogue, Sir Cousin! here I find thee, too?
And at the proper time! My thanks are due:
A lucky fortune led thee here to me;
Since I exist, then I must active be.
I 'd fain begin my work without delay:
Thou art adroit in shortening my way.

WAGNER.

But first, a word! I 'm shamed that answers fail me;
For old and young with problems so assail me.
Now, for example, none e'er comprehended
How soul and body wedded are and blended, —
Hold fast, as if defying separation,
Yet never cease their mutual irritation.
Therefore —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Desist! I 'd rather ask him why
The man and wife agree so wretchedly.
To thee, my friend, the thing will ne'er be clear:
There 's work to do: for that the little fellow 's here.

Digitized by Google

HOMUNCULUS.

What 's to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to a side-door*).

Thy talents here employ!

WAGNER (*still gazing at the phial*).

Forsooth, thou art the very loveliest boy!

(*The side-door opens:* FAUST *is seen stretched out upon a couch.*)

HOMUNCULUS (*astonished*).

Significant! —

(*The phial slips out of* WAGNER'S *hands, hovers over* FAUST, *and shines upon him.*)

Fair scenery![60] — Waters, moving
In forest shadows: women there, undressing,
The loveliest forms! — the picture is improving.
One, marked by beauty, splendidly expressing
Descent from Gods or high heroic races,
Now dips her foot in the translucent shimmer:
The living flame of her sweet form displaces
The yielding crystal, cool around the swimmer.
But what a sound of wings! What rapid dashing

Digitized by Google

Across the glassy pool, what fluttering, splashing!
The maidens fly, alarmed; but only she,
The queen, looks on, composed and terror-free,
And sees with proud and womanly delight
The swan-prince press her knee with plumage white,
Importunately tame: he grows acquainted. —
But all at once floats up a vapor pale,
And covers with its closely-woven veil
The loveliest picture ever dreamed or painted.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How much hast thou to tell, — what stories merry!
So small thou art, so great a visionary!
Nothing see I! —

HOMUNCULUS.

Of course. Thou, from the North,
And in the age of mist brought forth,
In knighthood's and in priestcraft's murky den,
How should thy sight be clearer, then?
In gloom alone art thou at home.

(*Gazing around.*)

Brown masonry, repellent, crumbling slowly,
Arch-pointed, finical, fantastic, lowly! —
If this man wakes, another danger 's nigh;

Digitized by Google

At once upon the spot he 'll die.
Wood-fountains, swans, and naked beauties,
Such was his dream of presage fair:
How should these dark surroundings suit his
Desires, when them *I* scarce can bear?
Away with him!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I hail the issue's chances.

HOMUNCULUS.

Command the warrior to the fight,
Conduct the maiden to the dances,
And all is finished, as is right.
Just now — there breaks on me a light —
'T is Classical Walpurgis-Night;
Whate'er may come, it is the best event,
So bring him to his proper element!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The like of that I never heard one mention.

HOMUNCULUS.

How should it have attracted your attention?
Only romantic ghosts are known to you;
A genuine phantom must be classic too.

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But whitherward shall then we travel, tell me!
Your antique cronies in advance repel me.

HOMUNCULUS.

Northwestwards, Satan, is thy park and pale,
But we, this time, southeastwards sail.
Peneus, there, the great plain wanders through,
By thickets, groves, and silent coves, and meadow grasses;
The level stretches to the mountain passes,
And o'er it lies Pharsalus, old and new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas! Have done! Bring not that fell collision
Of tyrant and of slave before my vision!
I 'm tired of that: for scarcely is it done
Than they the same thing have again begun;
And no one marks that he 's the puppet blind
Of sly Asmōdi, lurking there behind.
They fight, we 're told, their freedom's right to save;
But, clearlier seen, 't is slave that fights with slave.[61]

HOMUNCULUS.

Leave unto men their fractiousness and clatter:
Each must protect himself, as best he can,



Digitized by Google

From boyhood up, and thus becomes a man.
How this one shall recover, is our matter.
Hast thou a method, let it tested be!
But hast thou none, so leave the case to me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There 's many a Brocken-method I might try,
But pagan bolts, I find, the way deny.
The Grecian race was little worth, alway;
It dazzles with the senses' freer play,
To cheerful sins the heart of man entices;
While ours are ever counted gloomy vices.
Now, what shall be?

HOMUNCULUS.

Shyness was ne'er thy blame.
When I to thee Thessalian witches name,
I 've not said nothing, that I know.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*lustfully*).

Thessalian witches! Well! The persons, those,
Whom I inquired for, long ago.
Night after night beside them to repose,
I think would hardly suit: but so,
A mere espial, trial, —

Digitized by Google

HOMUNCULUS.

Here! cast o'er
The knight your magic mantle, and infold him!
The rag will still, as heretofore,
Upon his airy course — and thine — uphold him.
I 'll light the way.

WAGNER (*anxiously*).

And I?

HOMUNCULUS.

Eh? You
Will stay at home, most weighty work to do.
Unfold your ancient parchments, and collect
Life's elements as your recipes direct,
One to the other with due caution fitting.
The *What* consider, more the *How* and *Why!*
Meanwhile, about the world at random flitting,
I may detect the dot upon the "I."[62]
The lofty aim will then accomplished be;
Such an endeavor merits such requital:
Gold, honor, glory, healthy forces vital,
And science, too, and virtue, — possibly.
Farewell!

Digitized by Google

WAGNER (*sorrowfully*).

Farewell! It doth depress my heart:
I fear, already, we forever part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Down to Peneus, with his aid!
Sir Cousin is a deft attendant.

(*Ad spectatores.*)

Upon the creatures we have made
We are, ourselves, at last dependent.[63]

Digitized by Google

## III.

### CLASSICAL WALPURGIS-NIGHT.[64]

#### I.

#### THE PHARSALIAN FIELDS.

*Darkness.*

ERICHTHO.

TO this night's awful festival, as oft before,
I enter here, Erichtho, I, the gloomy one:
Not so atrocious as the evil poets draw,
In most superfluous slander — for they never cease
Their blame or praises . . . Over-whitened I behold
The vale, with waves of tents that glimmer gray afar,
The after-vision of that fatal, fearful night.
How oft is it repeated! — will forever be
Forever re-enacted! No one grants the realm
Unto another: unto him whose might achieved
And rules it, none: for each, incompetent to rule
His own internal self, is all too fain to sway
His neighbor's will, even as his haughty mind inclines.
But here a lesson grand was battled to the end,

Digitized by Google

How force resists and grapples with the greater force,
The lovely, thousand-blossomed wreath of Freedom rends,
And bends the stubborn laurel round the Ruler's brow.
Here, of his days of early greatness Pompey dreamed:
Before the trembling balance Cæsar yonder watched!
It will be weighed: the world knows unto whom it turned.
The watch-fires flash and glow, spendthrift of ruddy flame;
Reflections of the squandered blood the earth exhales,
And, lured by rare and marvellous splendor of the night,
The legion of Hellenic legends gathers here.
Round all the fires uncertain hover, or at ease
Sit near them, fabulous forms of ancient days. . . .
The moon, imperfect, truly, but of clearest beam,
Arises, scattering mellow radiance everywhere:
Vanish the phantom tents, the fires are burning blue.

But o'er my head what unexpected meteor!
It shines, illuminates the sphere of earth below.
I scent the Living! therefore it becomes me not
Them to approach, I being harmful unto them:
An evil name it brings me, and it profits naught.
Already now it sinks: discreetly I withdraw.

[*Exit.*

*The Airy Travellers above.*

Digitized by Google

HOMUNCULUS.

Once again the circle follow,
O'er the flames and horrors hover!
Ghostly 't is in vale and hollow,
Spectral all that we discover.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If, as through my window nightly
In the grewsome North, I see
Spectres hideous and unsightly,
Here is home, as there, to me.

HOMUNCULUS.

See! a tall one there is striding
On before us, in the shade.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Through the air she saw us gliding,
And it seems she is afraid.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let her stride! The knight be taken
Now, and set upon the strand:
Here to life again he 'll waken,
Seeking it in fable-land.

Digitized by Google

FAUST (*as he touches the earth*).

Where is she? —

HOMUNCULUS.

It 's more than we can tell,
But to inquire would here be well.
Thou 'rt free to hasten, ere the day,
From flame to flame, and seek her so:
Who to the Mothers found his way,
Has nothing more to undergo.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I also claim my share in the excursion;
Yet know no better plan for our diversion,
Than that each one, amid these fires,
Should seek such fortunes as he most desires.
Then, as a sign to reunite us,
Let, little one, thy lantern sound and light us!

HOMUNCULUS.

Thus shall it shine, and thus shall ring!

(*The glass shines and rings powerfully.*)

And now, away to many a marvellous thing!

FAUST (*solus*).

Where is she? — But no further question make!

Digitized by Google

If this were not the soil that bore her feet,
If not the wave that to her coming beat,
Yet 't is the air that knows the tongue she spake.
Here, by a marvel! Here, on Grecian land![65]
I felt at once the earth whereon I stand.
Through me, the sleeper, fresher spirit stealing,
I rise refreshed, Antæus in my feeling.
Together here I find the strangest store;
Let me this labyrinth of flames explore.

[*Goes away.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying around*).

And as among these fires I wander, aimless,
I find myself so strange, so disconcerted:[66]
Quite naked most, a few are only shirted;
The Griffins insolent, the Sphinxes shameless,
And what not all, with pinions and with tresses,
Before, behind, upon one's eyesight presses! —
Indecency, 't is true, is our ideal,
But the Antique is too alive and real;
One must with modern thought the thing bemaster,
And in the fashion variously o'erplaster: —
Disgusting race! Yet I, perforce, must meet them,
And as new guest with due decorum greet them. —
Hail, then, Fair Ladies! Graybeards wise, good cheer!



Digitized by Google

GRIFFIN (*snarling*).

Not graybeards! Graybeards? No one likes to hear
One call him *gray*. For in each word there rings
The source, wherefrom its derivation springs.[67]
Gray, growling, grewsome, grinning, graves, and grimly,
Etymologically accord, nor dimly,
And make us grim.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, why need you stiffen?
You like the *grif* in your proud title, "Griffin."

GRIFFIN

(*as above, and continuously so*).

Of course! for this relation is found fit;
Though often censured, oftener praised was it.
Let one but *grip* at maidens, crowns, and gold:
Fortune is gracious to the Griper bold.

ANTS

(*of the colossal kind*).

You speak of gold, much had ourselves collected;
In rocks and caverns secretly we trapped it:
The Arimaspean race our store detected, —
They 're laughing now, so far away they 've snapped it.

Digitized by Google

THE GRIFFINS.

We soon shall force them to confess.

THE ARIMASPEANS.[68]

But not in this free night of jubilee.
Before the morrow, all will squandered be;
This time our efforts will obtain success.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*who has seated himself between the* SPHINXES).

How soon I feel familiar here, among you!
I understand you, one and all.

SPHINX.

Our spirit-tones, when we have sung you,
Become, for you, material.
Now name thyself, till we shall know thee better.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With many names would men my nature fetter.
Are Britons here? So round the world they wheel,
To stare at battle-fields, historic traces,
Cascades, old walls, and classic dreary places;
And here were something worthy of their zeal.
Their Old Plays also testify of me;
Men saw me there as "Old Iniquity."

Digitized by Google

SPHINX.

How did they hit on that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not, verily.

SPHINX.

Perhaps! Hast thou in star-lore any power?
What say'st thou of the aspects of the hour?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking up*).

Star shoots on star, the cloven moon doth ride
In brilliance; in this place I 'm satisfied:
I warm myself against thy lion's hide.
It were a loss to rise from out these shades: —
Propose enigmas, or at least charades!

SPHINX.

Express thyself, and 't will a riddle be.[69]
Try once thine own analysis: 't were merry.
"To both Devout and Wicked necessary:
To those, a breast-plate for ascetic fighting;
To these, boon-comrade, in their pranks uniting;
And both amusing Zeus, the fun-delighting."

FIRST GRIFFIN (*snarling*).

I like not him!

Digitized by Google

SECOND GRIFFIN (*snarling more gruffly*).

What will the fellow here?

BOTH.

The Nasty One is not of us, 't is clear!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*brutally*).

Think'st thou, perhaps, thy guest has nails to scratch,
That with thy sharper talons cannot match?
Just try it once!

SPHINX (*gently*).

Stay, shouldst thou find it well;
But from our ranks thou wilt thyself expel.
In thine own land thou 'rt wont thyself to pamper,
Yet here, I think, thy spirits feel a damper.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thine upper part entices; naught is fairer;
But, further down, the beast excites my terror.

SPHINX.

Bitter, False one, will be thy expiation;
Our claws are sound and worthy proof,
But thou, with withered horse's-hoof,
Art ill at ease in our association.

(*The* SIRENS *prelude above.*)

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On yonder poplars by the river,
What are the birds that swing above?

SPHINX.

Beware! The very best that ever
Existed, they have lured to love.

SIRENS.[70]

Ah, why vitiate your senses,
Where those Uglinesses darken?
We, in crowds, come hither: hearken
How the accordant strain commences,
Meet for Sirens' soft pretences!

SPHINXES

(*mocking them, in the same melody*).

Let them to descend be bidden!
In the branches they have hidden
Hideous falcon-claws they 're wearing,
And you 'll feel their cruel tearing,
Once you lend them willing ear.

SIRENS.

Banish hate and envy, rather!
We the purest pleasures gather,

Digitized by Google

Under Heaven's auspicious sphere!
On the earth and on the ocean,
We, with cheerful beckoning motion,
Bid the wanderer welcome here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are of novelties the neatest,
Where from the throat and harp-string sweetest
The tones around each other twine.
They 're lost on me, these tinkling trickles;
The sound my ear-drum pats and tickles,
But cannot reach this heart of mine.

SPHINXES.

Speak not of heart! Fool, so to call it!
An old and wrinkled leathern wallet
Would better suit that face of thine.

FAUST (*approaching*).

How strange! I, satisfied, behold these creatures, —
In the Repulsive, grand and solid features:[71]
A fate propitious I behold advance.
Whither transports me now this solemn glance?
(*Pointing to the* SPHINXES.)
Once before these took Œdipus his stand:

Digitized by Google

(*Pointing to the* SIRENS.)

These made Ulysses writhe in hempen band:

(*Pointing to the* ANTS.)

By these the highest treasure was amassed:

(*Pointing to the* GRIFFINS.)

By these 't was held inviolate and fast:
Fresh spirit fills me, face to face with these —
Grand are the Forms, and grand the Memories!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Once thou hadst cursed such crude antiques,
But now, it seems, they 've comfort given;
For when a man his sweetheart seeks,
Welcome to him are monsters, even.

FAUST (*to the* SPHINXES).

Ye woman-forms, give ear, and say
Hath one of you seen Helena?

SPHINXES.

Before her day our line expired in Greece;
Our very last was slain by Hercules:
Yet ask of Chiron, if thou please.
He gallops round throughout this ghostly night,
And if he halt for thee, thy chance is bright.

Digitized by Google

SIRENS.

Thou art not to failure fated!
How Ulysses, lingering, learned us,
Nor, regardless passing, spurned us,
Manifold hath he narrated:
All to thee shall be confided,
Seekest thou our meads, divided
By the dark-green arms of Ocean.

SPHINX.

Let not thyself thus cheated be!
Not like Ulysses bound, — but we
Will with good counsel thee environ:
If thou canst find the noble Chiron,
Thou 'lt learn what I have promised thee.

[FAUST *goes away.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*ill-temperedly*).

What croaks and flaps of wings go past!
One cannot see, they fly so fast,
In single file, from first to last:
A hunter would grow tired of these.

SPHINX.

The storm-wind like, that winter harrows,



Digitized by Google

Reached hardly by Alcides' arrows,
They are the swift Stymphalides;
And not ill-meant their greetings creak,
With goose's foot and vulture's beak.
They fain would join us in our places,
And show themselves as kindred races.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as if intimidated*).

Some other brute is hissing shrill.

SPHINX.

Be not afraid, though harsh the pæan!
They are the hydra-heads, the old Lernæan,
Cut from the trunk, yet think they 're something still.
But say, what means your air distressed?
Why show your gestures such unrest?
Where will you go? Then take your leave!
That chorus, there, I now perceive,
Turns like a weathercock your neck. Advance!—
Greet as you will each lovely countenance!
They are the Lamiæ, wenches vile,
With brazen brows and lips that smile,
Such as the satyr-folk have found so fair:
A cloven foot may venture all things there.

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But stay you here, that I again may find you?

SPHINX.

Yes! Join the airy rabble, there behind you!
From Egypt we, long since, with all our peers,
Accustomed were to reign a thousand years.
If for our place your reverence be won,
We rule for you the days of Moon and Sun.
We sit before the Pyramids
For the judgment of the Races,
Inundation, War, and Peace, —
With eternal changeless faces.

---

II.

PENEUS

(*surrounded with* NYMPHS *and Tributary Streams*).

PENEUS.[72]

STIR yourselves, ye whispering rushes,
Rustle, slender willow-bushes,
Sister reeds, breathe softer, crisper,
Trembling poplar-branches, whisper
To the interrupted dream!

Digitized by Google

Fearful premonitions wake me,
Secret shudders thrill and shake me
In my rippling, sleeping stream.

FAUST (*advancing to the river*).

Here, behind the vines that dangle
O'er the thicket's bowery tangle,
If I heard aright, were noises
Similar to human voices.
Babbling seemed the wave to patter,
And the breeze in sport to chatter.

NYMPHS (*to* FAUST).

For thee were it better
To lie here, reviving
In coolness thy body,
Outwearied with striving, —
The rest, that eludes thee,
To taste, and be free:
We 'll rustle and murmur,
And whisper to thee.

FAUST.

I am awake! Let them delay me,
The incomparable Forms! — and sway me,
As yonder to my sight confessed!

Digitized by Google

How strangely am I moved, how nearly!
Are they but dreams? or memories, merely?
Already once was I so blest.
Beneath the swaying bushes hiding,
The full, fresh waves are softly gliding;
They scarcely rustle on their path:
A hundred founts from all sides hasten,
To fill a pure and sparkling basin,
The hollowed level of a bath.
The fair young limbs of women trouble
The watery glass that makes them double,
And doubles, thus, the eye's delight:
In joyous bath each other aiding,
Or boldly swimming, shyly wading,
Then cry, and splash, and foamy fight.
It were enough, the picture viewing, —
My healthy eyesight here renewing, —
Yet I desire the still unseen.
My gaze would pierce through yonder cover,
Whose leafy wealth is folded over
The vision of the stately Queen.

Strange! across the crystal skimming,
From the coves the swans are swimming,

Digitized by Google

Moving in majestic state:
Floating calmly and united,
But how proud and self-delighted,
Head and neck they lift elate! . . .
One, his feathers proudly pluming,
Boldly on his grace presuming,
Leads the others in the race;
With his whitest plumage showing
Wave-like on the wave he 's throwing,
Speeds he to the sacred place. . . .
The others back and forth together
Swim on with smoothly shining feather,
And soon, in mimic battle met,
Shall chase aside the maids affrighted,
Till, for their own protection slighted,
Their bounden service they forget.

NYMPHS.

Sisters, bend and lay the ear
On the turf beside the river!
Sound of hoofs, if right I hear,
Swift approaching, seems to shiver.
Would I knew whose rapid flight
Brings a message to the Night!

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

As I think, the earth is ringing
From a charger, hither springing.
See there! see there!
A fortune comes, most fair:
Shall I attain its blessing?
O, marvel past expressing!
A rider trots towards us free:
Spirit and strength in him I see, —
Upon a snow-white steed careering. . . .
I know him now, I hail with awe
The famous son of Philyra! —
Halt, Chiron, halt! I 've something for thy hearing.

CHIRON.[73]

What then? What is it?

FAUST.

Thy course delay!

CHIRON.

I rest not.

FAUST.

Take me with thee, then, I pray!

Digitized by Google

CHIRON.

Mount! and I thus can ask, at leisure,
Whither thy way. Thou standest on the shore;
I 'll bear thee through the flood, with pleasure.

FAUST (*mounting*).

Whither thou wilt. I thank thee evermore. . . .
The mighty man, the pedagogue, whose place
And fame it was, to teach a hero-race, —
The splendid circle of the Argonauts,
And all whose deeds made quick the Poet's thoughts.

CHIRON.

We will not further speak of these!
As Mentor even Pallas is not venerated;
And, after all, they manage as they please,
As if they 'd not been educated.

FAUST.

The leech, who knoweth flower and fruit,
Whose lore can sound the deepest root, —
Who heals the sick, and soothes the wounded place,
Him, here, in mind and body I embrace!

CHIRON.

When heroes, near me, felt the smart,

Digitized by Google

My helpful knowledge failed them seldom;
But, at the last, I left mine art
To priest and simple-gathering beldam.

FAUST.

Thy speech the true great man betrays,
Who cannot hear a word of praise;
His modesty would fain confound us
To think his equals still were round us.

CHIRON.

Thou seemest skilled to feign such matter —
People and Prince alike to flatter.

FAUST.

But surely thou wilt grant to me
That thou the greatest of thy time didst see,
Upon their paths of proud achievement trod,
And lived thy days, a serious demigod.
Among those grand, heroic forms of old,
Whom didst thou for the best and worthiest hold?

CHIRON.

Of those beneath the Argonauts' bright banner,
Each worthy was in his peculiar manner,



Digitized by Google

And by the virtue of his strength selective
Sufficed therein, where others were defective.
Castor and Pollux were as victors hailed,
Where beauty and the grace of youth prevailed:
Decision, the swift deed for others' aid,
Gave the fair crown before the Boreads laid:
Reflective, prudent, strong, in council wise,
So Jason ruled, delight of women's eyes:
Then Orpheus, gentle, silent, brooding, lowering,
But when he struck the lyre, all-overpowering.
Sharp-sighted Lynceus, who by day and dark
Through shoreward breakers steered the sacred bark
Danger is best endured where men are brothers;
When one achieves, then praise him all the others.

FAUST.

But Hercules thy speech is wronging —

CHIRON.

Ah, me! awaken not my longing! . . .
I had not seen, in Fields Elysian,
How Phœbus, Arês, Hermes, shine;
But there arose before my vision
A form that all men called divine.
A king by birth, as ne'er another,

Digitized by Google

A youth magnificent to view;
Though subject to his elder brother,
And to the loveliest women, too.
No second such hath Gæa granted,[74]
Or Hebe led to Heaven again;
For him the songs are vainly chanted,
The marble hewn for him in vain.

FAUST.

Though ever to his form addicted,
His grace the sculptors could not wreak.
The fairest Man hast thou depicted,
Now of the fairest Woman speak!

CHIRON.

What! — Little worth is woman's beauty,
So oft an image dumb we see:
I only praise, in loving duty,
A being bright and full of glee.
For Beauty in herself delighteth;
And irresistibly she smiteth
When sweetly she with Grace uniteth,
Like Helena, when her I bore.

FAUST.

Her didst thou bear?

Digitized by Google

CHIRON.

This back she pressed.

FAUST.

Was I not wild enough, before?
And now such seat, to make me blest!

CHIRON.

Just so she grasped me by the hair
As thou dost.

FAUST.

O, I scarcely dare
To trust my senses! — tell me more!
She is my only aspiration!
Whence didst thou bear her — to what shore?

CHIRON.

Not difficult is the relation.
'T was then, when came the Dioscuri bold
To free their sister from the robbers' hold;
But these, accustomed not to be subdued,
Regained their courage and in rage pursued.
The swamps below Eleusis did impede
The brothers' and the sister's flying speed:
The brothers waded: splashing through the reed,

Digitized by Google

I swam: then off she sprang, and pressing me
On the wet mane, caressing me,
She thanked with sweetly-wise and conscious tongue.
How charming was she! — dear to age, so young!

FAUST.

But seven years old! —

CHIRON.

Philologists, I see,
Even as they cheat themselves, have cheated thee.
'T is curious with your mythologic dame: [75]
The Poet takes her when he needs her name;
She grows not old, stays ever young and warm,
And of the most enticing form;
Seduced in youth, in age enamoring still, —
Enough! no time can bind the Poet's will.

FAUST.

Then let no bonds of Time be thrown around her!
Even as on Pheræ's isle Achilles found her,
Beyond the bounds of Time. What blessing rare,
In spite of Fate such love to win and wear!
And shall not I, by mightiest desire,
Unto my life that sole fair form acquire,
That shape eternal, peer of Gods above,

Digitized by Google

Tender as grand, sublime as sweet with love?
Thou saw'st her once; *to-day* I saw her beam,
The dream of Beauty, beautiful as Dream!
My soul, my being, now is bound and chained;
I cannot live, unless she be attained.

CHIRON.

Thou, Stranger! feel'st, as man, such ecstasy;
Among us, Spirits, mad thou seem'st to be.
Yet, as it haps, thy fortune now is omened;
For every year, though only for a moment,
It is my wont to call at Manto's dwelling, —
She, Esculapius' child, whose prayers are swelling
Unto her father, that, his fame to brighten,
The brains of doctors he at last enlighten,
And them from rashly dealing death may frighten.
I like her best of all the guild of Sibyls, —
Helpful and kind, with no fantastic fribbles;
She hath the art, if thou the time canst borrow,
With roots of power to give thee healing thorough.

FAUST.

But I will not be healed! my aim is mighty:
I will not be, like others, meanly flighty!

Digitized by Google

CHIRON.

The noble fountain's cure neglect thou not:
But quick dismount! We 've reached the spot.

FAUST.

And whither, in this dreary night, hast thou
To land through pebbly rivers brought me now?

CHIRON.

Here Rome and Greece in battle tried their powers;
Here flows Peneus, there Olympus towers, —
The greatest realm that e'er was lost in sand.
The monarch flies, the conquering burghers stand.
Look up and see, in moonlight shining clear,
The memorable, eternal Temple near!

MANTO[76] (*dreaming within*).

From horse-hoofs tremble
The sacred steps of the Temple!
The Demigods draw near.

CHIRON.

Quite right!
Open your eyes, and see who 's here!

MANTO (*awaking*).

Welcome! Thou dost not fail, I see.

Digitized by Google

CHIRON.

And still thy temple stands for thee!

MANTO.

And speedest thou still unremitting?

CHIRON.

And thou in peaceful calm art sitting,
While I rejoice in restless heels?

MANTO.

I wait, and Time around me wheels.
And he?

CHIRON.

The vortex of this night
Hath whirled him hither to thy sight.
Helen, with mad, distracted senses,
Helen he 'd win, by all pretences,
And knows not how or where the task commences;
But he deserves the Esculapian cure.

MANTO.

To whom the Impossible is lure
I love.

(CHIRON *is already far away.*)

Rash one, advance! there 's joy for thee!

Digitized by Google

This dark way leads thee to Persephone.
Under Olympus' hollow foot,
Secret, she waits prohibited salute.
I smuggled Orpheus in to her, of old:
Use *thy* chance better! On! — be bold!

[*They descend.*

III.

ON THE UPPER PENEUS, AS BEFORE.

SIRENS.

PLUNGE in cool Peneus' wave!
There 't is well to sport in swimming,
Songs with chorded voices hymning,
That the ill-starred folk we save.
Health is none where water fails![77]
Let our hosts, with sounding pæan,
Hasten to the blue Ægæan,
Where each joy shall swell our sails.

(*Earthquake.*)

Back the frothy wave is flowing,
Now no longer downward going;
Shakes the bed, the waters roar,



Digitized by Google

Cracks and smokes the stony shore.
Let us fly! Come, every one!
By this marvel profit none.
Leave, ye guests, this wild commotion
For the cheerful sports of Ocean,
Shining, where the quivering reaches,
Lightly heaving, bathe the beaches, —
There, where Luna's double splendor
Freshens us with night-dews tender.
There the freest life delights us;
Here the threatening Earthquake frights us:
Who is prudent, haste away!
Fearful is it, here to stay.

SEISMOS [78]

(*growling and jolting in the depths*).

Once again the force applying,
Bravely with the shoulders prying,
We to get above are trying,
Where to us must all give way.

SPHINXES.

What a most repulsive shaking,
Terrible and hideous quaking!
What a quivering and shocking,

Digitized by Google

Hither rolling, thither rocking!
What vexation and dismay!
But we shall not change our station,
Were all Hell in agitation. . . .
Now behold a dome upswelling,
Wonderful! 'T is *he*, compelling, —
He, the hoary, antiquated,
He who Delos' isle created,
Bidding it from ocean break,
For the childed woman's sake.
He, with all his force expended,
Rigid arms and shoulders bended,
Like an Atlas in his gesture
Pushes up the earth's green vesture,
Loam and grit, and sand and shingle,
Where the shore and river mingle:
Thus our valley's bosom quiet
Cross-wise tears he, in his riot.
In unwearied force defiant,
He, a caryatid-giant,
Bears a fearful weight of boulders,
Buried still below his shoulders;
But no further shall be granted,
For the Sphinxes here are planted.[79]

Digitized by Google

SEISMOS.

The work alone I 've undertaken;
The credit will be given to me:
Had I not jolted, shoved, and shaken,
How should this world so beauteous be?
How stood aloft your mountains ever,
In pure and splendid blue of air,
Had I not heaved with huge endeavor
Till they, like pictures, charm you there?
When, where ancestral memory brightens,
Old Night and Chaos saw me sore betrayed,
And in the company of Titans
With Pelion and Ossa as with balls we played,
None could in ardent sport of youth surpass us,
Until, outwearied, at the last,
Even as a double cap, upon Parnassus
His summits wickedly we cast.
Apollo, now, upon that mount of wonder
Finds with the Muses his retreat:
For even Jove, and for his bolts of thunder,
I heaved and held the lofty seat.
Thus have I forced the fierce resistance
And struggled upward from the deep;
And summon now to new existence
The joyous dwellers of the steep.

Digitized by Google

SPHINXES.

'T is true, the hill would seem primeval,
And warranted of old to stand,
Had we not witnessed its upheaval,
Toiling and towering from the land.
A bushy forest, spreading, clothes its face,
And rocks on rocks are pressing to their place.
A Sphinx, therefrom, is by no fear o'ertaken:
We shall not let our sacred seats be shaken.

GRIFFINS.[80]

Gold in spangle, leaf, and spark
Glimmers through the fissures dark.
Quick, lest others should detect it,
Haste, ye Emmets, and collect it!

CHORUS OF EMMETS.

As they, the giant ones,
Upward have thrown it,
Quick-footed, pliant ones,
Climb it and own it!
Rapidly in and out!
In each such fissure
Is every crumb about

Digitized by Google

Wealth for the wisher!
Seek for them greedily,
Even the slightest:
Everywhere speedily
Gather the brightest!
Diligent be, and bold —
Swarm to the fountain:
Only bring in the Gold!
Heed not the Mountain!

GRIFFINS.

Come in! come in! — the treasure heap!
Our claws upon it we shall keep.
The most efficient bolts they are;
The greatest wealth they safely bar.

PYGMIES.

Verily, here we sit securely;
How it happened, is not clear.
Ask not whence we came; for surely
'T is enough that we are here.
Unto Life 's delighted dwelling
Suitable is every land;
Where a rifted rock is swelling,

Digitized by Google

Also is the Dwarf at hand.
Male and female, busy, steady,
We as models would suffice:
Who can tell if such already
Labored so in Paradise?
Here our lot as best we measure,
And our star of fate is blest:
Mother Earth brings forth with pleasure,
In the East as in the West.

DACTYLS.

If she, in a single night,
The Pygmies brought to light,
Pygmiest of all she 'll create yet,
And each find his mate yet!

PYGMY-ELDERS.

Be ye, in haste,
Conveniently placed!
Labor, and lead
Strength unto speed!
Peace is yet with ye,
Build now the smithy, —
The host be arrayed
With armor and blade!

Digitized by Google

Emmets, laborious,
Working victorious,
Scorning to settle,
Furnish us metal!
Dactyls, your host,
Smallest and most,
Hear the requiring,
Bring wood for firing!
Heap in the chambers
Fuel, untiring:
Furnish us embers!

GENERALISSIMO.

With arrow and bow,
Encounter the foe!
By yonder tanks
The heron-ranks,
The countless-nested,
The haughty-breasted,
At one quick blow
Shoot, and bring low!
All together,
That we may feather
Our helmets so.

Digitized by Google

EMMETS AND DACTYLS.

Who now will save us!
We bring the iron,
And chains enslave us.
To break our fetters
Were now defiant;
We bide our season, —
Meanwhile, be pliant!

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.[81]

Murder-cries and moans of dying!
Startled wings that flap in flying!
What lament, what pain and fright
Pierces to our airy height!
All have fallen in the slaughter,
Reddening with their blood the water;
Pygmy-lust, misformed and cruel,
Robs the heron of his jewel.
On their helms the plumage waves, —
Yonder fat-paunched, bow-legged knaves!
Comrades of our files of motion,
Serried wanderers of ocean,
You we summon to requital
In a cause to you so vital.



Digitized by Google

Strength and blood let no one spare!
Endless hate to them we swear!

(*They disperse, croaking in the air.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*on the plain*).

With ease the Northern witches I controlled,
But o'er these foreign sprites no power I hold.
The Blocksberg is a most convenient place;
Howe'er one strays, one can his path retrace.
Dame Ilse watches for us from her stone,[82]
And Henry sits upon his mountain-throne:
The Snorers snarl at Elend — snorting peers, —
And all is finished for a thousand years.
But here, who knows if, even where he stand,
Beneath his feet may not puff up the land?
I cheerily wander through a level glade,
And, all at once, behind me heaved, is made
A mountain — scarcely to be called so, true;
Yet high enough the Sphinxes from my view
To intercept. . . . Still many a fire flares out
Adown the vale, the mad concern about. . . .
Still dance and hover, beckoning and retreating,
The gay groups round me, with their knavish greeting.
But gently now! For, spoiled by stealthy pleasure,
One always seeks to snatch some dainty treasure.

Digitized by Google

LAMIÆ[83]

(*drawing* MEPHISTOPHELES *after them*).

Quicker and quicker!
And further take him!
Then hesitating,
Chattering and prating!
'T is fun to make him —
Old, sinful Tricker! —
Follow behind us:
To penance comes he
With halt-foot clumsy;
He marches hobbling,
And forwards wobbling;
His leg he trails
In haste to find us;
We fly — he fails.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*standing still*).

Accursèd fate! Deceived, as oft!
Since Adam's time seduced and scoffed!
Though old we grow, not wisely schooled:
Enough already I 've been fooled!
We know, how wholly worthless is the race,
With body corseted and painted face;

Digitized by Google

Of health responsive own they not a tittle,
Where'er one grasps them, every limb is brittle.
The thing is known, and patent to our glances,
And yet, whene'er the trollops pipe, one dances.

LAMIÆ (*pausing*).

Halt! he reflects; his steps delay:
Turn back to meet him, lest he get away!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*striding forwards*).

Forwards! the doubt, my strength benumbing,
I won't encourage foolishly;
For were the witches not forthcoming,
Why, who the devil would Devil be!

LAMIÆ (*very graciously*).

Round this hero lightly moving,
Let his heart, the choice approving,
One of us select for loving!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

True, in this uncertain lustre,
Seem ye fair maids, in a cluster;
Fain would I to you be juster.

Digitized by Google

EMPUSA (*pressing forwards*).

Not me, too? I 'm also fitted
In your train to be admitted!

LAMIÆ.

She 's one too many; for, in short,
She always ruins all our sport.

EMPUSA (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Empusa, with the ass's foot,[84]
Thy cousin dear, gives thee salute!
Only a horse's hoof is thine,
And yet, Sir Cousin, greeting fine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Strangers I here anticipated,
And find, alas! my near-related:
The old tale — instances by dozens —
From Hartz to Hellas always cousins!

EMPUSA.

I act with promptness and decision;
In many forms could meet thy vision:
Yet in thy honor now, instead,
Have I put on the ass's head.

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Great things, I see, are here portended,
Thus with the race as kinsman blended:
Let come what may, since I have known her —
The ass's head — I 'd fain disown her.

LAMIÆ.

Leave her, the Ugly! She doth scare
Whatever lovely seems and fair;
Whate'er was lovely, fair to see,
When *she* comes, ceases so to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These cousins also, — soft, delicious,
Are one and all to me suspicious:
I fear, beneath their cheeks of roses
Some metamorphosis reposes.

LAMIÆ.

But try — take hold! For we are many,
And if thou hast a lucky penny,
Secure thyself the highest prize!
What means thy wanton organ-grinding?
A wretched wooer 't is, we 're finding,
Yet swagger'st thus, and seem'st so wise! . . .

Digitized by Google

Now one of us will he lay hand on,
So by degrees your masks abandon,
And show your natures to his eyes!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The fairest here have I selected. . . .

(*Clasping her.*)

O, what a broomstick, unexpected!

(*Grasping another.*)

And this one? . . . Vilest countenance!

LAMIÆ.

Think not thou 'rt worth a better chance!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That little one, she warms my gizzard. . . .
But through my hand she slips, a lizard;
Her smooth braids, snaky-like, intwine.
I try the tall one, yet she worse is, —
I only grasp a Bacchic thyrsus,
The head a scaly cone of pine.
What follows next? Behold a fat one:
Perhaps I 'll find delight in *that* one,
So, once for all, the chance renew!
The Turks, for one so puffy, flabby,

Digitized by Google

Would pay a price by no means shabby . . .
But, ah! the puff-ball bursts in two!

LAMIÆ.

Now scatter widely, hovering, feigning,
In lightning-like, dark flight enchaining
The interloping witch's-son!
Uncertain circles, awful, poiseless!
Horrid bat-wings, flying noiseless!
He 'scapes too cheaply, when it 's done.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*shaking himself*).

I 've not become, it seems, a great deal shrewder;
The North 's absurd, 't is here absurder, ruder,
The spectres here preposterous as there,
People and poets shallow ware.
This masquerade resembles quite —
As everywhere — a dance of appetite.
I sought a lovely masked procession,
And caught such things, I stood aghast. . . .
I 'd give myself a false impression,
If this would only longer last.

(*Losing himself among the rocks.*)

Where am I then? and whither sped?
There was a path; 't is now a dread.

Digitized by Google

By level ways I 've wandered hither,
Where rubble now is piled together.
I clamber up and down in vain;
Where shall I find my Sphinx again?
I had not dreamed so mad a sight, —
A mountain in a single night!
A bold witch-journey, to my thought:
Their Blocksberg with them they have brought.

OREAD (*from the natural rock*).[85]

Come up to me! My mountain old
In its primeval form behold!
Revere the steep and rocky stairs, ascending
Where Pindus' offshoots with the plain are blending!
Unshaken, thus I heaved my head
When o'er my shoulders Pompey fled.
Beside me this illusive rock
Will vanish at the crow of cock.
I see such fables oft upthrown,
And suddenly again go down.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Honor to thee, thou reverend Head,
With strength of oak engarlanded!
The clearest moonlight never cleaves



Digitized by Google

The darkness of your crowded leaves.
I see between the bushes go
A light, with unpretending glow.
How all things fit and balance thus!
'T is verily Homunculus.
Now whence thy way, thou little lover?

HOMUNCULUS.

From place to plâce I flit and hover,
And, in the best sense, I would fain exist,
And most impatient am, my glass to shatter:
But what till now I 've witnessed, is 't
Then strange if I mistrust the matter?
Yet I 'll be confidential, if thou list:
I follow two Philosophers this way.
'T was "Nature!" "Nature!" — all I heard them say;
I 'll cling to them, and see what they are seeing,
For they must understand this earthly being,
And I shall doubtless learn, in season,
Where to betake me with the soundest reason.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then do it of thy own accord!
For here, where spectres from their hell come,
Is the philosopher also welcome.

Digitized by Google

That so his art and favor delectate you,
At once a dozen new ones he 'll create you.
Unless thou errest, thou wilt ne'er have sense;
Wouldst thou exist, thyself the work commence!

HOMUNCULUS.

Good counsel, also, is not to reject.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then go thy way! We further will inspect.

[*They separate.*

ANAXAGORAS (*to* THALES).[86]

Thy stubborn mind will not be rightened:
What else is needful, that thou be enlightened?

THALES.

To every wind the billows yielding are;
Yet from the cliff abrupt they keep themselves afar.

ANAXAGORAS.

By fiery vapors rose this rock you 're seeing.

THALES.

In moisture came organic life to being.

Digitized by Google

HOMUNCULUS (*between the two*).

To walk with you may I aspire?
To come to being is my keen desire.

ANAXAGORAS.

Hast thou, O Thales! ever in a night
Brought forth from mud such mountain to the light?

THALES.

Nature, the living current of her powers,
Was never bound to Day and Night and Hours;
She makes each form by rules that never fail,
And 't is not Force, even on a mighty scale.[87]

ANAXAGORAS.

But here it *was!* — Plutonic fire, the shaper!
Explosive force of huge Æolian vapor
Broke through the level Earth's old crust primeval,
And raised the new hill with a swift upheaval!

THALES.

What further shall therefrom result? The hill
Is there: 't is well! — so let it stand there still!
In such a strife one loses leisure precious,
Yet only leads the patient folk in leashes.

Digitized by Google

ANAXAGORAS.

The Mountain's rocky clefts at once
Are peopled thick with Myrmidons,
With Pygmies, Emmets, Fingerlings,
And other active little things.

(*To* HOMUNCULUS.)

To greatness hast thou ne'er aspired,
But lived an eremite retired;
Canst thou persuade thy mind to govern,
I 'll have thee chosen as their sovereign.

HOMUNCULUS.

What says my Thales?

THALES.

— Will not recommend:
For small means only unto small deeds tend,
But great means make the small man great.
See there! The Cranes, with purpose heinous! —
The troubled populace they menace,
And they would menace thus the king.
With pointed beaks and talons ample
The little men they pierce and trample:
Doom comes already thundering.
It was a crime, the heron-slaughter,

Digitized by Google

Beset amid their peaceful water;
But from that rain of arrows deadly
A fell revenge arises redly,
And calls the kindred o'er the flood
To spill the Pygmies' guilty blood.
What use for shield and helm and spear?
Or for the dwarfs the heron-feather?
Dactyl and Emmet hide together:
Their cohorts scatter, seek the rear!

ANAXAGORAS

(*after a pause, solemnly*).

Though I the subterranean powers approve,
Yet help, in this case, must be sought above. . . .
O thou aloft, in grace and vigor vernal,
Tri-named, tri-featured, and eternal,
By all my people's woe I cry to thee,
Diana, Luna, Hecaté!
Thou breast-expanding One, thou deeply-pondering,
Thou calmly-shining One, majestic wandering,
The fearful craters of thy shade unseal,
And free from spells thine ancient might reveal!

(*Pause.*)

Am I too swiftly heard?
Has then my cry

Digitized by Google

To yonder sky,
The course of Nature from its orbit stirred?

And greater, ever greater, drawing near,
Behold the Goddess' orbéd throne appear,
Enormous, fearful in its grimness,
With fires that redden through the dimness! . . .
No nearer! Disk of dread, tremendous,
Lest thou, with land and sea, to ruin send us!
Then were it true, Thessalian Pythonesses[88]
With guilty spells, as Song confesses,
Once from thy path thy steps enchanted,
Till fatal gifts by thee were granted? . . .
The shield of splendor slowly darkles,
Then suddenly splits, and shines, and sparkles!
What rattling and what hissing follow,
With roar of winds and thunders hollow!—
Before thy throne I speak my error. . . .
O, pardon! *I* invoked the terror.

(*Casts himself upon his face.*)

THALES.

How many things can this man see and hear!
What happed, is not to me entirely clear;

Digitized by Google

I 've not, like him, experienced it.
The Hours are crazy, we 'll admit;
For Luna calmly shines, and free,
In her high place, as formerly.

HOMUNCULUS.

Look yonder where the Pygmies fled!
The round Hill has a pointed head.
I felt a huge rebound and shock;
Down from the moon had fallen the rock,
And then, without the least ado,
Both foe and friend it smashed and slew.
I praise such arts as these, that show
Creation in a night fulfilled;
That from above and from below
At once this mountain-pile could build.

THALES.

Be still! 'T was but imagined so.
Farewell, then, to the ugly brood!
That thou wast not their king, is good.
Off to the cheerful festals of the Sea!
There as a marvellous guest, they 'll honor thee.

[*They depart.*

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*climbing up the opposite side*).

Here must I climb by steep and rocky stairways,
And roots of ancient oaks — the vilest rare ways!
Upon my Hartz, the resinous atmosphere
Gives hint of pitch, to me almost as dear
As sulphur is, — but here, among these Greeks,
For such a smell one long and vainly seeks;
And curious am I — for 't is worth the knowing —
To find wherewith they keep their fires of Hell a-going.

DRYAD.

At home, be wise as it befits thee there;
Abroad, thou hast no cleverness to spare.
Thou shouldst not homeward turn thy mind, but here
The honor of the ancient oaks revere.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One thinks on all relinquished there;
Use made it Paradise, and keeps it fair.
But say, what is 't, in yonder cave
Obscure, a crouching triple-shape resembling?

DRYAD.

The Phorkyads![89] Go there, if thou art brave;
Address them, if thou canst, untrembling!



Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not! . . I something see, and am dumbfounded!
Proud as I am, I must confess the truth:
I 've never seen their like, in sooth, —
Worse than our hags, an Ugliness unbounded!
How can the Deadly Sins then ever be
Found ugly in the least degree,
When one this triple dread shall see?
We would not suffer them to dwell
Even at the dreariest door of Hell;
But here, in Beauty's land, the Greek,
They 're famed, because they 're called *antique*. . . .
They stir, they seem to scent my coming;
Like vampire-bats, they 're squeaking, twittering, humming.

THE PHORKYADS.

Give me the eye, my sisters, that it spy
Who to our temple ventures now so nigh.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most honored Dame! Approaching, by your leave,
Grant that your triple blessing I receive.
I come, though still unknown, yet, be it stated,
If I mistake not, distantly related.
Old, reverend Gods, already did I see;

Digitized by Google

To Ops and Rhea have I bowed the knee;
The Parcæ even — your sisters — yesterday,
Or day before, they came across my way;
And yet the like of you ne'er met my sight:
Silent am I, and ravished with delight.

THE PHORKYADS.

This spirit seems to have intelligence.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am amazed no poet has the sense
To sing your praises, — say, how can it be
That we no pictures of your beauty see?
Should not, through you, the chisel strive to wean us
From shapes like those of Juno, Pallas, Venus?

THE PHORKYADS.

Sunken in solitude and stillest night,
The mind of us ne'er took so far a flight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How should it, then? since here, concealed from view,
None ever see you, none are seen by you!
But choose those dwelling-places, and be known,
Where Art and Splendor share an equal throne;

Digitized by Google

Where swift, with double tread, day after day,
A marble block as hero walks away;
Where —

THE PHORKYADS.

Cease, and rouse in us no longing vision!
What profit, if we knew them with precision? —
We, born in night, akin to gloom alone,
Unto ourselves almost, to others quite, unknown.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In such a case there 's little more to say,
But one one's self to others can convey.
One eye supplies you three, one tooth as well,
So were it mythologically possible
In two the being of the Three to cover,
And unto me the third fair form make over,
A short time, only.

ONE.

Will it do, forsooth?

THE OTHERS.

We 'll try it! — but without or eye or tooth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now just the best thing have you taken away.
How shall I then the image stern display?

Digitized by Google

ONE.

'T is easily done: just close one eye,
And let thy one side-tusk be seen thereby:
In profile, thus, with not a trait diminished,
Thy sisterly resemblance will be finished.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So be it, then!

THE PHORKYADS.

So be it!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*as* PHORKYAD *in profile*).

Me behold,
The much-beloved son of Chaos old!

THE PHORKYADS.

Daughters of Chaos are we, by good right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Disgrace! They 'll call me now hermaphrodite.

THE PHORKYADS.

In our new sister-triad what a beauty!
Two eyes have we, two teeth, for further duty.

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now from all eyes I 'll hide this visage fell,
To fright the devils in the pool of Hell.

[*Exit.*

---

## IV.

ROCKY COVES OF THE ÆGEAN SEA.[90]

*The Moon delaying in the Zenith.*

SIRENS

(*couched upon the cliffs around, fluting and singing*).

THOUGH erewhile, by spells nocturnal,
Thee Thessalian hags infernal
Downward drew, with guilt intended, —
Look, from where thine arch is bended,
On the multitudinous, splendid
Twinkles of the billowy Ocean!
Shine upon the throngs in motion
O'er the waters, wild and free!
To thy service vowed are we:
Fairest Luna, gracious be!

Digitized by Google

NEREIDS AND TRITONS

(*as Wonders of the Sea*).

Call with clearer, louder singing,
Through the Sea's broad bosom ringing,
Call the tenants of the Deep!
When the storm swept unimpeded
We to stillest depths receded;
Forth at sound of song we leap.
See! delighted and elated,
We ourselves have decorated,
With our golden crowns have crowned us,
With our spangled girdles bound us,
Chains and jewels hung around us!
All are spoils which you purvey!
Treasures, here in shipwreck swallowed,
You have lured, and we have followed
You, the Dæmons of our bay.

SIRENS.

In the crystal cool, delicious,
Smoothly sport the happy fishes,
Pliant lives that nothing mar;
Yet, ye festive crowds that gather,

Digitized by Google

We, to-day, would witness, rather,
That ye more than fishes are.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

We, before we hither wandered,
Thoroughly the question pondered:
Sisters, Brothers, speed afar!
Briefest travel, light endurance,
Yield the validest assurance
That we more than fishes are.

[*They depart.*

SIRENS.

Off! they have left the place,
Steering away to Samothrace,[91]
Vanished with favoring wind.
What is their purpose there, in the dreary
Domain of the lofty Cabiri?
Gods are they, but the strangest crew,
Ever begetting themselves anew,
And unto their own being blind.

In thy meridian stay,
Luna! — graciously delay,
That the Night still embrace us,
And the Day not chase us!

Digitized by Google

THALES

(*on the shore, to* HOMUNCULUS).

I fain would lead thee unto Nereus old.
Not distant are we from his cavern cold,
But stubbornness is his delight,
The peevish and repulsive wight.
Howe'er the human race has tried,
The Grumbler 's never satisfied:
Yet he the Future hath unsealed,
And men thereto their reverence yield,
And give him honor in his station.
Many his benefits have tasted.

HOMUNCULUS.

Then let us try, without more hesitation!
My glass and flame will not at once be wasted.

NEREUS.

Are human voices those that reach mine ear?
At once my wrath is kindled, keen and clear.
Aspiring forms, that high as Gods would ramble,
Yet ever damned their own selves to resemble.
In ancient years could I divinely rest,
Yet was impelled to benefit the Best;



Digitized by Google

And when, at last, I saw my deeds completed,
It fully seemed as were the work defeated.

THALES.

And yet we trust thee, Graybeard of the Sea!
Thou art the Wise One: drive us not from thee!
Behold this Flame, in man's similitude:
It yields itself unto thy counsel good.

NEREUS.

What! Counsel? When did ever men esteem it?
Wise words in hard ears are but lifeless lore.
Oft as the Act may smite them when they scheme it,
The People are as self-willed as before.
How warned I Paris, in paternal trust,
Before a foreign woman woke his lust!
Upon the Grecian strand he stood so bold;
I saw in spirit, and to him foretold
The smoky winds, the overwhelming woe,
Beams all a-blaze, murder and death below, —
Troy's judgment-day, held fast in lofty rhyme,
A terror through a thousand years of time!
My words seemed sport unto the reckless one:
His lust he followed: fallen was Ilion, —
A giant carcass, stiff, and hacked with steel,

Digitized by Google

To Pindus' eagles 't was a welcome meal.
Ulysses, too! did I not him presage
The wiles of Circe and the Cyclops' rage?
His paltering mind, his crew's inconstant strain,
And what not all? — and did it bring him gain?
Till him, though late, the favoring billow bore,
A much-tossed wanderer, to the friendly shore.

THALES.

Such conduct, truly, gives the wise man pain,
And yet the good man once will try again.
An ounce of gratitude, his help repaying,
Tons of ingratitude he sees outweighing.
And nothing trifling now we beg of thee;
The boy here wishes to be born, and be.

NEREUS.

Let not my rarest mood be spoiled, I pray!
Far other business waits for me to-day.
I 've hither bidden, by the wave and breeze,
The Graces of the Sea, the Dorides.[92]
Olympus bears not, nor your lucent arch,
Such lovely forms, in such a lightsome march:
They fling themselves, in wild and wanton dalliance,
From the sea-dragons upon Neptune's stallions,

Digitized by Google

Blent with the element so freely, brightly,
That even the foam appears to lift them lightly.
In Venus' chariot-shell, with hues of morn,
Comes Galatea, now the fairest, borne;
Who, since that Cypris turned from us her face,
In Paphos reigns as goddess in her place.
Thus she, our loveliest, long since came to own,
As heiress, templed town and chariot-throne.
Away! the father's hour of rapture clips
Hate from the heart, and harshness from the lips.
Away to Proteus! Ask that wondrous man
Of Being's and of Transformation's plan!

[*He retires towards the sea.*

THALES.

We, by this step, gain nothing: one may meet
Proteus, and straight he melts, dissolving fleet.
Though he remain, he only says
That which confuses and astonishes.
However, of such counsel thou hast need;
So, at a venture, let us thither speed!

[*They depart.*

SIRENS (*on the rocks above*).

What is 't, that, far advancing,
Glides o'er the billows dancing?

Digitized by Google

As, when the winds are shifted,
Shine snowy sails, uplifted,
So shine they o'er the waters,
Transfigured Ocean-daughters.
We 'll clamber down, and, near them,
Behold their forms, and hear them.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

What in our hands we bear you
Much comfort shall prepare you.
Chelone's buckler giant
Shines with its forms defiant: —
They 're Gods that we are bringing:
High songs must you be singing!

SIRENS.

Small to the sight,
Great in their might, —
Saviours of the stranded,
Ancient Gods, and banded.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

We bring you the Cabiri
To festals calm and cheery;

Digitized by Google

For where their sway extendeth
Neptune the realm befriendeth.

SIRENS.

We yield to your claim;
When a shipwreck came,
Irresistibly you
Protected the crew.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Three have we brought hither,[93]
The fourth refused us altogether:
He was the right one, said he, —
Their only thinker ready.

SIRENS.

One God the other God
Smites with the scoffer's rod:
Honor all grace they bring,
Fear all evil they fling!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Seven are they, really.

SIRENS.

Where, then, stay the other three?

Digitized by Google

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

The truth we cannot gather:
Ask on Olympus, rather!
There pines the eighth, forgotten,
By no one ever thought on!
In grace to us entreated,
But not yet all completed.

These incomparable, unchainable,[94]
Are always further yearning,
With desire and hunger burning
For the Unattainable!

SIRENS.

These are our ways:
The God that sways
Sun, Moon, or other blaze,
We worship: for it pays.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Highest glory for us behold,
Leading these festals cheery!

SIRENS.

The heroes of the ancient time
Fail of their glory's prime,

Digitized by Google

Where and howe'er it may unfold;
Though they have won the Fleece of Gold, —
Ye, the Cabiri!

(*Repeated as full chorus.*)

Though they have won the Fleece of Gold, —
We! Ye! the Cabiri!

(*The* NEREIDS *and* TRITONS *move past.*)

HOMUNCULUS.

These Malformations, every one,
Had earthen pots for models: 95
Against them now the wise men run,
And break their stubborn noddles.

THALES.

That is the thing one wishes, just!
The coin takes value from its rust.

PROTEUS (*unperceived*).

This pleases me, the old fable-ranger!
The more respectable, the stranger.

THALES.

Where art thou, Proteus?

Digitized by Google

PROTEUS

(*speaking ventriloqually, now near, now at a distance*).

Here! and here!

THALES.

I pardon thee thine ancient jeer.
Cheat not a friend with vain oration:
Thou speak'st, I know, from a delusive station.

PROTEUS (*as if at a distance*).

Farewell!

THALES (*softly to* HOMUNCULUS).

He is quite near: shine brilliantly!
For curious as a fish is he;
And in whatever form he hide,
A flame will make him hither glide.

HOMUNCULUS.

At once a flood of light I 'll fling,
Yet softly, lest the glass should spring.

PROTEUS

(*in the form of a giant tortoise*).

What shines so fair, so graciously?



Digitized by Google

THALES (*covering* HOMUNCULUS).

Good! If thou wishest, canst thou nearer see.
Be not annoyed to take a little trouble,
And show thyself on man's foundation double.
What we disclose, to whomsoe'er would see it,
With our will only, by our favor, be it!

PROTEUS (*in a noble form*).

Still world-wise pranks thou failest to forget.

THALES.

To change thy form remains thy pleasure yet.

(*He uncovers* HOMUNCULUS.)

PROTEUS (*astonished*).

A shining dwarf! The like I ne'er did see!

THALES.

He asks thy counsel, he desires to be.
He is, as I myself have heard him say,
(The thing 's a marvel!) only born half-way.
He has no lack of qualities ideal,
But far too much of palpable and real.[96]
Till now the glass alone has given him weight,
And he would fain be soon incorporate.

Digitized by Google

PROTEUS.

Thou art a genuine virgin's-son:
Finished, ere thou shouldst be begun!

THALES (*whispering*).

Viewed from another side, the thing seems critical:
He is, methinks, hermaphroditical!

PROTEUS.

Then all the sooner 't will succeed:
Let him but start, 't will be arranged with speed.
No need to ponder here his origin;
On the broad ocean's breast must thou begin!
One starts there first within a narrow pale,[97]
And finds, destroying lower forms, enjoyment:
Little by little, then, one climbs the scale,
And fits himself for loftier employment.

HOMUNCULUS.

Here breathes and blows a tender air;
And I delight me in the fragrance rare.

PROTEUS.

Yea, verily, my loveliest stripling!
And farther on, far more enjoyable.

Digitized by Google

Around yon narrow spit the waves are rippling,
The halo bright and undestroyable!
There to the host we 'll nearer be,
Now floating hither o'er the sea.
Come with me there!

THALES.

I 'll go along.

HOMUNCULUS.

A spirit-purpose, triply strong!

## V.

### TELCHINES OF RHODES.[98]

*On Sea-Horses and Sea-Dragons, wielding Neptune's Trident.*

CHORUS.

WE 've forged for old Neptune the trident that urges
To smoothness and peace the refractory surges.
When Jove tears the clouds of the tempest asunder,
'T is Neptune encounters the roll of the thunder:
The lightnings above may incessantly glow,
But wave upon wave dashes up from below,

Digitized by Google

And all that, between them, the terrors o'erpower,
Long tossed and tormented, the Deep shall devour;
And thence he hath lent us his sceptre to-day.—
Now float we contented, in festal array.

SIRENS.

You, to Helios consecrated,
To the bright Day's blessing fated, —
You to this high Hour we hail:
Luna's worship shall prevail!

TELCHINES.

O loveliest Goddess by night over-vaulted!
Thou hearest with rapture thy brother exalted:
To listen to Rhodes thou wilt lean from the skies;
To him, there, the pæans eternally rise.
When the day he begins, when he ends its career,
His beam is the brightest that falls on us here.
The mountains, the cities, the sea and the shore,
Are lovely and bright to the God they adore:
No mist hovers o'er us, and should one appear,
A beam and a breeze, and the Island is clear!
There Phœbus his form may by hundreds behold, —

Digitized by Google

Colossal, as youth, as the Gentle, the Bold;
For we were the first whose devotion began
To shape the high Gods in the image of Man.

PROTEUS.

But leave them to their boasting, singing!
Beside the holy sunbeams, bringing
All life, their dead works are a jest.
They melt and cast, with zeal impassioned,
And what they once in bronze have fashioned,
They think it 's something of the best.
These proud ones are at last made lowly:
The forms of Gods, that stood and shone,
Were by an earthquake overthrown,
And long since have been melted wholly.
This earthly toil, whate'er it be,
Is never else than drudgery:
A better life the waves declare thee,
And now to endless seas shall bear thee
Proteus-Dolphin.

(*He transforms himself.*)

'T is done! Behold!
Unto thy fairest fortune waken:

Digitized by Google

Upon my back shalt thou be taken,
And wedded to the Ocean old.

THALES.

Yield to the wish so wisely stated,
And at the source be thou created!
Be ready for the rapid plan!
There, by eternal canons wending,
Through thousand, myriad forms ascending,
Thou shalt attain, in time, to Man.

(HOMUNCULUS *mounts the Proteus-Dolphin.*)

PROTEUS.

In spirit seek the watery distance!
Boundless shall there be thine existence,
And where to move, thy will be free.
But struggle not to higher orders!
Once Man, within the human borders,
Then all is at an end for thee.

THALES.

That 's as it haps: 't is no ill fate
In one's own day to be true man and great.

Digitized by Google

PROTEUS (*to* THALES).

Some one, perchance, of thine own kind!
Their lives continue long, I find;
For with thy pallid phantom-peers
I 've seen thee now for many hundred years.

SIRENS (*on the rocks*).

See! what rings of cloudlets, gliding
Round the moon, in circles play!
They are doves whom Love is guiding,
With their wings as white as day.
Paphos hither sends them fleetly,
All her ardent birds, to us,
And our festival completely
Crowns with purest rapture, thus!

NEREUS (*advancing to* THALES).

Though some nightly wanderer's vision
Deem yon ring an airy spectre,
We, the spirits, with decision
Entertain a view correcter:
They are doves, whose convoy gathers
Round my daughter's chariot-shell,

Digitized by Google

With a flight of wondrous spell,
Learned in old days of the fathers.

THALES.

That I also think is best,[99]
Which the true man comfort gives,
When in warm and peaceful nest
Something holy for him lives.

PSYLLI AND MARSI [100]

(*on sea-bulls, sea-heifers and sea-rams*).

In hollow caves on Cyprus' shore,
By the Sea-God still unbattered,
Not yet by Seismos shattered,
By eternal winds breathed o'er,
And still, as in days that are measured,
Contented and silently pleasured,
The chariot of Cypris we 've treasured.
By the murmurs, the nightly vibrations,
O'er the waves and their sweetest pulsations,
Unseen to the new generations,
The loveliest daughter we lead.
We fear not, as lightly we hie on,
Either Eagle or wing-lifted Lion,
Either Crescent or Cross,



Digitized by Google

Though the sky it emboss, —
Though it changefully triumphs and flashes,
In defeat to forgetfulness dashes,
Lays the fields and the cities in ashes!
Straightway, with speed,
The loveliest of mistresses forth we lead.

SIRENS.

Lightly moved, with paces graver,
Circle round the car again;
Line on line inwoven, waver
Snake-like in a linking chain, —
Stalwart Nereids, come, enring us,
Rudest women, wild and free;
Tender Dorides, ye bring us
Her, the Mother of the Sea, —
Galatea, godlike woman,
Worthiest immortality,
Yet, like those of lineage human,
Sweet with loving grace is she.

DORIDES

(*in chorus, mounted on dolphins, passing* NEREUS).

Lend us, Luna, light and shadow,
Show this youthful flower and fire!

Digitized by Google

For we bring beloved spouses,
Praying for them to our sire.

(*To* NEREUS.)

They are boys, whom we have rescued
From the breaker's teeth of dread;
They, on reeds and mosses bedded,
Back to light and life we led:
Now must they, with glowing kisses,
Thank us for the granted blisses;
On the youths thy favor shed!

NEREUS.

Lo, now! what double gains your deed requite!
You show compassion, and you take delight.

DORIDES.

If thou praisest our endeavor,
Father, grant the fond request, —
Let us hold them fast forever
On each young, immortal breast.

NEREUS.

Take joy in what you 've finely captured,
And shape to men the youthful crew;
I cannot grant the boon enraptured

Digitized by Google

Which only Zeus can give to you.
The billows, as they heave and rock you,
Allow to love no firmer stand,
So, when these fancies fade and mock you,
Send quietly the youths to land.

DORIDES.

Fair boys, we must part, forsooth;
Yet we love you, we vow it!
We have asked for eternal truth,
But the Gods will not allow it.

THE YOUTHS.

We sailor-boys, if still you would
Give love, as first you gave it,
We 've never had a life so good,
And would not better have it!

(GALATEA *approaches on her chariot of shell.*) 101

NEREUS.

'T is thou, O my darling!

GALATEA.

O, Sire! what delight!
Linger, ye dolphins! I cling to the sight.

Digitized by Google

NEREUS.

Already past, they swiftly wander
On, in circling courses wheeling!
What care they for the heart's profoundest feeling?
Ah, would they took me with them yonder!
Yet a single glance can cheer
All the livelong barren year.

THALES.

Hail! All hail! with newer voices:
How my spirit rejoices,
By the True and the Beautiful penetrated!
From Water was everything first created!
Water doth everything still sustain!
Ocean, grant us thine endless reign!
If the clouds thou wert sending not,
The swelling streams wert spending not,
The winding rivers bending not,
And all in thee were ending not,
Could mountains, and plains, and the world itself, be?
The freshest existence is nourished by thee!

ECHO

(*chorus of the collective circles*).

The freshest existence flows ever from thee!

Digitized by Google

NEREUS.

They turn and wheel again, afar;
No longer face to face they are.
In linking circles, wide extending, —
In their festive dances blending, —
The countless cohorts now appear.
But Galatea's chariot-shell
Still I see, and see it well:
It shines like a star
Through the crowds intwining.
Love from the tumult still is shining!
Though ne'er so far,
It shimmers bright and clear,
Ever true and near.

HOMUNCULUS.

This softly heaving brine on,
Whatever I may shine on
Is all with beauty crowned.

PROTEUS.

Within this moisture living,
Thy lamp now first is giving
A clear and splendid sound.

Digitized by Google

NEREUS.

What mystery new, 'mid the crowds that are wheeling,
Is now to our vision its wonders revealing?
What flames round the shell at the feet of the Queen? —
Now flaring in force, and now shining serene,
As if by the pulses of love it were fed.

THALES.

Homunculus is it, by Proteus misled! . . .
And these are the signs of imperious yearning,
The presage of swelling, impatiently spurning:
He 'll shiver his glass on the glittering throne —
He glows and he flashes, and now he hath flown!

SIRENS.

What fiery marvel the billows enlightens,[102]
As one on the other is broken and brightens?
It flashes, and wavers, and hitherward plays!
On the path of the Night are the bodies ablaze,
And all things around are with flames overrun:
Then Eros be ruler, who all things begun!
Hail, ye Waves! Hail, Sea unbounded,
By the holy Fire surrounded!

Digitized by Google

Water, hail! Hail, Fire, the splendid!
Hail, Adventure rarely ended!

ALL TOGETHER.

Hail, ye Airs that softly flow!
Hail, ye caves of Earth below!
Honored now and evermore
Be the Elemental Four!

Digitized by Google

# ACT III.

BEFORE THE PALACE OF MENELAUS IN SPARTA.

HELENA *enters, with the* CHORUS *of Captive Trojan Women.*
PANTHALIS, *Leader of the Chorus.*

HELENA.[103]

I, MUCH admired and much reviled, — I, Helena,
Come from the strand where we have disembarked
but now,
Still giddy from the restless rocking of the waves
Of Ocean, which from Phrygian uplands hitherwards
On high, opposing backs — Poseidon's favor won
And Euros' strength — have borne us to our native bay.
Below there, with the bravest of his warriors, now
King Menelaus feels the joy of his return;
But thou, O bid me welcome back, thou lofty House
Which Tyndarus, my father, on the gentle slope,
Returning from the Hill of Pallas, builded up;
And when I here with Clytemnestra sister-like,



Digitized by Google

With Castor and with Pollux gayly sporting, grew,
Before all Sparta's houses nobly was adorned.
Ye valves of yon dark iron portals, ye I hail!
Once through your festive and inviting opening
It happened that to me, from many singled out,
The coming of the bridegroom Menelaus shone.
Unfold again for me, that I the King's command
Fulfil with strictness, as unto a spouse is meet:
Give entrance now, and let all things be left behind
Which hitherto have stormed upon me, full of doom!
For, since this place all unsuspicious I forsook
For Cytheræa's fane, as holy duty called,
But there the robber seized me, he the Phrygian, —
Happened have many things, which people far and wide
So fain relate, but which so fain hears not the one
Of whom the legend rose, and to a fable grew.

CHORUS.

Disdain thou not, O beautiful Dame,
Possession proud of the highest estate!
For the greatest fortune is thine alone,
The fame of beauty that towers o'er all.
The name of the hero heralds his path,
Thence proudly he strides;

Digitized by Google

Yet bends at once the stubbornest man,
And yields to all-conquering Beauty's might.

HELENA.

Enough, with mine own spouse have I been hither shipped,
And now by him beforehand to his city sent;
Yet what his purposes may be, I fail to guess.
Do I come here as wife? Or do I come as queen?
Or come, an offering for the Prince's bitter pain,
And for the long-endured misfortune of the Greeks?
For they, the Immortals, verily fixed my Fame and Fate
Ambiguously, attendants twain of doubtful worth
To Beauty, who upon this very threshold stand
With gloomy and with threatening presence at my side.
Then, even, in the hollow ship, but seldom looked
My spouse on me, nor ever word of comfort spake:
As if he brooded evil, fronting me he sat.
But now, when speeding towards the strand of that deep cove
Eurotas makes, scarce had the foremost vessels' prows
The land saluted, than he spake, as urged the Gods:
"Here, in their ordered rank, my warriors disembark;
Them shall I muster, ranged along the ocean-strand.
But thou go ever onwards, up the hallowed banks

Digitized by Google

Of fair Eurotas, dowered with gifts of plenteous fruit,
Guiding the stallions o'er the bloom of watery meads,
Till there, on that most lovely plain thy journey ends,
Where Lacedemon, once a fruitful spreading field,
Surrounded by austerest mountains, built its seat.
Set thou thy foot within the high-towered princely House,
And muster well the maids, whom there behind I left,
Together with the old and faithful Stewardess.
Let her display to thee the wealth of treasures stored,
Even as thy father them bequeathed, and I myself,
In war and peace accumulating, have amassed.
All things shalt thou in ancient order find: because
It is the Ruler's privilege, that he all things
In faithful keeping find, returning to his house, —
Where'er he may have left it, each thing in its place;
For power to change in aught possesses not the slave."

CHORUS.

Let now the splendid, accumulate wealth
Rejoice and cheer thee, in eye and heart!
For the gleam of chain and the glory of crown
Are lying idly in haughty repose:
But enter thou in and challenge them all,
And they will respond.

Digitized by Google

I rejoice to witness Beauty compete
With gold and pearl and the jewel-stone.

HELENA.

Thereafter further came my lord's imperious speech:
"Now when all things in order thou inspected hast,
Then take so many tripods as thou needful deem'st,
And vessels manifold, such as desires at hand
Who offers to the Gods, fulfilling holy use, —
The kettles, also bowls, the shallow basin's disk;
The purest water from the sacred fountain fill
In lofty urns; and further, also ready hold
The well-dried wood that rapidly accepts the flame;
And let the knife, well-sharpened, fail not finally;
Yet all besides will I relinquish to thy care."
So spake he, urging my departure; but no thing
Of living breath did he, who ordered thus, appoint,
That shall, to honor the Olympian Gods, be slain.
'T is critical; and yet I banish further care,
And let all things be now to the high Gods referred,
Who that fulfil, whereto their minds may be disposed,
Whether by men 't is counted good, or whether bad;
In either case we mortals, we are doomed to bear.
Already lifted oft the Offerer the axe

Digitized by Google

In consecration o'er the bowed neck of the beast,
And could not consummate the act; for enemies
Approaching, or Gods intervening, hindered him.

CHORUS.

What shall happen, imagin'st thou not.
Queen, go forwards
With courage!
Blessing and evil come
Unexpected to men:
Though announced, yet we do not believe.
Burned not Ilion, saw we not also
Death in the face, shamefullest death?
And are we not here,
With thee companioned, joyously serving,
Seeing the dazzling sun in the heavens,
And the fairest of earth, too, —
Kindest one, thee, — we, the happy?

HELENA.

Let come, what may! Whate'er awaits me, it beseems
That I without delay go up in the Royal House,
Which, long my need and yearning, forfeited almost,

Digitized by Google

Once more hath risen on my sight, I know not how.
My feet no longer bear me with such fearlessness
Up the high steps, which as a child I sprang across.

CHORUS.

Cast ye, O sisters! ye
Sorrowful captives,
All your trouble far from ye!
Your mistress's joy partake,
Helena's joy partake,
Who the paternal hearth
Delightedly now is approaching,
Truly with late-returning
But with firmer and surer feet!

Praise ye the sacredest,
Still re-establishing
And home-bringing Immortals!
How the delivered one
Soars as on lifted wings
Over asperities, while in vain
The prisoned one, yearningly,
Over the fortress-parapet
Pineth with outspread arms!

Digitized by Google

But a God took hold of her,
The Expatriate,
And from Ilion's ruins
Hither hath borne her again,
To the ancient, the newly embellished
Paternal house,
From unspeakable
Raptures and torments,
Early youthful days,
Now refreshed, to remember.

PANTHALIS (*as* LEADER OF THE CHORUS).

Forsake ye now the joy-encompassed path of Song,
And towards the portal's open valves your glances turn!
What, Sisters, do I see? Returneth not the Queen
With swift and agitated step again to us?
What is it now, great Queen, what could encounter thee
To move and shake thee so, within thy house's halls,
Instead of greeting? Thou canst not conceal the thing;
For strong repulsion written on thy brow I see,
And noble indignation, struggling with amaze.

HELENA

(*who has left the wings of the portal open, excitedly*).

A common fear beseemeth not the child of Zeus;

Digitized by Google

No lightly-passing hand of terror touches her;
But that fell Horror, which the womb of ancient Night
With first of things delivered, rolled through many forms,
Like glowing clouds that from the mountain's fiery throat
Whirl up expanding, even heroes' breasts may shake.
Thus terribly have here to-day the Stygian Gods
Mine entrance in the house betokened, and I fain,
Even as a guest dismissed, would take myself away
From this oft-trodden threshold I so longed to tread.
But, no! hither have I retreated to the light;
Nor further shall ye force me, Powers, be who ye may!
Some consecration will I muse: then, purified,
The hearth-fire may the wife so welcome, as the lord.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Discover, noble Dame, unto thy servants here,
Who reverently assist thee, what hath come to pass.

HELENA.

What I beheld, shall ye with your own eyes behold,
If now that shape the ancient Night hath not at once
Re-swallowed to the wonders of her deepest breast.
But I with words will yet declare it, that ye know.
When solemnly, my nearest duty borne in mind,
The Royal House's gloomy inner court I trod,



Digitized by Google

Amazed I saw the silent, dreary corridors.
No sound of diligent labor, going forwards, met
The ear, no signs of prompt and busy haste the eye;
And not a maid appeared to me, no stewardess
Such as is wont to greet the stranger, friendly-wise.
But when towards the ample hearth-stone I advanced,
I saw, beside the glimmering ashes that remained,
A veiled and giant woman seated on the ground,
Not like to one who sleeps, but one deep-sunk in thought.
With words of stern command I summoned her to work,
The stewardess surmising, who meanwhile, perchance,
My spouse with forethought there had stationed when he left;
But she, still crouched together, sat immovable.
Stirred by my threats at last, she lifted the right arm
As if from hearth and hall she beckoned me away.
I turned indignantly from her, and swiftly sped
Unto the steps whereon aloft the Thalamos
Adorned is set, and near thereto the treasure-room:
But suddenly from the floor the wondrous figure sprang,
Barring my way imperiously, and showed herself
In haggard height, with hollow, blood-discolored eyes,
A shape so strange that eye and mind confounded are.
But to the winds I speak: for all in vain doth Speech

Digitized by Google

Fatigue itself, creatively to build up forms.
There look, yourselves! She even ventures forth to light!
Here are we masters, till the lord and king shall come.
The horrid births of Night doth Phœbus, Beauty's friend,
Drive out of sight to caverns, or he binds them fast.

(PHORKYAS *appears on the threshold, between the door-posts.*)

CHORUS.[104]

Much my experience, although the tresses,
Youthfully clustering, wave on my temples;
Many the terrible things I have witnessed,
Warriors lamenting, Ilion's night,
When it fell.

Through the beclouded, dusty and maddened
Throngs of the combatants, heard I the Gods then
Terribly calling, heard I the iron
Accents of Discord clang through the field,
City-wards.

Ah, yet stood they, Ilion's
Ramparts; but ever the fiery glow
Ran from neighbor to neighbor walls,
Ever extending from here and there,

Digitized by Google

With the roar of its own storm,
Over the darkening city.

Flying saw I, through smoke and flame,
And the tongues of the blinding fire,
Fearful angering presence of Gods,
Stalking marvellous figures,
Giant-great, through the gloomy
Fire-illuminate vapors.

Saw I, or was it but
Dread of the mind, that fashioned
Forms so affrighting? Never can
Justly I say it! Yet that I Her,
Horrible, here with eyes behold,
Is to me known and certain:
Even to my hand were palpable,
Did not the terror restrain me,
Holding me back from the danger.

Which one of Phorkys'
Daughters then art thou?
Since I compare thee
Unto that family.

Digitized by Google

Art thou, perchance, of the Graiæ,
One of the dreaded gray-born,
One eye and tooth only
Owning alternately?

Darest thou, Monster,
Here beside Beauty,
Unto high Phœbus'
Vision display thee?
Step thou forth, notwithstanding!
For the Ugly beholds he not,
Even as his hallowed glances
Never beheld the shadow.

Yet a sorrowful adverse fate
Us mortals compelleth, alas!
To endure the unspeakable eye-pain
Which She, the accurst, reprehensible,
Provokes in the lovers of Beauty.

Yes, then hearken, if thou brazenly
Us shalt encounter, hear the curse, —
Hear the threat of every abuse
From the denouncing mouths of the Fortunate,
Whom, the Gods themselves have fashioned!

Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.[105]

Old is the saw, and yet its sense is high and true,
That Shame and Beauty ne'er together, hand in hand,
Pursued their way across the green domains of Earth.
Deep-rooted dwells in both such force of ancient hate,
That wheresoever on their way one haps to meet
The other, each upon her rival turns her back:
Then forth again vehemently they hasten on,
Shame deep depressed, but Beauty insolent and bold,
Till her at last the hollow night of Orcus takes,
If Age hath not beforehand fully tamed her pride.
So now I find ye, shameless ones, come from abroad
With arrogance o'erflowing, as a file of cranes
That with their hoarse, far-sounding clangor high in air,
A cloudy line, slow-moving, send their creaking tones
Below, the lone, belated wanderer to allure
That he look up; but, notwithstanding, go their way,
And he goes his: and likewise will it be, with us.
Who, then, are you, that round the Royal Palace high
Like Mænads wild, or like Bacchantes, dare to rave?
Who, then, are you, that you the House's stewardess
Assail and howl at, as the breed of dogs the moon?
Think ye from me 't is hidden, of what race ye are?
Ye brood, in war begotten and in battle bred,

Digitized by Google

Lustful of man, seducing no less than seduced,
Emasculating soldiers', burghers' strength alike!
Methinks, to see your crowd, a thick cicada-swarm
Hath settled on us, covering the green-sown fields.
Devourers ye of others' toil! Ye snatch and taste,
Destroying in its bud the land's prosperity!
Wares are ye, plundered, bartered, and in market sold!

HELENA.

Who rates the servant-maids in presence of the Dame
Audaciously invades the Mistress' household-right:
Her only it becometh to commend what is
Praiseworthy, as to punish what is blamable.
Content, moreover, am I with the service which
They gave me, when the lofty strength of Ilion
Beleaguered stood, and fell in ruin: none the less
When we the sorrowful and devious hardships bore
Of errant travel, where each thinks but of himself.
Here, too, the like from this gay throng do I expect:
Not what the slave is, asks the lord, but how he serves.
Therefore be silent, cease to grin and jeer at them!
If thou the Palace hitherto hast guarded well
In place of Mistress, so much to thy credit stands;
But now that she herself hath come, shouldst thou retire
Lest punishment, in place of pay deserved, befall!

Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.

To threaten the domestics is a right assured,
Which she, the spouse august of the God-prospered king,
By many years of wise discretion well hath earned.
Since thou, now recognized, thine ancient station here
Again assum'st, as Queen and Mistress of the House,
Grasp thou the reins so long relaxed, be ruler now,
Take in thy keep the treasure, and ourselves thereto!
But first of all protect me, who the eldest am,
From this pert throng, who with thee, Swan of Beauty, matched,
Are only stumpy-winged and cackling, quacking geese.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

How ugly, near to Beauty, showeth Ugliness!

PHORKYAS.

How silly, near to understanding, want of sense!

(*Henceforth the* CHORETIDS *answer in turn, stepping singly forth from the* CHORUS.)

CHORETID I.[106]

Of Father Erebus relate, relate of Mother Night!

PHORKYAS.

Speak thou of Scylla, sister-children of one flesh!

Digitized by Google

CHORETID II.

Good store of hideous monsters shows thy family tree!

PHORKYAS.

Go down to Orcus! There thy tribe and kindred seek!

CHORETID III.

Those who dwell there are all by far too young for thee.

PHORKYAS.

On old Tiresias try thy lascivious arts!

CHORETID IV.

Orion's nurse was great-great-grandchild unto thee!

PHORKYAS.

Thee harpies, I suspect, did nurse and feed on filth.

CHORETID V.

Wherewith dost thou such choice emaciation feed?

PHORKYAS.

Not with the blood, for which thou all too greedy art.

CHORETID VI.

Thou, hungering for corpses, hideous corpse thyself!



Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.

The teeth of vampires in thy shameless muzzle shine!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Thine shall I stop, when I declare thee who thou art.

PHORKYAS.

Then name thyself the first! The riddle thus is solved.

HELENA.

Not angered, but in sorrow, do I intervene,
Prohibiting the storm of this alternate strife!
For nothing more injurious meets the ruling lord
Than quarrels of his faithful servants, underhand.
The echo of his orders then returns no more
Accordantly to him in swiftly finished acts,
But, roaring wilfully, encompasses with storm
Him, self-confused, and chiding to the empty air.
Nor this alone: in most unmannered anger ye
Have conjured hither pictures of the shapes of dread,
Which so surround me, that to Orcus now I feel
My being whirled, despite these well-known native fields.
Can it be memory? Was it fancy, seizing me?
Was all that, I? and am I, now? and shall I henceforth be
The dream and terror of those town-destroying ones?

Digitized by Google

I see the maidens shudder: but, the eldest, thou
Composedly standest — speak a word of sense to me!

PHORKYAS.

Whoe'er the fortune manifold of years recalls,
Sees as a dream at last the favor of the Gods.
But thou, so highly dowered, so past all measure helped,
Saw'st in the ranks of life but love-desirous men,
To every boldest hazard kindled soon and spurred.
Thee early Theseus snatched, excited by desire,
Like Heraclês in strength, a splendid form of man.

HELENA.

He bore me forth, a ten-year-old and slender roe,
And shut me in Aphidnus' tower, in Attica.

PHORKYAS.

But then, by Castor and by Pollux soon released,
The choicest crowd of heroes, wooing, round thee pressed.

HELENA.

Yet most my secret favor, freely I confess,
Patroclus won, the likeness of Pelides he.

PHORKYAS.

Wed by thy father's will to Menelaus then,
The bold sea-rover, the sustainer of his house.

Digitized by Google

HELENA.

My sire the daughter gave him, and the government:
Then from our wedded nearness sprang Hermione.

PHORKYAS.

Yet when he boldly claimed the heritage of Crete,
To thee, the lonely one, too fair a guest appeared.

HELENA.

Why wilt thou thus recall that semi-widowhood,
And all the hideous ruin it entailed on me?

PHORKYAS.

To me, a free-born Cretan, did that journey bring
Imprisonment, as well, — protracted slavery.

HELENA.

At once he hither ordered thee as stewardess,
Giving in charge the fortress and the treasure-stores.

PHORKYAS.

Which thou forsookest, wending to the towered town
Of Ilion, and the unexhausted joys of love.

HELENA.

Name not those joys to me! for sorrow all too stern
Unendingly was poured upon my breast and brain.

Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.

Nathless, they say, dost thou appear in double form;
Beheld in Ilion, — in Egypt, too, beheld.

HELENA.

Make wholly not confused my clouded, wandering sense!
Even in this moment, who I am I cannot tell.

PHORKYAS.

And then, they say, from out the hollow Realm of Shades
Achilles yet was joined in passion unto thee,
Who earlier loved thee, 'gainst all ordinances of Fate!

HELENA.

To him, the Vision, I, a Vision, wed myself: [107]
It was a dream, as even the words themselves declare.
I vanish hence, and to myself a Vision grow.

(*She sinks into the arms of the* SEMICHORUS.)

CHORUS.

Silence! silence!
False-seeing one, false-speaking one!
Out of the hideous, single-toothed
Mouth, what should be exhaled from
Such abominable horror-throat!

Digitized by Google

For the Malevolent, seeming benevolent, —
Wolf's wrath under the sheep's woolly fleece, —
Fearfuller far is unto me than
Throat of the three-headed dog.
Anxiously listening stand we here.
When? how? where shall break again forth
Further malice
From the deeply-ambushed monster?

Now, stead of friendly words and consoling,
Lethe-bestowing, gratefully mild,
Stirrest thou up from all the Past
Evillest more than good things,
And darkenest all at once
Both the gleam of the Present
And also the Future's
Sweetly glimmering dawn of hope!

Silence! silence!
That the Queen's high spirit,
Nigh to forsake her now,
Hold out, and upbear yet
The Form of all forms
Which the sun shone on ever.

(HELENA *has recovered, and stands again in the centre.*)

Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.

Forth from transient vapors comes the lofty sun of this bright day,
That, obscured, could so delight us, but in splendor dazzles now.
As the world to thee is lovely, thou art lovely unto us;
Though as ugly they revile me, well I know the Beautiful.

HELENA.

Tottering step I from the Void that — dizzy, fainting, — round me closed;
And again would fain be resting, for so weary are my limbs.
Yet to Queens beseemeth chiefly, as to all men it beseems,
Calm to be, and pluck up courage, whatsoe'er may menace them.

PHORKYAS.

Standing now in all thy greatness, and in all thy beauty, here,
Says thine eye that thou commandest: what command'st thou? speak it out!

HELENA.

Be prepared, for much neglected in your quarrel, to atone!
Haste, a sacrifice to furnish, as the king hath ordered me!

Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.

All is ready in the palace — vessels, tripods, sharpened axe,
For the sprinkling, fumigating: show to me the victim now!

HELENA.

This the king not indicated.

PHORKYAS.

Spake it not? O word of woe!

HELENA.

What distress hath overcome thee?

PHORKYAS.

Queen, the offering art thou![108]

HELENA.

I?

PHORKYAS.

And these.

CHORUS.

Ah, woe and sorrow!

PHORKYAS.

Thou shalt fall beneath the axe.

HELENA.

Fearful, yet foreboded! I, alas!

Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.

There seemeth no escape.

CHORUS.

Ah! and what to us will happen?

PHORKYAS.

She will die a noble death;
But upon the lofty beam, upholding rafter-frame and roof,
As in birding-time the throstles, ye in turn shall struggling hang!

(HELENA *and the* CHORUS *stand amazed and alarmed, in striking, well-arranged groups.*)

PHORKYAS.

Ye Phantoms! — like to frozen images ye stand,
In terror thus from Day to part, which is not yours.
Men, and the race of spectres like you, one and all,
Renounce not willingly the bright beams of the sun;
But from the end may none implore or rescue them.
All know it, yet 't is pleasant unto very few.
Enough! ye all are lost: now speedily to work!

(*She claps her hands: thereupon appear in the doorway muffled dwarfish forms, which at once carry out with alacrity the commands expressed.*)



Digitized by Google

This way, ye gloomy, sphery-bodied monster throng!
Roll hitherwards! ye here may damage as ye will.
The altar portable, the golden-horned, set up!
The axe let shimmering lie across the silver rim!
The urns of water fill! For soon, to wash away,
Shall be the black blood's horrible and smutching stains.
Here spread the costly carpets out upon the dust,
That so the offering may kneel in queenly wise,
And folded then, although with severed head, at once
With decent dignity be granted sepulture!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

The Queen is standing, sunk in thought, beside us here,
The maidens wither like the late-mown meadow grass;
Methinks that I, the eldest, in high duty bound,
Should words exchange with thee, primeval eldest thou!
Thou art experienced, wise, and seemest well-disposed,
Although this brainless throng assailed thee in mistake.
Declare then, if thou knowest, possible escape!

PHORKYAS.

'T is easy said. Upon the Queen it rests alone,
To save herself, and ye appendages with her.
But resolution, and the swiftest, needful is.

Digitized by Google

CHORUS.

Worthiest and most reverend of the Parcæ, wisest sibyl thou,
Hold the golden shears yet open, then declare us Day and Help!
We already feel discomfort of the soaring, swinging, struggling;
And our limbs in dances first would rather move in joyous cadence,
Resting afterwards on lovers' breasts.

HELENA.

Let these be timid! Pain I feel, but terror none;
Yet if thou know'st of rescue, grateful I accept!
Unto the wise, wide-seeing mind is verily shown
The Impossible oft as possible. Then speak, and say!

CHORUS.

Speak and tell us, tell us quickly, how escape we now the fearful,
Fatal nooses, that so menace, like the vilest form of necklace,
Wound about our tender throats? Already, in anticipation,
We can feel the choking, smothering — if thou, Rhea, lofty Mother
Of the Gods, to mercy be not moved.

Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.

Have you then patience, such long-winded course of speech
To hear in silence? Manifold the stories are.

CHORUS.

Patience enough! Meanwhile, in hearing, still we live.

PHORKYAS.

Whoso, to guard his noble wealth, abides at home,
And in his lofty dwelling well cements the chinks
And also from the pelting rain secures the roof,
With him, the long days of his life, shall all be well:
But whosoe'er his threshold's holy square-hewn stone
Lightly with flying foot and guilty oversteps,
Finds, when he comes again, the ancient place, indeed,
But all things altered, if not utterly o'erthrown.

HELENA.

Wherefore declaim such well-known sayings here, as these?
Thou wouldst narrate: then stir not up annoying themes!

PHORKYAS.

It is historic truth, and nowise a reproach.
Sea-plundering, Menelaus steered from bay to bay;

Digitized by Google

He skirted as a foe the islands and the shores,
Returning with the booty, which in yonder rusts.
Then ten long years he passed in front of Ilion;
But for the voyage home how many know I not.
And now how is it, where we stand by Tyndarus'
Exalted House? How is it with the regions round?

HELENA.

Has then Abuse become incarnated in thee,
That canst not open once thy lips, except to blame?

PHORKYAS.

So many years deserted stood the valley-hills
That in the rear of Sparta northwards rise aloft,
Behind Taygetus; whence, as yet a nimble brook,
Eurotas downward rolls, and then, along our vale
By reed-beds broadly flowing, nourishes your swans.
Behind there in the mountain-dells a daring breed
Have settled, pressing forth from the Cimmerian Night,
And there have built a fortress inaccessible,
Whence land and people now they harry, as they please.

HELENA.

Have they accomplished that? Impossible it seems.

Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.

They had the time: it may be twenty years, in all.

HELENA.

Is one a Chief? and are they robbers many — leagued?

PHORKYAS.

Not robbers are they; yet of many one is Chief:[109]
I blame him not, although on me he also fell.
He might, indeed, have taken all; yet was content
With some *free-gifts*, he said: tribute he called it not.

HELENA.

How looked the man?

PHORKYAS.

By no means ill: he pleased me well.
Cheerful and brave and bold, and nobly-formed is he,
A prudent man and wise, as few among the Greeks.
They call the race Barbarians; yet I question much
If one so cruel be, as there by Ilion
In man-devouring rage so many heroes were;
His greatness I respected, did confide in him.
And then, his fortress! That should ye yourselves behold!
'T is something other than unwieldy masonry,

Digitized by Google

The which your fathers, helter-skelter tumbling, piled,—
Cyclopean like the Cyclops, stones undressed at once
On stones undressed upheaving: there, however, there
All plumb and balanced is, conformed to square and rule.
Behold it from without! It rises heavenward up
So hard, so tight of joint, and mirror-smooth as steel.
To climb up there — nay, even your Thought itself slides off!
And mighty courts of ample space within, enclosed
Around with structures of all character and use.
There you see pillars, pillarlets, arches great and small,
Balconies, galleries for looking out and in,
And coats of arms.

CHORUS.

What are they?

PHORKYAS.

Ajax surely bore
A twisted serpent on his shield, as ye have seen.
The Seven also before Thebes had images,
Each one upon his shield, with many meanings rich.
One saw there moon and star on the nocturnal sky,
And goddesses, and heroes, ladders, torches, swords,
And whatsoe'er afflicting threateneth good towns.

Digitized by Google

Such symbols also bore our own heroic band,
In shining tints, bequeathed from eldest ancestry.
You see there lions, eagles, likewise claws and beaks,
Then buffalo-horns, with wings and roses, peacock's-tails,
And also bars — gold, black and silver, blue and red.
The like of these in halls are hanging, row on row, —
In halls unlimited and spacious as the world:
There might ye dance!

CHORUS.

But tell us, are there dancers there?

PHORKYAS.

Ay, and the best! — a blooming, gold-haired throng of boys,
Breathing ambrosial youth! So only Paris breathed,
When he approached too nearly to the Queen.

HELENA.

Thou fall'st
Entirely from thy part: speak now the final word!

PHORKYAS.

'T is thou shalt speak it: say with grave distinctness, Yes!
Then straight will I surround thee with that fortress.

Digitized by Google

CHORUS.

Speak,
O speak the one brief word, and save thyself and us!

HELENA.

What! Shall I fear King Menelaus may transgress
So most inhumanly, as thus to smite myself?

PHORKYAS.

Hast thou forgotten how he thy Deiphobus,
Brother of fallen Paris, who with stubborn claim
Took thee, the widow, as his fere, did visit with
Unheard-of mutilation? Nose and ears he cropped,
And otherwise disfigured: 't was a dread to see.

HELENA.

That did he unto him: he did it for my sake.

PHORKYAS.

Because of him he now will do the like to thee.
Beauty is indivisible: [110] who once possessed
Her wholly, rather slays than only share in part.

(*Trumpets in the distance: the* CHORUS *starts in terror.*)

Even as the trumpet's piercing clangor gripes and tears
The ear and entrail-nerves, thus Jealousy her claws
Drives in the bosom of the man, who ne'er forgets
What once was his, but now is lost, possessed no more.



Digitized by Google

CHORUS.

Hear'st thou not the trumpets pealing? see'st thou not the shine of swords?

PHORKYAS.

King and Lord, be welcome hither! willing reckoning will I give.

*Pause.*

HELENA.

What I may venture first to do, have I devised.
A hostile Dæmon art thou, that I feel full well,
And much I fear thou wilt convert the Good to Bad,
But first to yonder fortress now I follow thee;
What then shall come, I know: but what the Queen thereby
As mystery in her deepest bosom may conceal,
Remain unguessed by all! Now, Ancient, lead the way!

CHORUS.

O how gladly we go,
Hastening thither!
Chasing us, Death,
And, rising before us,
The towering castle's

Digitized by Google

Inaccessible ramparts.
Guard us as well may they
As Ilion's citadel-fort,
Which at last alone
Fell, through contemptible wiles!

(*Mists arise and spread, obscuring the background, also the nearer portion of the scene, at pleasure.*)

How is it? how?
Sisters, look around!
Was it not cheerfullest day?
Banded vapors are hovering up
Out of Eurotas' holy stream;
Vanished e'en now hath the lovely
Reed-engarlanded shore from the sight;
Likewise the free, gracefully-proud,
Silently floating swans,
Mated in joy of their swimming,
See I, alas! no more.

Still — but still
Crying, I hear them,
Hoarsely crying afar!
Ominous, death-presaging!
Ah, may to us the tones not also,

Digitized by Google

Stead of deliverance promised,
Ruin announce at the last! —
Us, the swan-like and slender,
Long white-throated, and She,
Our fair swan-begotten.
Woe to us, woe!

All is covered and hid
Round us with vapor and cloud:
Each other behold we not!
What happens? do we advance?
Hover we only with
Skipping footstep along the ground?
Seest thou naught? Soars not even, perchance,
Hermes before us? Shines not the golden wand.
Bidding, commanding us back again
To the cheerless, gray-twilighted,
Full of impalpable phantoms,
Over-filled, eternally empty Hades?

Yes, at once the air is gloomy, sunless vanish now the vapors,
Gray and darkly, brown as buildings. Walls present themselves before us,

Digitized by Google

Blank against our clearer vision. Is 't a court? a moat,
or pitfall?
Fear-inspiring, any way! and Sisters, ah, behold us pris-
oned, —
Prisoned now, as ne'er before!

(*Inner court-yard of a Castle,*[111] *surrounded with rich, fantastic buildings of the Middle Ages.*)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Precipitate and foolish, type of women ye!
Dependent on the moment, sport of every breeze
That blows mischance or luck! and neither ever ye
Supported calmly. One is sure to contradict
The others fiercely, and cross-wise the others her:
Only in joy and pain ye howl and laugh alike.
Be silent now, and hearken what the Mistress here,
High-thoughted, may determine for herself and us!

HELENA.

Where art thou, Pythoness? Whatever be thy name,
Step forth from out these arches of the gloomy keep!
If thou didst go, unto the wondrous hero-lord
Me to announce, preparing thus reception fit,
Then take my thanks, and lead me speedily to him!
I wish the wandering closed, I wish for rest alone.

Digitized by Google

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

In vain thou lookest, Queen, all ways around thee here;
That fatal shape hath vanished hence, perhaps remained
There in the mists, from out whose bosom hitherwards—
I know not how—we came, swiftly, without a step.
Perhaps, indeed, she strays, lost in the labyrinth
Of many castles wondrously combined in one,
Seeking august and princely welcome from the lord.
But see! up yonder moves in readiness a crowd:
In galleries, at windows, through the portals, comes
A multitude of servants, hastening here and there;
And this proclaims distinguished welcome to the guest.

CHORUS.

My heart is relieved! O, yonder behold
How so orderly downward with lingering step
The crowd of the youths in dignity comes,
In regular march! Who hath given command
That they marshal in ranks, and so promptly disposed,
The youthfullest boys of the beautiful race?
What shall most I admire? Is 't the delicate gait,
Or the curls of the hair on the white of the brow,
Or the twin-rounded cheeks, blushing red like the peach,
And also, like them, with the silkiest down?

Digitized by Google

Fain therein would I bite, yet I fear me to try;
For, in similar case, was the mouth thereupon
Filled — I shudder to tell it! — with ashes.

But they, the fairest,
Hither they come:
What do they bear?
Steps to the throne,
Carpet and seat,
Curtain and tent,
Or similar gear;
Waving around, and
Cloudy wreaths forming
O'er the head of our Queen;
For she already ascendeth,
Invited, the sumptuous couch.
Come forward, now,
Step by step,
Solemnly ranged!
Worthy, O, threefold worthy her,
May such a reception be blessed!

(*All that is described by the* CHORUS *takes place by degrees. After the boys and squires have descended in a long procession,* FAUST *appears above, at the head of the staircase, in knightly Court costume of the Middle Ages, and then comes down slowly and with dignity.*)

Digitized by Google

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

(*observing him attentively*).

If now, indeed, the Gods to this man have not lent —
As oft they do to men — a brave, transcendent form,
A winning presence, stately dignity of mien,
For temporary service, all he undertakes
Will always bring him triumph, whether in fight with men,
Or in the minor wars with fairest ladies waged.
Him, verily, to hosts of others I prefer,
Whom, highly-famed withal, I have myself beheld.
With slow and solemn step, by reverence restrained,
I see the Prince approach: turn thou thy head, O Queen!

FAUST

(*approaching: a man in fetters at his side*).

Instead of solemn greeting, as beseems,
Or reverential welcome, bring I thee,
Fast-bound in welded fetters, here, the knave
Whose duty slighted cheated me of mine.[112]
Kneel down, thou Culprit, that this lofty Dame
May hear the prompt confession of thy guilt!
This, Sovereign Mistress, is the man select
For piercing vision, on the turret high
Stationed to look around, the space of heaven

Digitized by Google

And breadth of earth to read with sharpest glance,
If here or there perchance come aught to view, —
Between the stronghold and the circling hills
If aught may move, whether the billowy herds
Or waves of arméd men: those we protect,
Encounter these. To-day — what negligence!
Thou comest, he proclaims it not: we fail
In honorable reception, most deserved,
Of such high guest. Now forfeited hath he
His guilty life, and should have shed the blood
Of death deserved; but only thou shalt mete
Pardon or punishment, at thy good will.

HELENA.

So high the power, which thou hast granted me,
As Mistress and as Judge, although it were
(I may conjecture) meant but as a test, —
Yet now I use the Judge's bounden right
To give the Accused a hearing: speak then, thou!

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER OF THE TOWER.

Let me kneel, and let me view her,
Let me live, or let me die!
For enslaved, devoted to her,
This God-granted Dame, am I.



Digitized by Google

Watching for the Morn's advancing
Where her pathways eastward run,
All at once, a sight entrancing,
In the South arose the sun.[113]

There to look, the Wonder drew me:
Not the glens, the summits cold,
Space of sky or landscape gloomy, —
Only Her did I behold.

Beam of sight to me was given,
Like the lynx on highest tree;
But in vain I 've urged and striven,
'T was a dream that fettered me.

Could I know, or how be aided?
Think of tower or bolted gate?
Vapors rose and vapors faded,
And the Goddess came in state!

Eye and heart did I surrender
To the softly-shining spell:
Blinding all with Beauty's splendor,
She hath blinded me, as well.

Digitized by Google

I forgot the warder's duty
And the trumpet's herald-call:
Threaten to destroy me! Beauty
Bindeth anger, frees her thrall.

HELENA.

The Evil which I brought, I dare no more
Chastise. Ah, woe to me! What fate severe
Pursues me, everywhere the breasts of men
So to infatuate, that nor them, nor aught
Besides of worth, they spare? Now plundering,
Seducing, fighting, hurried to and fro,
Heroes and Demigods, Gods, Demons even,
Hither and thither led me, sore-perplexed.
Sole, I the world bewildered, doubly more;
Now threefold, fourfold, woe on woe I bring.
Remove this guiltless man, let him go free!
The God-deluded merits no disgrace.

FAUST.

Amazed, O Queen, do I behold alike
The unerring archer and the stricken prey.
I see the bow, wherefrom the arrow sped
That wounded him. Arrows on arrows fly,
And strike me. I suspect the feathered hum

Digitized by Google

Of bolts cross-fired through all the courts and towers.
What am I now? At once rebellious thou
Makest my faithfullest, and insecure
My walls. Thence do I fear that even my hosts
Obey the conquering and unconquered Dame.
What else remains, but that I give to thee
Myself, and all I vainly fancied mine?
Let me, before thy feet, in fealty true,
Thee now acknowledge, Lady, whose approach
Won thee at once possession and the throne!

LYNCEUS

(*with a chest, and men who follow, bearing others*).

Thou seest me, Queen, returned and free!
The wealthy begs a glance from thee:
Thee he beheld, and feeleth, since,
As beggar poor, yet rich as prince.

What was I erst? What now am I?
What shall I will? — what do, or try?
What boots the eyesight's sharpest ray?
Back from thy throne it bounds away.

Forth from the East we hither pressed,[114]
And all was over with the West:

Digitized by Google

So long and broad the people massed,
The foremost knew not of the last.

The foremost fell, the second stood;
The third one's lance was prompt and good;
Each one a hundred's strength supplied:
Unnoted, thousands fell and died.

We onward pressed, in stormy chase;
The lords were we from place to place;
And where, to-day, *I* ruled as chief,
The morrow brought another thief.

We viewed the ground, but viewed in haste:
The fairest woman one embraced,
One took the oxen from the stall;
The horses followed, one and all.

But my delight was to espy
What rarest was, to mind and eye;
And all that others might amass
To me was so much withered grass.

I hunted on the treasure-trail
Where'er sharp sight could me avail:

Digitized by Google

In every pocket did I see,
And every chest was glass to me.

And heaps of gold I came to own,
With many a splendid jewel-stone:
The emeralds only worthy seem
Greenly upon thy breast to gleam.

'Twixt lip and ear let swaying sleep
The pearly egg of Ocean's deep;
Such place the rubies dare not seek,
They 're blanched beside the rosy cheek.

And thus, the treasure's offering
I here before thy presence bring:
Laid at thy feet, be now revealed
The spoils of many a bloody field!

Though I have brought of chests a store,
Yet iron caskets have I more.
Let me attend thee, do thy will,
And I thy treasure-vaults will fill.

For scarcely didst thou mount the throne,
Than bowed to own and bent to own

Digitized by Google

Thy Beauty's sway, that very hour,
Wisdom, and Wealth, and sovereign Power.

All such I held secure, as mine;
Now freed therefrom, behold it thine!
I deemed its worth and value plain;
Now see I, it was null and vain.

What I possessed from me doth pass,
Dispersed like mown and withered grass.
One bright and beauteous glance afford,
And all its worth is straight restored!

FAUST.

Remove with speed the burden boldly won,
Not blamed, indeed, but neither with reward.
All is her own already, which the keep
Within it holds; and special offer thus
Is useless. Go, and pile up wealth on wealth
In order fit! Present the show august
Of splendors yet unseen! The vaulted halls
Make shine like clearest heaven! Let Paradise
From lifeless pomp of life created be!
Hastening, before her footsteps be unrolled
The flower-embroidered carpets! Let her tread

Digitized by Google

Fall on the softest footing, and her glance,
Gods only bear undazed, on proudest pomp!

LYNCEUS.

What the lord commands is slight;
For the servants, labor light:
Over wealth and blood and breath
This proud Beauty governeth.
Lo! thy warrior-throngs are tame;
All the swords are blunt and lame;
Near the bright form we behold
Even the sun is pale and cold;
Near the riches of her face
All things empty, shorn of grace.

HELENA (*to* FAUST).

Fain to discourse with thee, I bid thee come
Up hither to my side! The empty place
Invites its lord, and thus secures me mine.

FAUST.

First, kneeling, let the dedication be
Accepted, lofty Lady! Let me kiss
The gracious hand that lifts me to thy side.
Confirm me as co-regent of thy realm,

Digitized by Google

Whose borders are unknown, and win for thee
Guard, slave and worshipper, and all in one!

HELENA.

I hear and witness marvels manifold;
Amazement takes me, much would I inquire.
Yet now instruct me wherefore spake the man
With strangely-sounding speech, friendly and strange:
Each sound appeared as yielding to the next,[115]
And, when a word gave pleasure to the ear,
Another came, caressing then the first.

FAUST.

If thee our people's mode of speech delight,
O thou shalt be enraptured with our song,
Which wholly satisfies both ear and mind!
But it were best we exercise it now:
Alternate speech entices, calls it forth.

HELENA.

Canst thou to me that lovely speech impart?

FAUST.

'T is easy: it must issue from the heart;
And if the breast with yearning overflow,
One looks around, and asks —



Digitized by Google

HELENA.

Who shares the glow.

FAUST.

Nor Past nor Future shades an hour like this;
But wholly in the Present —

HELENA.

Is our bliss.

FAUST.

Gain, pledge, and fortune in the Present stand:
What confirmation does it ask?

HELENA.

My hand.

CHORUS.

Who would take it amiss, that our Princess
Granteth now to the Castle's lord
Friendliest demonstration?
For, indeed, collectively are we
Captives, as ofttimes already,
Since the infamous downfall
Of Ilion, and the perilous,
Labyrinthine, sorrowful voyage.

Digitized by Google

Women, to the love of men accustomed,
Dainty choosers are they not,
But proficients skilful;
And unto golden-haired shepherds,
Perchance black, bristly Fauns, too,
Even as comes opportunity,
Unto the limbs in their vigor
Fully award they an equal right.

Near, and nearer already sit
They, to each other drawn,
Shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee;
Hand in hand, they bend and sway
Over the throne's
Softly-pillowed, luxurious pomp.
Majesty here not withholds its
Secretest raptures,
Wilfully, boldly revealed
Thus to the eyes of the people.

HELENA.

I feel so far away, and yet so near;
And am so fain to say: "Here am I! here."

FAUST.

I scarcely breathe; I tremble; speech is dead:
It is a dream, and day and place have fled.

Digitized by Google

HELENA.

I seem as life were done, and yet so new,
Blent thus with thee, — to thee, the Unknown, true!

FAUST.

To probe this rarest fate be not impelled!
Being is duty, though a moment held.

PHORKYAS (*violently entering*).

Spell in lovers' primers sweetly!
Probe and dally, cosset featly,
Test your wanton sport completely!
But there is not time, nor place.
Feel ye not the gloomy presage?
Hear ye not the trumpet's message?
For the ruin comes apace.
Menelaus with his legions
Storms across the hither regions;
Call to battle all your race!
By the victors execrated,
Like Deiphobus mutilated,
Thou shalt pay for woman's grace:
First shall dangle every light one,
At the altar, then, the Bright One
Find the keen axe in its place!

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

Disturbance rash! repulsively she presses in;
Not even in danger meet is senseless violence.
Ill message makes the fairest herald ugly seem;
Thou, Ugliest, delightest but in evil news.
Yet this time shalt thou not succeed; with empty breath
Stir, shatter thou the air! There is no danger here,
And unto us were danger but an idle threat.

(*Signals, explosions from the towers,*[116] *trumpets and cornets, martial music. A powerful armed force marches past.*)

No! hero-bands, none ever braver,
At once shalt thou assembled see:
He, sole, deserves the ladies' favor,
Whose arm defends them gallantly.

(*To the leaders of the troops, who detach themselves from the columns, and come forwards.*)

With rage restrained, in silence banded,
And certain of the victory-feast,
Ye, Northern blossoms, half expanded,
Ye, flowery fervors of the East!

The light upon their armor breaking,
They plundered realm on realm, at will:

Digitized by Google

They come, and lo! the earth is quaking;
They march away, it thunders still!

In Pylos we forsook the waters;
The ancient Nestor is no more,
And soon our lawless army scatters
The troops of kings on Grecian shore.

Back from these walls, no more delaying,
Drive Menelaus to the sea!
There let him wander, robbing, slaying,
As was his wish and destiny.

I hail you Dukes, as forth ye sally
Beneath the rule of Sparta's Queen!
Now lay before her mount and valley,
And you shall share the kingdom green!

Thine, German, be the hand that forges
Defence for Corinth and her bays:
Achaïa, with its hundred gorges,
I give thee, Goth, to hold and raise.

Towards Elis, Franks, direct your motion;
Messene be the Saxon's state:

Digitized by Google

The Norman claim and sweep the ocean,
And Argolis again make great!

Then each shall dwell in homes well-dowered,
And only outer foemen meet;
Yet still by Sparta over-towered,
The Queen's ancestral, ancient seat.

Each one shall she behold, abiding
In lands that lack no liberal right;
And at her feet ye 'll seek, confiding,
Your confirmation, law and light!

(FAUST *descends from the throne: the Princes form a circle around him, in order to receive special commands and instructions.*)

CHORUS.

Who for himself the Fairest desires,
First of all things, let him
Bravely and wisely a weapon acquire!
Flattering, indeed, he may conquer
What on earth is the highest;
But he quietly may not possess.
Wily sneaks entice her away,
Robbers boldly abduct her from him:
This to hinder be he prepared!

Digitized by Google

Therefore now our Prince I praise,
Holding him higher than others,
Since he wisdom and strength combines,
So that the strong men obedient stand,
Waiting his every beckon.
They his orders faithfully heed,
Each for the profiting of himself
As for the Ruler's rewarding thanks,
And for the highest renown of both.

For who shall tear her away
Now, from the mighty possessor?
His is she, and to him be she granted,
Doubly granted by us, whom he,
Even as her, within by sure walls hath surrounded,
And without by a powerful host.

FAUST.

The gifts they 've won by our concession, —
In fee to each a wealthy land, —
Are grand and fair: grant them possession!
We in the midst will take our stand.

And they in rivalry protect thee,
Half-Island, girdled by the sea

Digitized by Google

With whispering waves, — whose soft hill-chains connect
thee
With the last branch of Europe's mountain-tree!

This land, before all lands in splendor,[117]
On every race shall bliss confer, —
Which to my queen in glad surrender
Yields, as it first looked up to her,

When, 'mid Eurotas' whispering rushes
She burst from Leda's purple shell,
So blinding in her beauty's flushes,
That mother, brothers, felt the spell!

This land, which seeks thy sole direction,
Its brightest bloom hath now unfurled:
Prefer thy fatherland's affection
To what is wholly thine, the world!

And though upon its ridgy backs of mountains
The Sun's cold arrow smites each cloven head,
Yet, where the rock is greened by falling fountains,
The wild-goat nibbles and is lightly fed.

The springs leap forth, the streams united follow;
Green are the gorges, slopes, and meads below:



Digitized by Google

On hundred hillsides, cleft with many a hollow,
Thou seest the woolly herds like scattered snow.

Divided, cautious, graze with measured paces
The cattle onward to the dizzy edge,
Yet for them all are furnished sheltered places,
Where countless caverns arch the rocky ledge.

Pan guards them there, and nymphs of life are dwelling
In bushy clefts, that moist and freshest be;
And yearningly to higher regions swelling,
The branches crowd aloft of tree on tree.

Primeval woods! the strong oak there is regnant,
And bough crooks out from bough in stubborn state;
The maple mild, with sweetest juices pregnant,
Shoots cleanly up, and dallies with its weight.

And motherly, in that still realm of shadows,
The warm milk flows, for child's and lambkin's lips:
At hand is fruit, the food of fertile meadows,
And from the hollow trunk the honey drips.

Here comfort is in birth transmitted;
To cheek and lip here joy is sent:

Digitized by Google

Each is immortal in his station fitted,
And all are healthy and content.

And thus the child in that bright season gaineth
The father-strength, as in a dream:
We wonder; yet the question still remaineth,
If they are men, when Gods they seem.

So was Apollo shepherd-like in feature,
That other shepherds were as fair and fleet;
For where in such clear orbit moveth Nature,
All worlds in inter-action meet.[118]

(*Taking his seat beside her.*)

Thus hath success my fate and thine attended;
Henceforth behind us let the Past be furled!
O, feel thyself from highest God descended!
For thou belongest to the primal world.

Thy life shall circumscribe no fortress frowning!
Still, in eternal youth, stands as it stood,
For us, our stay with every rapture crowning,
Arcadia in Sparta's neighborhood.

To tread this happy soil at last incited,
Thy flight was towards a joyous destiny!

Digitized by Google

Now let our throne become a bower unblighted,
Our bliss become Arcadian and free!

[*The scene of action is completely transformed. Against a range of rocky caverns close bowers are constructed. A shadowy grove extends to the foot of the rocks which rise on all sides.* FAUST *and* HELENA *are not seen: the* CHORUS *lies scattered about, sleeping.*]

PHORKYAS.

How long these maidens have been sleeping, know I not:
If they allowed themselves to dream what now mine eyes
So clearly saw, is equally unknown to me.
Therefore, I wake them. They, the Young, shall be amazed, —
Ye also, Bearded Ones, who sit below and wait,[119] —
Solution of these marvels finally to see.
Awake! arise! and shake from off your locks the dew,
The slumber from your eyes! Listen, and cease to blink!

CHORUS.

Speak and tell us, quickly tell us, all the wonders that have happened!
We shall hear with greater pleasure, if belief we cannot give it,
For both eye and mind are weary, to behold these rocks alone.

Digitized by Google

PHORKYAS.

Children, you have hardly rubbed your eyes, and are you weary now?
Hear me, then! Within these caverns, in the grottos and the arbors,
Screen and shelter have been lent, as unto twain idyllic lovers,
To our Lord and to our Lady.

CHORUS.

How? within there?

PHORKYAS.

Separated
From the world, me only did they summon to their quiet service.
Honored thus, I stood beside them, but, as fit in one so trusted,
Looked around at something other, turning here and there at random, —
Seeking roots, and bark, and mosses, being skilled in healing simples, —
And the twain were left alone.

CHORUS.

Speakest thou as if within were spaces roomy as the world is:

Digitized by Google

Wood and meadow, lakes and rivers, — what a fable dost thou spin!

PHORKYAS.

Certainly, ye Inexperienced! Those are unexplored recesses:
Hall on hall, and court on court succeeding, musingly I tracked.
All at once a laughter echoes through the spaces of the caverns;
As I look, a Boy is leaping from the mother's lap to father's,
From the father to the mother: the caressing and the dandling,
Teasing pranks of silly fondness, cry of sport and shout of rapture,
They, alternate, deafen me.
He, a Genius naked, wingless, like a Faun without the beasthood,
Leaps upon the solid pavement; yet the pavement now reacting,
Sends him flying high in air, and at the second bound or third, he
Seems to graze the vaulted roof.
Cries, disquieted, the mother: "Leap repeatedly, at pleasure,

Digitized by Google

But beware of flying! for prohibited is flight to thee."
And thus warns the faithful father: "Dwells in earth the force elastic
Which thee upwards thus impelleth; touch but with thy toe the surface,
Like the son of Earth, Antæus, straightway art thou strong again."
So he springs upon the rocky masses, from a dizzy cornice
To another, and around, as springs a ball when sharply struck.
Yet, a-sudden, in a crevice of the hollow gulf he 's vanished,
And it seemeth we have lost him! Mother mourns, and father comforts,
Shoulder-shrugging, anxiously I stand. But now, again, what vision!
Are there treasures yonder hidden? Garments striped with broidered blossoms
Hath he worthily assumed.
Tassels from his shoulders swaying, fillets flutter round his bosom,
In his hand the golden lyre, completely like a little Phœbus,
Cheerily to the brink he steps, the jutting edge: we stand astounded,

Digitized by Google

And the parents in their rapture clasp each other to the heart.
What around his head is shining? What it is, were hard to warrant,
Whether golden gauds, or flame of all-subduing strength of soul.
So he moves with stately gesture, even as boy himself proclaiming
Future Master of all Beauty, all the melodies eternal
Throbbing in his flesh and blood; and you shall thus, delighted, hear him,—
Thus shall you behold him, with a wonder never felt before!

CHORUS.

Call'st thou a marvel this,
Creta 's begotten? [120]
Poetic-didactical word
Hast thou listened to never?
Never yet hearkened Ionia's
Never received also Hellas'
Godlike, heroical treasure
Of ancient, primitive legends?

All that ever happens
Now in the Present

Digitized by Google

Mocks like a mournful echo
The grander days of the Fathers.
Not comparable is thy story
Unto that loveliest falsehood,
Than Truth more credible,
Sung of the Son of Maia!

This strong and delicate, yet
Scarcely delivered suckling,
Swathe ye in purest downy bands,
Bind ye in precious diapered stuffs,
As is the gossiping nurse's
Unreasonable notion!
Strongly and daintily draws, no less,
Now the rogue the flexible,
Firm yet elastic body
Cunningly out, and leaveth the close,
Purple, impeding shell
Quietly there in its place,
Like the completed butterfly,
Which from the chilly chrysalid
Nimbly, pinion-unfolding, slips,
Boldly and wilfully fluttering through
Sunshine-pervaded ether.



Digitized by Google

So he, too, the sprightliest:
That unto thieves and jugglers —
All the seekers of profit, as well, —
He the favorable Dæmon was,
Did he speedily manifest
By the skilfullest artifice.
Straight from the Ruler of Ocean stole
He the trident, — from Arês himself
Slyly the sword from the scabbard;
Arrows and bow from Phœbus, and then
Tongs that Hephæstos was using.
Even from Zeus, the Father, bolts had he
Filched, had the fire not scared him.
Eros, also, he overcame
In leg-tripping wrestling match;
Then from Cypris, as she caressed him,
Plundered the zone from her bosom.

[*An exquisite, purely melodious music of stringed instruments resounds from the cavern. All become attentive, and soon appear to be deeply moved. From this point to the pause designated, there is a full musical accompaniment.*]

PHORKYAS.

Hark! the music, pure and golden;
Free from fables be at last!

Digitized by Google

All your Gods, the medley olden,
Let depart! their day is past.

You no more are comprehended;
We require a higher part:
By the heart must be expended
What shall work upon the heart.

(*She retires towards the rocks.*)

CHORUS.

If the flattering music presses,
Fearful Being, to thine ears,
We, restored to health, confess us
Softened to the joy of tears.

Let the sun be missed from heaven,
When the soul is bright with morn!
What the world has never given
Now within our hearts is born.

(HELENA. FAUST. EUPHORION *in the costume already described.*)

EUPHORION.[121]

Hear ye songs of childish pleasure,
Ye are moved to playful glee;
Seeing me thus dance in measure,
Leap your hearts parentally.

Digitized by Google

HELENA.

Love, in human wise to bless us,
In a noble Pair must be;
But divinely to possess us,
It must form a precious Three.

FAUST.

All we seek has therefore found us;
I am thine and thou art mine!
So we stand as Love hath bound us:
Other fortune we resign.

CHORUS.

Many years shall they, delighted,
Gather from the shining boy
Double bliss for hearts united:
In their union what a joy!

EUPHORION.

Let me be skipping,
Let me be leaping!
To soar and circle,
Through ether sweeping,
Is now the passion
That me hath won.

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

But gently! gently!
Not rashly faring;
Lest plunge and ruin
Repay thy daring,
Perchance destroy thee,
Our darling son!

EUPHORION.

I will not longer
Stagnate below here!
Let go my tresses,
My hands let go, here!
Let go my garments!
They all are mine.

HELENA.

O think! Bethink thee
To whom thou belongest!
How it would grieve us,
And how thou wrongest
The fortune fairest, —
Mine, His, and Thine!

Digitized by Google

CHORUS.

Soon shall, I fear me,
The sweet bond untwine!

HELENA AND FAUST.

Curb, thou Unfortunate!
For our desiring,
Thine over-importunate
Lofty aspiring!
Rurally quiet,
Brighten the plain!

EUPHORION.

Since you will that I try it.
My flight I restrain.

(*Winding in dance through the* CHORUS, *and drawing them with him.*)

Round them I hover free;
Gay is the race:
Is this the melody?
Move I with grace?

HELENA.

Yes, that is featly done:
Lead them through, every one,
Mazes of art!

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

Soon let it ended be!
Sight of such jugglery
Troubles my heart.

CHORUS

(*with* EUPHORION, *dancing nimbly and singing, in interlinking ranks*).

When thou thine arms so fair
Charmingly liftest,
The curls of thy shining hair
Shakest and shiftest;
When thou, with foot so light,
Brushest the earth in flight,
Hither and forth again
Leading the linkéd chain,
Then is thy goal in sight,
Loveliest Boy!
All of our hearts in joy
Round thee unite.

*Pause.*

EUPHORION.

Not yet repose,
Ye light-footed roes!

Digitized by Google

Now to new play
Forth, and away!
I am the hunter,
You are the game.

CHORUS.

Wouldst thou acquire us,
Be not so fast!
We are desirous
Only, at last,
Clasping thy beauty,
Kisses to claim!

EUPHORION.

Through groves and through hedges!
O'er cliffs and o'er ledges!
Lightly what fell to me,
That I detest:
What I compel to me
Pleases me best.

HELENA AND FAUST.

How perverse, how wild he 's growing!
Vain to hope for moderation;

Digitized by Google

Now it sounds like bugles blowing,
Over vale and forest pealing:
What disorder! What a brawl!

CHORUS

(*entering singly, in haste*).

Forth from us with swiftness ran he!
Spurning us with scornful feeling,
Now he drags from out the many
Here, the wildest one of all.

EUPHORION (*bearing a young* MAIDEN).

Here I drag the little racer,
And by force will I embrace her;
For my bliss and for my zest
Press the fair, resisting breast,
Kiss the mouth, repellent still,—
Manifest my strength and will.

MAIDEN.

Let me go! This frame infoldeth
Also courage, strength of soul:
Strong as thine, our will upholdeth,
When another would control.

Digitized by Google

I am in a strait, thou deemest?
What a force thine arm would claim!
Hold me, Fool, and ere thou dreamest
I will scorch thee, in my game.

(*She turns to flame and flashes up in the air.*)

To the airy spaces follow,
Follow me to caverns hollow,
Snatch and hold thy vanished aim!

EUPHORION

(*shaking off the last flames*).

Rocks all around me here,
Over the forests hung!
Why should they bound me here?
Still am I fresh and young.
Tempests are waking now,
Billows are breaking now:
Both far away I hear;
Fain would be near.

(*He leaps ever farther up the rocks.*)

HELENA, FAUST, AND CHORUS.

Chamois-like, dost thou aspire?
Fearful of the fall are we.

Digitized by Google

EUPHORION.

I must clamber ever higher,
Ever further must I see.

Now, where I am, I spy!
Midst of the Isle am I:
Midst of Pelops' land,
Kindred in soul, I stand![122]

CHORUS.

Bide thou by grove and hill,
Peacefully, rather!
We from the vineyards will
Grapes for thee gather, —
Grapes from the ridges tanned,
Figs, and the apple's gold:
Ah! yet the lovely land,
Loving, behold!

EUPHORION.

Dream ye the peaceful day?
Dream, then, who may!
War! is the countersign:
Victory — word divine!

Digitized by Google

CHORUS.

Who peace and unity
Scorneth, for war's array,
With impunity
Slays his hope of a better day.

EUPHORION.

They, who this land have led
Through danger and dread,
Free, boundlessly brave,
Lavish of blood they gave, —
May they, with glorious
Untamable might,
Make us victorious,
Now, in the fight!

CHORUS.

Look aloft! he seeks the Farness,
Yet to us not small he seems.
As for battle, as in harness,
He like steel and silver gleams.

EUPHORION.

Walls and towers no more immuring,
Each in vigor stands confessed!

Digitized by Google

Fortress firm and most enduring
Is the soldier's iron breast.

Would ye dwell in freemen's houses?
Arm, and forth to combat wild!
See, as Amazons, your spouses,
And a hero every child!

CHORUS.

Hallowed Poesy,
Heavenward mounting, see!
Shining, the fairest star,
Farther, and still more far!
Yet, from the distance blown,
Hear we the lightest tone,
And raptured are.

EUPHORION.

No, 't is no child which thou beholdest —
A youth in arms, with haughty brow!
And with the Strongest, Freest, Boldest,
His soul is pledged, in manly vow.
I go!
For, lo!
The path to Glory opens now.[123]

Digitized by Google

HELENA AND FAUST.

Thou thy being scarcely learnest,
Scarcely feel'st the Day's glad beam,
When from giddy steeps thou yearnest
For the place of pain supreme!
Are then we
Naught to thee?
Is the gracious bond a dream?

EUPHORION.

And hear ye thunders on the ocean?
From land the thunder-echoes call?
In dust and foam, with fierce commotion,
The armies shock, the heroes fall!
The command
Is, sword in hand,
To die: 't is certain, once for all.

HELENA, FAUST, AND CHORUS.

What a horror! We shall rue it!
Ah, is Death command to thee?

EUPHORION.

Shall I from the distance view it?
No! the fate be shared by me!

Digitized by Google

THE ABOVE.

Danger his arrogance brings:
Fatally bold!

EUPHORION.

Yes! — and a pair of wings
See me unfold!
Thither! I must! — and thus!
Grant me the flight!

[*He casts himself into the air: the garments bear him a moment, his head is illuminated and a streak of light follows.*]

CHORUS.

Icarus! Icarus!
Sorrowful sight!

[*A beautiful Youth falls at the feet of the parents. We imagine that in the dead body we perceive a well-known form; yet the corporeal part vanishes at once, and the aureole rises like a comet towards heaven. The garment, mantle, and lyre remain upon the ground.*]

HELENA AND FAUST.

Joy is followed, when scarce enjoyed,
By bitterest moan.

EUPHORION (*from the Depths*).

Leave me here, in the gloomy Void,
Mother, not thus alone!

*Pause.*

Digitized by Google

CHORUS. [*Dirge.*][124]

Not alone! where'er thou bidest;
For we know thee what thou art.
Ah! if from the Day thou hidest,
Still to thee will cling each heart.
Scarce we venture to lament thee,
Singing, envious of thy fate;
For in storm and sun were lent thee
Song and courage, fair and great.

Ah! for earthly fortune fashioned,
Strength was thine, and proud descent:
Early erring, o'er-impassioned,
Youth, alas! from thee was rent.
For the world thine eye was rarest,
All the heart to thee was known:
Thine were loves of women fairest,
And a song thy very own.

Yet thou rannest uncontrolledly
In the net the fancies draw,
Thus thyself divorcing boldly
As from custom, so from law;
Till the highest thought expended
Set at last thy courage free:

Digitized by Google

Thou wouldst win achievement splendid,
But it was not given to thee.

Unto whom, then? Question dreary,
Destiny will never heed;
When in evil days and weary,
Silently the people bleed.
But new songs shall still elate them:
Bow no longer and deplore!
For the soil shall generate them,
As it hath done heretofore.

*Complete pause. The music ceases.*

HELENA (*to* FAUST).

Also in me, alas! an old word proves its truth,
That Bliss and Beauty ne'er enduringly unite.
Torn is the link of Life, no less than that of Love;
So, both lamenting, painfully I say: Farewell!
And cast myself again — once only — in thine arms.
Receive, Persephone, receive the boy and me.

(*She embraces* FAUST: *her corporeal part disappears, her garment and veil remain in his arms.*)

PHORKYAS (*to* FAUST).

Hold fast what now alone remains to thee!



Digitized by Google

The garment let not go! Already twitch
The Demons at its skirts, and they would fain
To the Nether Regions drag it! Hold it fast!
It is no more the Goddess thou hast lost,
But godlike is it. For thy use employ
The grand and priceless gift, and soar aloft!
'T will bear thee swift from all things mean and low
To ether high, so long thou canst endure.
We 'll meet again, far, very far from here.

(HELENA'S *garments dissolve into clouds,*[125] *surround* FAUST, *lift him aloft in the air, and move away with him.*)

PHORKYAS

(*takes up* EUPHORION'S *tunic, mantle, and lyre from the earth, steps forward to the proscenium, holds aloft these remains, and speaks*).

Good leavings have I still discovered!
The Flame has vanished where it hovered,
Yet for the world no tears I spend.
Enough remains to start the Poets living,
And envy in their guilds to send;
And, if their talents are beyond my giving,
At least the costume I can lend.

(*She seats herself upon a column in the proscenium.*)

Digitized by Google

PANTHALIS.

Now hasten, maidens! we are from the magic freed,
The old Thessalian trollop's mind-compelling spell, —
Freed from the jingling drone of much-bewildering sound,
The ear confusing, and still more the inner sense.
Down, then, to Hades! since beforehand went the Queen,
With solemn step descending. Now, upon the track,
Let straightway follow her the step of faithful maids!
Her shall we find beside the unfathomed, gloomy King.

CHORUS.

Queens, of course, are satisfied everywhere:
Even in Hades take they highest rank,
Proudly associate with their peers,
With Persephone closely allied:
We, however, in the background
Of the asphodel-besprinkled meadows,
With the endless rows of poplars
And the fruitless willows ever mated, —
What amusement, then, have we?
Bat-like to squeak and twitter
In whispers uncheery and ghostly!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Who hath not won a name, and seeks not noble works,

Digitized by Google

Belongs but to the elements: away then, ye!
My own intense desire is with my Queen to be;
Service and faith secure the individual life.[126]

[*Exit.*

ALL.

Given again to the daylight are we,
Persons no more, 't is true, —
We feel it and know it, —
But to Hades return we never!
Nature, the Ever-living,[127]
Makes to us spirits
Validest claim, and we to her also.

A PART OF THE CHORUS.

We, in trembling whispers, swaying rustle of a thousand branches
Sweetly rocked, will lightly lure the rills of life, the root-born, upwards
To the twigs; and, or with foliage or exuberant gush of blossoms,
Will we freely deck their flying hair for prosperous airy growth.
Then, when falls the fruit, will straightway gather gladdened herds and people,

Digitized by Google

Swiftly coming, briskly pressing, for the picking and the tasting:
All, as if before the early Gods, will then around us bend.

A Second Part.

We, beside these rocks, upon the far-off shining, glassy mirror,
Coaxingly will bend and fluctuate, moving with the gentle waters;
We to every sound will hearken, song of bird or reedy piping;
Though the dreadful voice of Pan, a ready answer shall we give:
Comes a murmur, we re-murmur, — thunder, we our thunders waken
In reverberating crashes, doubly, trebly, tenfold flung!

A Third Part.

Sisters, we, of nimbler fancy, hasten with the brooklets onward;
For allure us yonder distant, richly-mantled mountain ranges.
Ever downwards, ever deeper, in meandering curves we water

Digitized by Google

First the meadow, then the pasture; then the garden round the house,
Marked by slender peaks of cypress, shooting clearly into ether
O'er the landscape and the waters and the fading line of shore.

A Fourth Part.

Fare, ye others, at your pleasure; we will girdle and o'errustle
The completely-planted hillside, where the sprouting vines are green.
There at every hour the passion of the vintager is witnessed,
And the loving diligence, that hath so doubtful a result.
Now with hoe and now with shovel, then with hilling, pruning, tieing,
Unto all the Gods he prayeth, chiefly to the Sun's bright god.
Small concern hath pampered Bacchus for his faithful servant's welfare,
But in arbors rests, and caverns, toying with the youngest Faun.
For his semi-drunken visions whatsoever he hath needed,
It is furnished him in wine-skins, and in amphoræ and vessels,

Digitized by Google

Right and left in cool recesses, cellared for eternal time.
But if now the Gods together, Helios before the others,
Have with breeze and dew and warmth and glow the berries filled with juice,
Where the vintager in silence labored, all is life and motion,
Every trellis stirs and rustles, and they go from stake to stake.
Baskets creak and buckets rattle, groaning tubs are borne on back,
All towards the vat enormous and the treaders' lusty dance;
So is then the sacred bounty of the pure-born, juicy berries
Rudely trodden; foaming, spirting, they are mixed and grimly crushed.
Now the ear is pierced with cymbals and the clash of brazen bosses,
For, behold, is Dionysos from his mysteries revealed!
Forth he comes with goat-foot Satyrs, whirling goat-foot Satyresses,
While amid the rout Silenus' big-eared beast unruly brays.
Naught is spared! The cloven hoofs tread down all decent custom;
All the senses whirl bewildered, fearfully the ear is stunned.
Drunkards fumble for the goblets, over-full are heads and paunches;

Digitized by Google

Here and there hath one misgivings, yet increases thus the tumult;
For, the fresher must to garner, empty they the ancient skin!

[*The curtain falls.*[128] PHORKYAS, *in the proscenium, rises to a giant height, steps down from the cothurni, removes her mask and veil, and reveals herself as* MEPHISTOPHELES, *in order, so far as it may be necessary, to comment upon the piece by way of Epilogue.*]

Digitized by Google

# ACT IV.

## I.

### HIGH MOUNTAINS.

*Strong, serrated rocky peaks. A cloud approaches, pauses, and settles down upon a projecting ledge. It then divides.*

FAUST (*steps forth*).

DOWN-GAZING on the deepest solitudes below,
I tread deliberately this summit's lonely edge,
Relinquishing my cloudy car, which hither bore
Me softly through the shining day o'er land and sea.
Unscattered, slowly moved, it separates from me.
Off eastward strives the mass with rounded, rolling march:
And strives the eye, amazed, admiring, after it.
In motion it divides, in wave-like, changeful guise;
Yet seems to shape a figure.[129] — Yes! mine eyes not err! —
On sun-illumined pillows beauteously reclined,
Colossal, truly, but a godlike woman-form,



Digitized by Google

I see! The like of Juno, Leda, Helena,
Majestically lovely, floats before my sight!
Ah, now 't is broken! Towering broad and formlessly,
It rests along the east like distant icy hills,
And shapes the grand significance of fleeting days.
Yet still there clings a light and delicate band of mist
Around my breast and brow, caressing, cheering me.
Now light, delayingly, it soars and higher soars,
And folds together. — Cheats me an ecstatic form,
As early-youthful, long-foregone and highest bliss?
The first glad treasures of my deepest heart break forth;
Aurora's love, so light of pinion, is its type,
The swiftly-felt, the first, scarce-comprehended glance,
Outshining every treasure, when retained and held.
Like Spiritual Beauty mounts the gracious Form,
Dissolving not, but lifts itself through ether far,
And from my inner being bears the best away.

(*A Seven-league Boot trips forward:* [130] *another immediately follows.* MEPHISTOPHELES *steps out of them. The Boots stride onward in haste.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I call that genuine forward-striding!
But what thou mean'st, I 'd have thee own,
That in such horrors art abiding,

Digitized by Google

Amid these yawning jags of stone?
It was not here I learned to know them well;
Such was, indeed, the bottom-ground of Hell.

FAUST.

In foolish legends thou art never lacking;
Again thy store thou set'st about unpacking.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*seriously*).

When God the Lord — wherefore, I also know, —
Banned us from air to darkness deep and central,
Where round and round, in fierce, intensest glow,
Eternal fires were whirled in Earth's hot entrail,
We found ourselves too much illuminated,
Yet crowded and uneasily situated.
The Devils all set up a coughing, sneezing,
At every vent without cessation wheezing:
With sulphur-stench and acids Hell dilated,
And such enormous gas was thence created,
That very soon Earth's level, far extended,
Thick as it was, was heaved, and split, and rended!
The thing is plain, no theories o'ercome it:
What formerly was bottom, now is summit.
Hereon they base the law there 's no disputing,

Digitized by Google

To give the undermost the topmost footing:
For we escaped from fiery dungeons there
To overplus of lordship of the air; —
A mystery manifest and well concealed,[131]
And to the people only late revealed.

FAUST.

To me are mountain-masses grandly dumb:
I ask not, Whence? and ask not, Why? they come.
When Nature in herself her being founded,
Complete and perfect then the globe she rounded,
Glad of the summits and the gorges deep,
Set rock to rock, and mountain steep to steep,
The hills with easy outlines downward moulded,
Till gently from their feet the vales unfolded!
They green and grow; with joy therein she ranges,
Requiring no insane, convulsive changes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, so you talk! You think it clear as sun;
But he knows otherwise, who saw it done.
For I was there, while still below was surging
The red abyss, and streamed the flaming tide, —
When Moloch's hammer, welding rocks and forging,
Scattered the mountain-ruins far and wide.

Digitized by Google

O'er all the land the foreign blocks you spy there;[132]
Who solves the force that hurled them to their place?
The lore of learned men is all awry there;
There lies the rock, and we must let it lie there;
We 've thought already — to our own disgrace.
Only the common, faithful people know,
And nothing shakes them in their firm believing:
Their wisdom ripened long ago, —
A marvel 't is, of Satan's own achieving.
On crutch of faith my traveller climbs the ridges,
Past Devil's Rocks and over Devil's Bridges.

FAUST.

Well, — 't is remarkable and new
To note how Devils Nature view.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What 's all to me? Her shape let Nature wear!
The point of honor is, the Devil was there!
We are the folk to compass grand designs:
Tumult, and Force, and Nonsense! See the signs! —
Yet now, with sober reason to address thee,
Did nothing on our outside shell impress thee?
From this exceeding height thou saw'st unfurled
The glory of the Kingdoms of the World.[133]

Digitized by Google

Yet, as thou art, unsatisfied,
Didst feel no lust of power and pride?

FAUST.

I did! A mighty plan my fancy won:
Canst guess it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That is quickly done.
I 'd take some town, — a capital, perchance, —
Its core, the people's need of sustenance;
With crooked alleys, pointed gables,
Beets, cabbage, onions, on the market-tables;
With meat-stands, where the blue flies muster,
And round fat joints like gourmands cluster:
There shalt thou find, undoubtedly,
Stench, always, and activity.
Then ample squares, and streets whose measure
Assumes an air of lordly leisure;
And last, without a gate to bar,
The boundless suburbs stretching far.
'T were joy to see the coaches go,
The noisy crowding to and fro,
The endless running, hither, thither,
Of scattered ants that stream together:

Digitized by Google

And whether walking, driving, riding,
Ever their central point abiding,
Honored by thousands, should be I.

FAUST.

Therewith I would not be contented!
One likes to see the people multiply,
And in their wise with comfort fed, —
Developed even, taught, well-bred,
Yet one has only, when all 's said,
The sum of rebels thus augmented.[134]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then I should build, with conscious power and grace,
A pleasure-castle in a pleasant place;
Where hill and forest, level, meadow, field,
Grandly transformed, should park and garden yield.
Before green walls of foliage velvet meadows,
With ordered paths and artful-falling shadows;
Plunge of cascades o'er rocks with skill combined,
And fountain-jets of every form and kind,
There grandly shooting upwards from the middle,
While round the sides a thousand spirt and piddle.
Then for the fairest women, fresh and rosy,

Digitized by Google

I 'd build a lodge, convenient and cosey;
And so the bright and boundless time I should
Pass in the loveliest social solitude.
*Women*, I say; and, once for all, believe
That in the plural I the sex conceive!

FAUST.

Sardanapalus! Modern, — poor!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then might one guess whereunto thou hast striven?
Boldly-sublime it was, I 'm sure.
Since nearer to the moon thy flight was driven,
Would now thy mania that realm secure?

FAUST.

Not so! This sphere of earthly soil
Still gives us room for lofty doing.
Astounding plans e'en now are brewing:
I feel new strength for bolder toil.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So, thou wilt Glory earn? 'T is plain to see
That heroines have been thy company.

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

Power and Estate to win, inspires my thought!
The Deed is everything, the Glory naught.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet Poets shall proclaim the matter,
Thy fame to future ages flatter,
By folly further folly scatter!

FAUST.

All that is far beyond thy reach.
How canst thou know what men beseech?
Thy cross-grained self, in malice banned,
How can it know what men demand?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

According to thy will so let it be!
Confide the compass of thy whims to me!

FAUST.

Mine eye was drawn to view the open Ocean:[135]
It swelled aloft, self-heaved and over-vaulting,
And then withdrew, and shook its waves in motion,
Again the breadth of level strand assaulting.



Digitized by Google

Then I was vexed, since arrogance can spite
The spirit free, which values every right,
And through excited passion of the blood
Discomfort it, as did the haughty flood.
I thought it chance, my vision did I strain;
The billow paused, then thundered back again,
Retiring from the goal so proudly won:
The hour returns, the sport 's once more begun.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*ad spectatores*).

'T is nothing new whatever that one hears;
I 've known it many a hundred thousand years.

FAUST

(*continuing impassionedly*).

The Sea sweeps on, in thousand quarters flowing,
Itself unfruitful, barrenness bestowing;
It breaks and swells, and rolls, and overwhelms
The desert stretch of desolated realms.
There endless waves hold sway, in strength erected
And then withdrawn, — and nothing is effected.
If aught could drive me to despair, 't were, truly,
The aimless force of elements unruly.
Then dared my mind its dreams to over-soar:

Digitized by Google

Here would I fight, — subdue this fierce uproar!
And possible 't is! — Howe'er the tides may fill,
They gently fawn around the steadfast hill;
A moderate height resists and drives asunder,
A moderate depth allures and leads them on.
So, swiftly, plans within my mind were drawn:
Let that high joy be mine forevermore,
To shut the lordly Ocean from the shore,
The watery waste to limit and to bar,
And push it back upon itself afar!
From step to step I settled how to fight it:
Such is my wish: dare thou to expedite it!

(*Drums and martial music in the rear of the spectators, from the distance, on the right hand.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How easy, that! — Hear'st thou the drums afar?

FAUST.

Who 's wise likes not to hear of coming war.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In War or Peace, 't is wise to use the chance,
And draw some profit from each circumstance.

Digitized by Google

One watches, marks the moment, and is bold:
Here 's opportunity! — now, Faust, take hold!

FAUST.

Spare me the squandering of thy riddle-pelf!
What means it, once for all? Explain thyself!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upon my way, to me it was discovered
That mighty troubles o'er the Emperor hovered:
Thou knowest him. The while we twain, beside him,
With wealth illusive bounteously supplied him,
Then all the world was to be had for pay;
For as a youth he held imperial sway,
And he was pleased to try it, whether
Both interests would not smoothly pair,
Since 't were desirable and fair
To govern and enjoy, together.

FAUST.

A mighty error! He who would command
Must in commanding find his highest blessing:
Then, let his breast with force of will expand,
But what he wills, be past another's guessing!

Digitized by Google

What to his faithful he hath whispered, that
Is turned to act, and men amaze thereat:
Thus will he ever be the highest-placed
And worthiest! — Enjoyment makes debased.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such is he not! He *did* enjoy, even he!
Meanwhile the realm was torn by anarchy,
Where great and small were warring with each other,
And brother drove and slaughtered brother,
Castle to castle, town 'gainst town arrayed,
The nobles and the guilds of trade,
The Bishop, with his chapter and congregation, —
All meeting eyes but looked retaliation.
In churches death and murder; past the gates,
The merchants travelled under evil fates;
And all grew bolder, since no rule was drawn
For life, but: Self-defence! — So things went on.

FAUST.

They went, they limped, they fell, arose again,
Then tumbled headlong, and in heaps remain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a condition no man dared abuse.
Each would be something, each set forth his dues;

Digitized by Google

The smallest even as full-measured passed:
Yet for the best it grew too bad at last.
The Capable, they then arose with energy,
And said: "Who gives us Peace, shall ruler be.
The Emperor can and will not! — Be elected
An Emperor new, anew the realm directed,
Each one secure and sheltered stand,
And in a fresh-constructed land
Justice and Peace be mated and perfected!"

FAUST.

Priest-like, that sounds.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Priests were they, to be sure;
They meant their well-fed bellies to secure;
They, more than all, therein were implicated.[136]
The riot rose, the riot was consecrated,
And now our Emperor, whom we gave delight,
Comes hitherward, perchance for one last fight.

FAUST.

I pity him; he was so frank, forgiving.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come we 'll look on! There 's hope while one is living!
Let us release him from this narrow valley!

Digitized by Google

He 's saved a thousand times, if once he rally.
Who knows how yet the dice may fall?
If he has fortune, vassals come withal.

[*They cross over the middle range of mountains, and view the arrangement of the army in the valley. Drums and military music resound from below.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A good position is, I see, secured them;
We 'll join, then victory will be assured them.

FAUST.

What further, I should like to know?
Cheat! Blind delusion! Hollow show!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No,—stratagems, for battle-winning!
Be steadfast for the grand beginning,
And think upon thy lofty aim!
If we secure the realm its rightful claimant,
Then shalt thou boldly kneel, and claim
The boundless strand in feoff, as payment.

FAUST.

In many arts didst thou excel:
Come, win a battle now, as well!

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, *thou* shalt win it! Here, in brief,
Shalt thou be General-in-Chief.

FAUST.

A high distinction thou wouldst lend, —
There to command, where naught I comprehend!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Leave to the Staff the work and blame,
Then the Field-Marshal 's sure of fame!
Of War-Uncouncils I have had enough,
And my War-Council fashion of the stuff
Of primal mountains' primal human might:
He 's blest, for whom its elements unite!

FAUST.

What do I see, with arms, in yonder place?
Hast thou aroused the mountain-race?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No! But I 've brought, like Peter Squence,[137]
From all the raff the quintessence.

*The Three Mighty Men appear.*[138]

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My fellows draw already near!
Thou seest, of very different ages,
Of different garb and armor they appear:
They will not serve thee ill when battle rages.

(*Ad spectatores.*)

Now every child delights to see
The harness and the helm of knightly action;
And allegoric, as the blackguards be,
They 'll only all the more give satisfaction.

BULLY

(*young, lightly armed, clad in motley*).

When one shall meet me, face to face,
My fisticuffs shall on his chops be showered;
And midway in his headlong race,
Fast by his flying hair I 'll catch the coward.

HAVEQUICK

(*manly, well-armed, richly clad*).

Such empty brawls are only folly!
They spoil whate'er occasion brings.
In *taking*, be unwearied wholly,
And after, look to other things!



Digitized by Google

HOLDFAST

(*well in years, strongly-armed, without raiment*).

Yet little gain thereafter lingers!
Soon slips great wealth between your fingers,
Borne by the tides of Life as down they run.
'T is well to take, indeed, but better still to hold:
Be by the gray old churl controlled,
And thou shalt plundered be by none.

(*They descend the mountain together.*)

Digitized by Google

## II.

### ON THE HEADLAND.[139]

*Drums and military music from below. The* EMPEROR'S *tent is pitched.*

EMPEROR. GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. LIFE-GUARDSMEN.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

IT still appears the prudentest of courses
That here, in this appropriate vale,
We have withdrawn and strongly massed our forces:
I firmly trust we shall not fail.

EMPEROR.

What comes of it will soon be brought to light;
Yet I dislike this yielding, semi-flight.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Look down, my Prince, where our right flank is planted!
The field which War desires hath here been granted:
Not steep the hills, yet access not preparing,
To us advantage, to the foe insnaring;

Digitized by Google

Their cavalry will hardly dare surround
Our strength half hid, on undulating ground.

EMPEROR.

My commendation, only, need I speak;
Now arm and courage have the test they seek.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Here, on the middle meadow's level spaces
Thou seest the phalanx, eager in their places.
In air the lances gleam and sparkle, kissed
By sunshine, through the filmy morning mist.
How darkling sways the grand and powerful square!
The thousands burn for great achievements there.
Therein canst thou perceive the strength of masses;
And thine, be sure, the foemen's strength surpasses.

EMPEROR.

Now first do I enjoy the stirring sight:
An army, thus, appears of double might.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

But of our left I 've no report to make.
Brave heroes garrison the rocky brake;

Digitized by Google

The stony cliffs, by gleams of weapons specked,
The entrance to the close defile protect.
Here, as I guess, the foemen's force will shatter,
Forced unawares upon the bloody matter.

EMPEROR.

And there they march, false kin, one like the other!
Even as they styled me Uncle, Cousin, Brother,
Assuming more, and ever more defying,
The sceptre's power, the throne's respect, denying;
Then, in their feuds, the realm they devastated,
And now as Rebels march, against me mated!
Awhile with halting minds the masses go,
Then ride the stream, wherever it may flow.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

A faithful man, sent out some news to win,
Comes down the rocks: may he have lucky been!

FIRST SPY.

Luckily have we succeeded;
Helped by bold and cunning art,
Here and there have pressed, and heeded,
But 't is ill news we impart.

Digitized by Google

Many, purest homage pledging,
Like the faithful, fealty swore, —
For inertness now alleging
People's danger, strife in store.

EMPEROR.

They learn from selfishness self-preservation,
Not duty, honor, grateful inclination.
You do not think that, when your reckoning 's shown,
The neighbor's burning house shall fire your own!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

The Second comes, descending slowly hither;
A weary man, whose strength appears to wither.

SECOND SPY.

First with comfort we detected
What their plan confused was worth;
Then, at once and unexpected,
Came another Emperor forth.
As he bids, in ordered manner
March the gathering hosts away;
His unfolded lying banner
All have followed. — Sheep are they!

Digitized by Google

EMPEROR.

Now, by a Rival Emperor shall I gain:
That *I* am Emperor, thus to me is plain.
But as a soldier I the mail put on;
Now for a higher aim the sword be drawn!
At all my shows, however grand to see,
Did nothing lack: but Danger lacked, *to me.*
Though you but tilting at the ring suggested,
My heart beat high to be in tourney tested;
And had you not from war my mind dissuaded,
For glorious deeds my name were now paraded.
But independence then did I acquire,
When I stood mirrored in the realm of fire:
In the dread element I dared to stand; —
'T was but a show, and yet the show was grand.
Of fame and victory I have dreamed alone;
But for the base neglect I now atone!

(*The* HERALDS *are despatched to challenge the Rival Emperor to single combat.*)

FAUST *enters, in armor, with half-closed visor. The* THREE MIGHTY MEN, *armed and clothed, as already described.*

FAUST.

We come, and hope our coming is not chidden;

Digitized by Google

Prudence may help, though by the need unbidden.
The mountain race, thou know'st, think and explore, —
Of Nature and the rocks they read the lore.
The Spirits, forced from the level land to sever,
Are of the rocky hills more fain than ever.
Silent, they work through labyrinthine passes,
In rich, metallic fumes of noble gases,
On solving, testing, blending, most intent:
Their only passion, something to invent.
With gentle touch of spiritual power
They build transparent fabrics, hour by hour;
For they, in crystals and their silence, furled,[140]
Behold events that rule the Upper World.

EMPEROR.

I understand it, and can well agree;
But say, thou gallant man, what 's that to me?

FAUST.

The Sabine old, the Norcian necromancer,[141]
Thy true and worthy servant, sends thee answer:
What fearful fate it was, that overhung him!
The fagots crackled, fire already stung him;
The billets dry were closely round him fixed,
With pitch and rolls of brimstone intermixed;

Digitized by Google

Not Man, nor God, nor Devil, him could save, —
The Emperor plucked him from his fiery grave.
It was in Rome. Still is he bound unto thee;
Upon thy path his anxious thoughts pursue thee;
Himself since that dread hour forgotten, he
Questions the stars, the depths, alone for thee.
Us he commissioned, by the swiftest courses
Thee to assist. Great are the mountain's forces;
There Nature works all-potently and free,
Though stupid priests therein but magic see.

EMPEROR.

On days of joy, when we the guests are greeting,
Who for their gay delight are gayly meeting,
Each gives us pleasure, as they push and pull,
And crowd, man after man, the chambers full;
Yet chiefly welcome is the brave man, thus,
When as a bold ally he brings to us
Now, in the fateful morning hour, his talents,
While Destiny uplifts her trembling balance.
Yet, while the fates of this high hour unfold,
Thy strong hand from the willing sword withhold, —
Honor the moment, when the hosts are striding,
For or against me, to the field deciding!
Self is the Man![142] Who crown and throne would claim



Digitized by Google

Must personally be worthy of the same.
And may the Phantom, which against us stands,
The self-styled Emperor, Lord of all our lands,
The army's Duke, our Princes' feudal head,
With mine own hand be hurled among the dead!

FAUST.

Howe'er the need that thy great work be finished,
Risked were thy head, the chances were diminished.
Is not the helm adorned with plume and crest?
The head it shields, that steels our courage best.
Without a head, what should the members bridle?
Let it but sleep, they sink supine and idle.
If it be injured, all the hurt confess in 't,
And all revive, when it is convalescent.
Then soon the arm its right shall reassert,
And lift the shield to save the skull from hurt:
The sword perceives at once its honored trust,
Parries with vigor, and repeats the thrust:
The gallant foot its share of luck will gain,
And plants itself upon the necks of slain.

EMPEROR.

Such is my wrath; I 'd meet him thus, undaunted,
And see his proud head as my footstool planted!

Digitized by Google

HERALDS (*returning*).

Little honor was accorded;
We have met with scorn undoubted:
Our defiance, nobly worded,
As an empty farce they flouted:
"Lo, your Lord is but a vision, —
Echo of a vanished prime:
When we name him, says Tradition:
'He was — *once upon a time!*'"

FAUST.

It 's happened as the best would fain have planned,
Who, firm and faithful, still beside thee stand.
There comes the foe, thy army waits and wishes;
Order attack! the moment is auspicious.

EMPEROR.

Yet I decline to exercise command.

(*To the* GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.)

Thy duty, Prince, be trusted to thy hand!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Then let the right wing now advance apace!
The enemy's left, who just begin ascending,

Digitized by Google

Shall, ere the movement close, give up their place,
Before the youthful force our field defending.

FAUST.

Permit me, then, that this gay hero may
Be stationed in thy ranks, without delay, —
That with thy men most fully he consort,
And thus incorporate, ply his vigorous sport!

(*He points to the* MIGHTY MAN *on the right.*)

BULLY (*coming forward*).[143]

Who shows his face to me, before he turn
Shall find his cheekbones and his chops are shattered:
Who shows his back, one sudden blow shall earn,
Then head and pig-tail dangling hang, and battered!
And if thy men, like me, will lunge
With mace and sword, beside each other,
Man over man the foe shall plunge
And in their own deep blood shall smother!

[*Exit.*

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Let then our centre phalanx follow slow, —
Engage with caution, yet with might, the foe!
There to the right, already overtaken,
Our furious force their plan has rudely shaken!

Digitized by Google

FAUST (*pointing to the middle one*).

Let also this one now obey thy word!

HAVEQUICK (*comes forward*).

Unto the host's heroic duty
Shall now be joined the thirst for booty;
And be the goal, where all are sent,
The Rival Emperor's sumptuous tent!
He shall not long upon his seat be lorded:
To lead the phalanx be to me accorded!

SPEEDBOOTY

(*sutleress, fawning upon him*).

Though never tied to him by priest,
He is my sweetheart dear, at least.
Our autumn 't is, of ripest gold!
Woman is fierce when she takes hold,
And when she robs, is merciless:
All is allowed, so forth to victory press!

[*Exeunt both.*

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Upon our left, as was to be foreseen,
Their right is strongly hurled. Yon rocks between,
Ours will resist their furious beginning,
And hinder them the narrow pass from winning.

Digitized by Google

FAUST

(*beckons to the* MIGHTY MAN *on the left*).

I beg you, Sire, let this one also aid;
'T is well when even the strong are stronger made.

HOLDFAST (*coming forwards*).

Now let the left wing have no fear!
The ground is surely held, where I appear:
I am the Ancient you were told of:
No lightning splits what I keep hold of!

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*descending from above*).

And now behold, how, more remote,
From every jagged rocky throat
Comes forth an arméd host, increasing,
Down every narrow pathway squeezing,
With helm and harness, sword and spear,
A living rampart in our rear,
And wait the sign to charge the foemen!

(*Aside, to the knowing ones.*)

You must not ask whence comes the omen.
I have not been a careless scout,
But cleared the halls of armor round about.

Digitized by Google

They stood a-foot, they sat on horses,
Like Lords of Earth and real forces:
Once Emperors, Kings, and Knights were they,
Now empty shells, — the snails have crawled away.
Full many ghosts, arrayed so, have for us
Revamped the Middle Ages thus.
Whatever Devils now the shells select,
This once 't will still create effect.

(*Aloud.*)

Hark! in advance they stir their anger,
Each jostling each with brassy clangor!
The banner-rags of standards flutter flowing,
That restless waited for the breeze's blowing.
Here standeth ready, now, an ancient race;
In the new conflict it would fain have place.

(*Tremendous peal of trumpets from above: a perceptible wavering in the hostile army.*)

FAUST.

The near horizon dims and darkles;
Yet here and there with meaning sparkles
A ruddy and presaging glow;[144]
The blades are red where strife is sorest,

Digitized by Google

The atmosphere, the rocks, the forest,
The very heavens the combat show.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The right flank holds its ground with vigor:
There, towering over all, defiant,
Jack Bully works, the nimble giant,
And drives them with his wonted rigor.

EMPEROR.

I first beheld one arm uplifted,
But now a dozen tossed and shifted:
Unnatural such things appear.

FAUST.

Hast thou not heard of vapors banded,
O'er the Sicilian coasts expanded?
There, hovering in daylight clear,
When mid-air gleams in rarer phases,
And mirrored in especial hazes,
A vision wonderful awakes:
There back and forth are cities bending,
With gardens rising and descending,
As form on form the ether breaks.

Digitized by Google

EMPEROR.

Yet how suspicious! I behold
The tall spears tipped with gleams of gold:
Upon our phalanx' shining lances
A nimble host of flamelets dances:
Too spectral it appears to me.

FAUST.

Pardon me, Lord, those are the traces
Of spirits of the vanished races, —
The fires of Pollux and of Castor,
Whom seamen call on in disaster:
They here collect their final strength for thee.

EMPEROR.

But say, to whom are we indebted,
That Nature hath our plans abetted,
With shows of rarest potency?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To whom, indeed, but that old Roman
Whose care for thee at last is proved?
By the strong menace of thy foemen
His deepest nature has been moved.



Digitized by Google

His gratitude would see thee now delivered,
Though his own being for thy sake be shivered.

EMPEROR.

They cheered my march, with every pomp invested;
I felt my power, I meant to see it tested;
So, carelessly, I found it well, as ruler,
To send the white beard where the air was cooler.
I robbed the Clergy of a pleasant savor,
And, truly, have not thus acquired their favor.
Shall I, at last, since many years are over,
The payment for that merry deed recover?

FAUST.

Free-hearted help heaps interest:
Look up, and cease to watch the foemen!
Methinks that *he* will send an omen:
Attend! the sign is now expressed.[145]

EMPEROR.

An Eagle hovers in the heavenly vault:
A Griffin follows, menacing assault.

FAUST.

Give heed! It seems most favorable.
The Griffin is a beast of fable:

Digitized by Google

How dare he claim a rival regal,
And meet in fight a genuine Eagle?

EMPEROR.

And now, in circles wide extended,
They wheel involved, — then, like a flash,
Upon each other swiftly dash,
That necks be cleft and bodies rended!

FAUST.

Mark now the evil Griffin quail!
Rumpled and torn, the foe he feareth,
And with his drooping lion's-tail,
Plunged in the tree-tops, disappeareth.

EMPEROR.

Even as presaged, so may it be!
I take the sign, admiringly.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*towards the right*).

From the force of blows repeated
Have our enemies retreated;
And in fight uncertain, shifting,
Towards their right they now are drifting,
Thus confusing, by their courses,
All the left flank of their forces.

Digitized by Google

See! our phalanx, firmly driven,
Moves to right, and, like the levin,
Strikes them in the weak position. —
Now, like waves in wild collision,
Equal powers, with rage opposing,
In the double fight are closing.
Gloriously the weapons rattle;
We, at last, have won the battle!

EMPEROR

(*on the left, to* FAUST).

Look! it yonder seems suspicious;
For our post the luck 's capricious.
Not a stone I see them throw there;
Mounted are the rocks below there,
And the upper ones deserted.
Now! — to one huge mass converted
Nearer moves the foe, unshaken,
And perchance the pass hath taken.
Such the unholy plan's conclusion!
All your arts are but delusion.

*Pause.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There come my ravens, croaking presage;

Digitized by Google

What nature, then, may be their message?
I fear we stand in evil plight.

EMPEROR.

What mean these fatal birds enchanted?
Their inky sails are hither slanted,
Hot from the rocky field of fight.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Ravens*).

Sit at mine ears, your flight retarded!
He is not lost whom you have guarded;
Your counsel 's logical and right.

FAUST (*to the* EMPEROR).

Thou hast, of course, been told of pigeons,
Taught to return from distant regions
To nests upon their native coast.
Here, differently, the plan 's succeeded;
The pigeon-post for Peace is needed,
But War requires the raven-post.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The birds announce us sore mischances.
See, yonder, how the foe advances
Against our heroes' rocky wall,

Digitized by Google

The nearest heights even now attaining!
Should they succeed the pass in gaining,
Our fortunes, then, were critical.

EMPEROR.

Defeat and cheat at last are on me!
Into your meshes you have drawn me:
I shudder, since they bind me fast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Courage! Not yet the die is cast.
Patience and knack, for knot-untying!
The close will be the fiercest stand.
Sure messengers for me are flying:
Command that I may give command!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF

(*who has meanwhile arrived*).

To follow these hast thou consented;
Thence all the time was I tormented:
No fortune comes of jugglery.
The battle 's lost, I cannot mend it;
'T was they began, and they may end it:
My baton I return to thee.

Digitized by Google

EMPEROR.

Retain it for the better season
Which Fortune still to us may send!
I dread the customers with reason, —
The ravens and their ugly friend.

(*To* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

As for the baton, thou must leave it;
Thou 'rt not, methinks, the proper man.
Command the fight, canst thou retrieve it!
Let happen all that happen can!

[*Exit into the tent with the* GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The blunt stick still be his protection!
'T would naught avail in *our* direction;
There was a sort of Cross thereon.

FAUST.

What 's to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The thing is done![146] —
Now, my black cousins, speed upon your duties
To the mountain-lake! The Undines, watery beauties,
Entreat, the appearance of their floods to spare!

Digitized by Google

By female arts, beyond our sharpest seeing,
They can divide the Appearance from the Being,
And all will swear the Being 's there!

*Pause.*

FAUST.

Our ravens must, with flattery beladen,
Have sweetly coaxed each winsome water-maiden;
The trickling streams at once descend.
The bald and rocky shoulders of the mountains
Give birth to full and swiftly-flowing fountains;
Their victory is at an end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To such reception they 're not used:
The boldest climbers grow confused.

FAUST.

Now brook roars down to brook with mighty bubble;
Then from the mouths of glens they issue double,
And fling themselves, in arches, o'er the pale;
Then suddenly spread along the rocky level,
And to and fro foam onward in their revel,
As down a stairway hurled into the vale.

Digitized by Google

What boots their gallant, hero-like resistance?
The billow bursts, and bears them down the distance;
Before such wild uproar even I must quail.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing I see of all this moist illusion:
To human eyes, alone, it brings confusion,
And in the wondrous chance I take delight.
They fly in headlong, hurried masses;
That they are drowning, think the asses:
Though on the solid land, they see an ocean,
And run absurdly with a swimming motion.
It is a most bewildering plight.

(*The Ravens return.*)

To the high Master will I praise you duly;
But would you test yourselves as masters fully,
Then hasten to that smithy eerie,
Where the dwarf-people, never weary,
Hammer the sparks from ore and stone.
Demand, while there you prate and flatter,
A fire to shine, and shoot, and scatter,
As in the highest sense 't is known.
'T is true that distant lightning, quivering far-lights,
And falling, quick as wink, of highest star-lights,



Digitized by Google

May happen any summer night;
But lightning, loose among the tangled bushes,
And stars that hiss and fizzle in the rushes,
Are shows that seldom meet the sight.
Take no great pains, you understand;
But first entreat, and then command!

(*Exeunt the Ravens. All takes place as prescribed.*)

Upon the foe falls Night's thick curtain,
And step and march become uncertain!
In every quarter wandering blazes,
And sudden glare, that blinds and dazes!
All that seems fine; yet we should hear
Their wild, commingled cries of fear.

FAUST.

The hollow armor from the vaulted chambers
In the free air its ancient strength remembers:
It rattles there, and clatters all around, —
A wonderful, a cheating sound.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right! The forms there 's no restraining:
Already knightly whacks are raining,
As in the splendid times of old.

Digitized by Google

The brassarts there, as well as cuisses,
Are Guelfs and Ghibellines; and this is
Renewal of the feud they hold.
Firm in transmitted hate they anchor,
And show implacably their rancor:
Now far and wide the noise hath rolled.
At last, the Devils find a hearty
Advantage in the hate of Party,
Till dread and ruin end the tale:
Repulsive sounds of rage and panic,
With others, piercing and Satanic,
Resound along the frightened vale!

(*Warlike tumult in the Orchestra, finally passing into lively martial measures.*)

Digitized by Google

## III.

### THE RIVAL EMPEROR'S TENT.

THRONE: RICH SURROUNDINGS.

HAVEQUICK. SPEEDBOOTY.

SPEEDBOOTY.

SO, we are here the first, I see!

HAVEQUICK.

No raven flies so swift as we.

SPEEDBOOTY.

O, how the treasure-piles extend!
Where shall I once begin? where end?

HAVEQUICK.

But all the space is full! And now
I know not what to take, I vow!

SPEEDBOOTY.

This carpet is the thing I need!
My couch is often hard indeed.

Digitized by Google

HAVEQUICK.

Here hangs a morning-star, so strong,
The like of which I 've wanted long.

SPEEDBOOTY.

This crimson mantle, bound with gold,
Is like the one my dreams foretold.

HAVEQUICK (*taking the weapon*).

With this, a man is quickly sped;
One strikes him dead, and goes ahead.
Thou art already laden so,
And nothing right thy sack can show.
This rubbish, rather, here forsake,
And one of yonder caskets take!
The army's modest pay they hold,
Their bellies full of purest gold.

SPEEDBOOTY.

O what a murderous weight is there!
I cannot lift it, cannot bear.

HAVEQUICK.

Quick, bend and squat to take the pack!
I 'll heave it on thy sturdy back.

Digitized by Google

SPEEDBOOTY.

O me! Alack! the burden slips:
The weight has crushed my back and hips.

(*The chest falls and bursts open.*)

HAVEQUICK.

There lies the red gold in a heap!
Quick, rake and take what thou canst keep!

SPEEDBOOTY (*crouching down*).

Quick, let the booty fill my lap!
'T will still be quite enough, mayhap.

HAVEQUICK.

So! there 's enough! Now haste, and go!

(*She rises.*)

The apron has a hole, ah woe!
Wherever thou dost walk or stand,
Thou sowest treasure on the land.[147]

GUARDSMEN (*of our* EMPEROR).

What seek ye here with wanton eyes?
Ye rummage the Imperial prize!

Digitized by Google

HAVEQUICK.

We hazarded our limbs for pay,
And now we take our share of prey.
In hostile tents 't is always so,
And we are soldiers too, you know.

GUARDSMEN.

Among our troops he comes to grief
Who 's both a soldier and a thief:
Who serves our Emperor fair and free,
Let him an honest soldier be!

HAVEQUICK.

O yes! such honesty we know:
'T is *Contribution*, — call it so! [148]
In the same mould you all are made:
"Give!" is the password of your trade.

(*To* SPEEDBOOTY.)

With what thou hast, the coast we 'll clear:
As guests we are not welcome here.

[*Exeunt.*

FIRST GUARDSMAN.

Why didst thou not at once bestow
On the scamp's face a smashing blow?

Digitized by Google

SECOND.

I know not, — had not strength to strike;
They seemed to me so phantom-like.

THIRD.

Something there was disturbed my sight, —
A flash: I could not see aright.

FOURTH.

I, also, can declare it not:
The whole day long it was so hot,
So sultry, close, and terrible;
One man stood firm, another fell;
We groped and fought, with valor rash,
The foemen fell at every slash;
Before one's eyes there was a mist,
And something roared, and hummed, and hissed;
So to the end, and here are we,
And how it happened, cannot see.

(*The* EMPEROR *enters, accompanied by* FOUR PRINCES. *The* GUARDSMEN *retire.*)

EMPEROR.[149]

Now fare he, as he may! For us is won the battle,
And o'er the plain the foe have fled like frightened cattle.

Digitized by Google

The trait'rous treasure, here, the empty throne, we 've found,
That, hung with tapestry, contracts the space around.
Enthroned in honor we, true guardsmen us protecting,
The people's envoys are imperially expecting.
The messengers of joy arrive from every side,
And, loyal now to us, the realm is pacified.
Though in our fight, perchance, some jugglery was woven,
Yet, at the last, our own unaided strength we 've proven.
True, accidents sometimes for combatants are good;
A stone may fall from heaven, on foes a shower of blood;
From rocky caves may ring tremendous strains of wonder,
That lift our hearts with faith, and drive the foe asunder.
The Conquered yielded, scourged by Scorn's immortal rod;
The Victor, as he boasts, exalts the favoring God;
And all responsive shout, unordered, unentreated:
"We praise Thee, God our Lord!" from million throats repeated.
Yet as the highest praise, so rarely else expressed,
I turn my pious glance on mine own grateful breast.
A young and lively Prince may give his days to pleasure;
Him teach the years, at last, the moment's use to measure.
Therefore, without delay, I call ye, for support,
Beside me, worthy Four, in realm and house and court.



Digitized by Google

(*To the* First.)

Thine was, O Prince! the host's arrangement, wise inspection,
Then, in the nick of time, heroic, bold direction:
Act now in peace, as Time thine offices may show!
Arch-Marshal shalt thou be: the sword I here bestow.

Arch-Marshal.

Thy faithful host, till now employed for civil order,
Thee and thy throne secured, shall strengthen next thy border:
Then let us be allowed, when festal throngs are poured
Through thine ancestral halls, to dress for thee the board.
Before thee brightly borne, and brightly held beside thee,
Thy Majesty's support, the sword shall guard and guide thee!

Emperor (*to the* Second).

He who as gallant man can also gracious be,
Thou, — be Arch-Chamberlain! — not light the place, for thee.
Thou art the highest now of all the house-retainers
Whose strife makes service bad, — the threateners and complainers:

Digitized by Google

Let thy example be an honored sign to these,
How they the Prince and Court, and all, should seek to please!

ARCH-CHAMBERLAIN.

To speed thy high design, thy grace is fair precursor:
The Better to assist, and injure not the Worser, —
Be frank, yet cunning not, and calm without deceit!
If thou but read my heart, I 'm honored as is meet.
But let my fancy now to festal service hasten!
Thou goest to the board, I bear the golden basin,
And hold thy rings for thee, that on such blissful days
Thy hands may be refreshed, as I beneath thy gaze.

EMPEROR.

Too serious am I still, to plan such celebration;
Yet be it so! We need a glad inauguration.

(*To the* THIRD.)

I choose thee Arch-High-Steward! Therefore henceforth be
Chase, poultry-yard, and manor subject unto thee!
Give me at all times choice of dishes I delight in,
As with the month they come, and cooked with appetite in!

Digitized by Google

ARCH-HIGH-STEWARD.

A rigid fast shall be the penalty I wish,
Until before thee stands a goodly-savored dish.
The kitchen-folk shall join, and gladly heed my reasons
To bring the distant near and expedite the seasons.
Yet rare and early things shall not delight thee long:
Thy taste desires, instead, the simple and the strong.

EMPEROR (*To the* FOURTH).

Since here, perforce, we plan but feasts, and each is sharer,
Be thou for me transformed, young hero, to Cup-bearer!
Arch Cup-Bearer, take heed, that all those vaults of mine
Richly replenished be with noblest taps of wine!
Be temperate thyself, howe'er temptation presses,
Nor let occasion's lure mislead thee to excesses!

ARCH CUP-BEARER.

My Prince, the young themselves, if trust in them be shown,
Are, ere one looks around, already men full-grown.
I at the lordly feast shall also take my station,
And give thy sideboard's pomp the noblest decoration
Of gorgeous vessels, golden, silver, grand to see;
Yet first the fairest cup will I select for thee, —

Digitized by Google

A clear Venetian glass, good cheer within it waiting,
Helping the taste of wine, yet ne'er intoxicating.
One oft confides too much on such a treasured store:
Thy moderation, though, High Lord, protects thee more.

EMPEROR.

What, in this earnest hour, for you have I intended,
From valid mouth confidingly you 've comprehended.
The Emperor's word is great, his gift is therefore sure,
But needs, for proper force, his written signature:
The high sign-manual fails. Here, for commission needful,
I see the right man come, of the right moment heedful.

(*The* ARCHBISHOP-ARCH-CHANCELLOR *enters.*)

EMPEROR.

If in the keystone of the arch the vault confide,
'T is then securely built, for endless time and tide.
Thou seest four Princes here! To them we 've just expounded
How next our House and Court shall be more stably founded.
Now, all the realm contains, within its bounds enclosed,
Shall be, with weight and power, upon Ye Five imposed!

Digitized by Google

Your landed wealth shall be before all others splendid;
Therefore at once have I your properties extended
From their inheritance, who raised 'gainst us the hand.
You I award, ye Faithful, many a lovely land,
Together with the right, as you may have occasion,
To spread them by exchange, or purchase, or invasion:
Then be it clearly fixed, that you unhindered use
Whate'er prerogatives have been the landlord's dues.
When ye, as Judges, have the final sentence spoken,
By no appeal from your high Court shall it be broken:
Then levies, tax and rent, pass-money, tolls and fees
Are yours, -- of mines and salt and coin the royalties.
That thus my gratitude may validly be stated,
You next to Majesty hereby I 've elevated.

ARCHBISHOP.

In deepest thanks to thee we humbly all unite:
Thou mak'st us strong and sure, and strengthenest thy might.

EMPEROR.

Yet higher dignities I give for your fulfilling.
Still for my realm I live, and still to live am willing;
Yet old ancestral lines compel the prudent mind
To look from present deeds to that which looms behind.

Digitized by Google

I, also, in my time, must meet the sure Redresser;
Your duty be it, then, to choose me a successor.
Crowned, at the altar raise his consecrated form,
That so may end in peace what here began in storm!

ARCH-CHANCELLOR.

With pride profound, yet humbly, as our guise evinces,
Behold, before thee bowed, the first of earthly princes!
So long the faithful blood our living veins shall fill,
We are the body which obeys thy lightest will.

EMPEROR.

Now, to conclude, let all that we have here asserted,
Be, for the future time, to document converted!
'T is true that ye, as lords, have your possession free,
With this condition, though, that it unparcelled be;
And what ye have from us, howe'er ye swell the treasure,
Shall to the eldest son descend in equal measure.

ARCH-CHANCELLOR.

On parchment I, at once, shall gladly tabulate,
To bless the realm and us, the statute of such weight:
The copy and the seals the Chancery shall procure us,
Thy sacred hand shall then validity assure us.

Digitized by Google

EMPEROR.

Dismissal now I grant, that you, assembled, may
Deliberate upon the great, important day.

(*The Secular Princes retire.*)

ARCHBISHOP

(*remains and speaks pathetically*).

The Chancellor withdrew, the Bishop stands before thee:
A warning spirit bids that straightway he implore thee!
His heart paternal quakes with anxious fear for thee.

EMPEROR.

In this glad hour what may thy dread misgiving be?

ARCHBISHOP.

Alas, in such an hour, how much my pain must greaten,
To find thy hallowed head in covenant with Satan!
True, to the throne, it seems, hast thou secured thy right;
But, woe! in God the Lord's, the Holy Pontiff's spite.
Swift shall he punish when he learns the truth — the latter:
Thy sinful realm at once with holy ban he 'll shatter!
He still remembers how, amid thy highest state,
When newly crowned, thou didst the wizard liberate.[150]
Thy diadem but made thy heart for Christians harden,

Digitized by Google

For on that head accurst fell its first beam of pardon.
Now beat thy breast, and from thy guilty stores, this day,
Unto the Sanctuary a moderate mite repay!
The spacious sweep of hills, where stood thy tent erected, —
Where Evil Spirits then, united, thee protected, —
Where late the Liar-Prince thy hearing did secure, —
Devote thou, meekly taught, to pious use and pure,
With hill and forest dense, far as they stretch extended,
And slopes that greenly swell for pastures never ended,
Then crystal lakes of fish, unnumbered brooks that flow
In foamy windings down, and braid the vale below;
The broad vale then, itself, with mead, and lawn, and hollow!
Thus penitence is shown, and pardon soon shall follow.

EMPEROR.

For this, my heavy sin, my terror is profound:
By thine own measure shalt thou draw the borders round.

ARCHBISHOP.

First be the spot profane, where sin was perpetrated,
To God's high service soon and wholly dedicated!
With speed the walls arise to meet the mind's desire;
The rising morning sun already lights the choir;



Digitized by Google

The growing structure spreads, the transept stands exalted;
Joy of Believers, then, the nave is lifted, vaulted;
And while they press with zeal within the portals grand,
The first clear call of bells is swept across the land,
Pealed from the lofty towers that heavenwards have striven:
The penitent draws near, new life to him is given.
The consecration-day — O, may it soon be sent! —
Thy presence then shall be the highest ornament.

EMPEROR.

So great a work shall be my pious proclamation
To praise the Lord our God, and work mine expiation.
Enough! I feel, e'en now, how high my thoughts aspire.

ARCHBISHOP.

As Chancellor, next, the formal treaty I require.

EMPEROR.

A formal document, — the Church needs full requital:
Bring it to me, and I with joy will sign her title!

ARCHBISHOP

(*has taken leave, but turns back again at the door*).

At once unto the work devote, that it may stand,
Tithes, levies, tax, — the total income of the land,

Digitized by Google

Forever. Much it needs, to be supported fairly,
And careful maintenance will also cost us rarely:
And, that it soon be built, on such a lonesome wold,
Thou 'lt from thy booty spare to us some little gold.
Moreover, we shall want — here, most, we claim assistance —
Lumber, and lime, and slate, and such like, from a distance.
The people these shall haul, thus from the pulpit taught;
The Church shall bless the man, whose team for her has wrought.

[*Exit.*

EMPEROR.

The sin is very sore, wherewith my soul is weighted:
Much damage unto me the Sorcerers have created.

ARCHBISHOP

(*returning once again, with profoundest genuflections*).

Pardon, O Prince! to him, that vile, notorious man,
The Empire's coast was given; but him shall smite the ban,
Unless thy penitence the Church's wrath relaxes
There, too, with tithes and gifts, and revenues and taxes.

EMPEROR (*ill-humoredly*).

The land doth not exist: far in the sea it lies.

Digitized by Google

ARCHBISHOP.

Who patient is, and right, his day shall yet arise.
Your word for us remains, and makes secure our trover!

[*Exit.*

EMPEROR (*solus*).

I might as well, at last, make all the Empire over!

Digitized by Google

# ACT V.[151]

## I.

### OPEN COUNTRY.

WANDERER.

YES! 't is they, the dusky lindens;
There they stand in sturdy age:
And again shall I behold them,
After such a pilgrimage?
'T is the ancient place, the drifted
Downs, the hut that sheltered me,
When the billow, storm-uplifted,
Hurled me shoreward from the sea!
Here with blessing would I greet them,
They, my hosts, the helpful pair,—
Old, indeed, if now I meet them,
Since they then had hoary hair.
Pious folk, from whom I parted!
Be my greeting here renewed,

Digitized by Google

If ye still, as open-hearted,
Taste the bliss of doing good!

BAUCIS [152] (*a little woman, very old*).

Gently, stranger! lest thou cumber
Rest, whereof my spouse hath need!
He but gains from longest slumber
Strength for briefest waking deed.

WANDERER.

Tell me, mother, art thou even
She, to whom my thanks I bear, —
I, the youth, whose life was given
By your kind, united care?
Art thou Baucis, who the coldly
Fading mouth refreshment gave?

(*The Husband appears.*)

Thou, Philemon, who so boldly
Drew my treasure from the wave?
From your fire, so quickly burning,
From your silver-sounding bell,
Changed my doom, to fortune turning,
When the dread adventure fell.
Forth upon the sand-hills stealing,

Digitized by Google

Let me view the boundless sea!
Let me pray, devoutly kneeling,
Till my burdened heart be free!

(*He walks forward upon the downs.*)

PHILEMON (*to* BAUCIS).

Haste, and let the meal be dighted
'Neath the garden's blooming trees!
Let him go, and be affrighted!
He 'll believe not what he sees.

(*Follows, and stands beside the* WANDERER.)

Where the savage waves maltreated
You, on shores of breaking foam,
See, a garden lies completed,
Like an Eden-dream of home!
Old was I, no longer eager,
Helpful, as the younger are:
And when I had lost my vigor,
Also was the wave afar.
Wise lords set their serfs in motion,
Dikes upraised and ditches led,
Minishing the rights of Ocean,
Lords to be in Ocean's stead.
See the green of many a meadow,

Digitized by Google

Field and garden, wood and town!
Come, our table waits in shadow!
For the sun is going down.
Sails afar are gliding yonder;
Nightly to the port they fare:
To their nest the sea-birds wander,
For a harbor waits them there.
Distant now, thou hardly seëst
Where the Sea's blue arc is spanned,[153] —
Right and left, the broadest, freest
Stretch of thickly-peopled land.

Digitized by Google

## II.

### IN THE LITTLE GARDEN.

THE THREE AT THE TABLE.

BAUCIS (*to the Stranger*).

ART thou dumb? Of all we 've brought here,
In thy mouth shall nothing fall?

PHILEMON.

He would know the marvel wrought here:
Fain thou speakest: tell him all!

BAUCIS.

'T was a marvel, if there 's any!
And the thought disturbs me still:
In a business so uncanny
Surely helped the Powers of Ill.

PHILEMON.

Can the Emperor's soul be perilled,
Who on him the strand bestowed?



Digitized by Google

Gave the mandate not the herald,
Trumpeting, as on he rode?
Near our downs, all unexpected,
Was the work's beginning seen,
Tents and huts! — but, soon erected,
Rose a palace o'er the green.

BAUCIS.

Knaves in vain by day were storming,[154]
Plying pick and spade alike;
Where the fires at night were swarming,
Stood, the following day, a dike.
Nightly rose the sounds of sorrow,
Human victims there must bleed:
Lines of torches, on the morrow,
Were canals that seaward lead.
He would seize our field of labor,
Hut and garden, godlessly:
Since he lords it as our neighbor,
We to him must subject be.

PHILEMON.

Yet he bids, in compensation,
Fair estate of newer land.

Digitized by Google

BAUCIS.

Trust not watery foundation!
Keep upon the hill thy stand!

PHILEMON.

Let us, to the chapel straying,
Ere the sunset-glow has died,
Chime the vespers, kneel, and, praying,
Still in our old God confide!

Digitized by Google

## III.

### PALACE.

SPACIOUS PLEASURE-GARDEN: BROAD, STRAIGHTLY-CUT CANAL.

FAUST (*in extreme old age, walking about, meditative*).

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER
(*through the speaking-trumpet*).

THE sun goes down, the ships are veering
To reach the port, with song and cheer:
A heavy galley, now appearing
On the canal, will soon be here.
The gaudy pennons merrily flutter,
The masts and rigging upward climb:
Blessings on thee the seamen utter,
And Fortune greets thee at thy prime.

(*The little bell rings on the downs.*)

FAUST (*starting*).

Accurséd chime! As in derision
It wounds me, like a spiteful shot:
My realm is boundless to my vision,

Digitized by Google

Yet at my back this vexing blot!
The bell proclaims, with envious bluster,
My grand estate lacks full design: [155]
The brown old hut, the linden-cluster,
The crumbling chapel, are not mine.
If there I wished for recreation,
Another's shade would give no cheer:
A thorn it is, a sharp vexation, —
Would I were far away from here!

WARDER (*from above*).

With evening wind and favoring tide,
See the gay galley hither glide!
How richly, on its rapid track,
Tower chest and casket, bale and sack!

(*A splendid Galley, richly and brilliantly laden with the productions of Foreign Countries.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES. THE THREE MIGHTY MEN.

CHORUS.

Here we have landed:
Furl the sail!
Hail to the Master,
Patron, hail!

(*They disembark: the goods are brought ashore.*)

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 've proved our worth in many ways,
Delighted, if the Patron praise!
We sailed away with vessels twain,
With twenty come to port again.[156]
Of great successes to relate,
We only need to show our freight.
Free is the mind on Ocean free:
Who there can ponder sluggishly?
You only need a rapid grip:
You catch a fish, you seize a ship;
And when you once are lord of three,
The fourth is grappled easily;
The fifth is then in evil plight;
You have the Power, and thus the Right.
You count the *What*, and not the *How:*
If I have ever navigated,
War, Trade and Piracy, I vow,
Are three in one, and can't be separated!

THE THREE MIGHTY MEN.

No thank and hail?
No hail and thank?
As if our freight

Digitized by Google

To him were rank!
He makes a face
Of great disgust;
The royal wealth
Displease him must.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Expect no further
Any pay;
Your own good share
Ye took away.

THE MIGHTY MEN.

We only took it
For pastime fair;
We all demand
An equal share.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First, arrange them
In hall on hall, —
The precious treasures,
Together all!
If such a splendor
Meets his ken,
And he regards it

Digitized by Google

More closely then,
A niggard he
Won't be, at least:
He 'll give our squadron
Feast on feast.
To-morrow the gay birds hither wend,[157]
And I can best to them attend.

(*The cargo is removed.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

With gloomy gaze, with serious brow,
Of this great fortune hearest thou.
Crowned is thy wisest industry,
And reconciled are shore and sea;
And from the shore, to swifter wakes,
The willing sea the vessels takes.
Speak, then, that here, from thy proud seat,
Thine arm may clasp the world complete.
Here, on this spot, the work was planned;
Here did the first rough cabin stand;
A little ditch was traced, a groove,
Where now the feathered oar-blades move.
Thy high intent, thy servants' toil,
From land and sea have won the spoil.
From here —

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

Still that accursed *Here!*
To me a burden most severe.
To thee, so clever, I declare it, —
It gives my very heart a sting;
It is impossible to bear it!
Yet shamed am I, to say the thing.
The old ones, there, should make concession;
A shady seat would I create:
The lindens, not my own possession,
Disturb my joy in mine estate.
There would I, for a view unbaffled,
From bough to bough erect a scaffold,
Till for my gaze a look be won
O'er everything that I have done, —
To see before me, unconfined,
The masterpiece of human mind,
Wisely asserting to my sense
The people's gain of residence.
No sorer plague can us attack,
Than rich to be, and something lack![158]
The chiming bell, the lindens' breath,
Oppress like air in vaults of death:
My force of will, my potence grand,



Digitized by Google

Is shattered here upon the sand.
How shall I ban it from my feeling!
I rave whene'er the bell is pealing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is natural that so great a spite
Thy life should thus imbitter quite.
Who doubts it? Every noble ear,
Disgusted, must the jangle hear;
And that accurséd bim-bam-booming,
Through the clear sky of evening glooming,
Is mixed with each event that passes,
From baby's bath to burial-masses,
As if, between its *bam* and *bim*,
Life were a dream, in memory dim.

FAUST.

Their obstinate, opposing strain
Darkens the brightest solid gain,
Till one, in plague and worry thrust,
Grows tired, at last, of being just.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why be annoyed, when thou canst well despise them?
Wouldst thou not long since colonize them?

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

Then go, and clear them out with speed!
Thou knowest the fair estate, indeed,
I chose for the old people's need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 'll set them down on other land;
Ere you can look, again they 'll stand:
When they 've the violence outgrown,
Their pleasant dwelling shall atone.

(*He whistles shrilly.*)

THE THREE *enter.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come, as the Master bids, and let
The fleet a feast to-morrow get!

THE THREE.

Reception bad the old Master gave:
A jolly feast is what we crave.

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*ad spectatores*).

It happens as it happed of old:
Still Naboth's vineyard we behold! [159]

Digitized by Google

## IV.

### DEAD OF NIGHT.

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER

(*singing on the watch-tower of the Palace*).

FOR seeing intended,
Employed for my sight,
The tower 's my dwelling,
The world my delight.
I gaze on the Distant,
I look on the Near, —
The moon and the planets,
The forest and deer.
So see I in all things
The grace without end,
And even as they please me,
Myself I commend.
Thou fortunate Vision,
Of all thou wast 'ware,
Whatever it might be,
Yet still it was fair!

Digitized by Google

*Pause.*

Not alone that I delight me,
Have I here been stationed so: —
What a horror comes, to fright me,
From the darksome world below!
Sparks of fire I see outgushing
Through the night of linden-trees;
Stronger yet the glow is flushing,
Fanned to fury by the breeze.
Ah! the cabin burns, unheeded,
Damp and mossy though it stand:
Quick assistance here is needed,
And no rescue is at hand!
Ah, the good old father, mother,
Else so careful of the fire,
Doomed amid the smoke to smother! —
The catastrophe how dire!
Now the blackening pile stands lonely
In the flames that redly swell:
If the good old folk be only
Rescued from the burning hell!
Dazzling tongues the crater launches
Through the leaves and through the branches;
Withered boughs, at last ignited,

Digitized by Google

Break, in burning, from the tree:
Why must I be thus far-sighted?
Witness such calamity?
Now the little chapel crashes
'Neath a branch's falling blow;
Soon the climbing, spiry flashes
Set the tree-tops in a glow.
Down to where the trunks are planted
Burn they like a crimson dawn.

*Long pause. Chant.*

What erewhile the eye enchanted
With the centuries is gone.

FAUST

(*on the balcony, towards the downs*).

Above, what whining lamentation?
The word, the tone, too late I heed.
My warder wails: I feel vexation
At heart, for this impatient deed.
Yet be the lindens extirpated,
Till half-charred trunks the spot deface,
A look-in-the-land is soon created,
Whence I can view the boundless space.
Thence shall I see the newer dwelling

Digitized by Google

Which for the ancient pair I raise,
Who, my benign forbearance feeling,
Shall there enjoy their latter days.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE THREE (*below*).

We hither come upon the run!
Forgive! not happily 't was done.[160]
We knocked and beat, but none replied,
And entrance ever was denied;
Of jolts and blows we gave good store,
And broken lay the rotten door;
We called aloud, with direst threat
But still no hearing could we get.
And, as it haps, with such a deed,
They would not hear, they would not heed;
But we began, without delay,
To drive the stubborn folks away.
The pair had then an easy lot:
They fell, and died upon the spot.
A stranger, who was there concealed,
And fought, was left upon the field;
But in the combat, fierce and fast,
From coals, that round about were cast,
The straw took fire. Now merrily
One funeral pile consumes the three.

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

Deaf unto my commands were ye!
Exchange I meant, not robbery.
The inconsiderate, savage blow
I curse! Bear ye the guilt, and go!

CHORUS.

The proverb old still runs its course:
Bend willingly to greater force!
If you are bold, and face the strife,
Stake house and home, and then — your life!

[*Exeunt.*

FAUST (*on the balcony*).

The stars conceal their glance and glow,
The fire sinks down, and flickers low;
A damp wind fans it with its wings,
And smoke and vapor hither brings.
Quick bidden, and too quick obeyed! —
What hovers hither like a shade?

Digitized by Google

## V.

### MIDNIGHT.[161]

*Four Gray Women enter.*

FIRST.

MY name, it is Want.

SECOND.

And mine, it is Guilt.

THIRD.

And mine, it is Care.

FOURTH.

Necessity, mine.[162]

THREE TOGETHER.

The portal is bolted, we cannot get in:
The owner is rich, we 've no business within.

WANT.

I shrink to a shadow.



Digitized by Google

GUILT.

I shrink unto naught.

NECESSITY.

The pampered from me turn the face and the thought.

CARE.

Ye Sisters, ye neither can enter, nor dare;
But the keyhole is free to the entrance of Care.

(CARE *disappears.*)

WANT.

Ye, grisly old Sisters, be banished from here!

GUILT.

Beside thee, and bound to thee, I shall appear!

NECESSITY.

At your heels goes Necessity, blight in her breath.

THE THREE.

The clouds are in motion, and cover each star!
Behind there, behind! from afar, from afar,
He cometh, our Brother! he comes, he is — — —
— — — Death!

Digitized by Google

FAUST (*in the Palace*).

Four saw I come, but those that went were three;
The sense of what they said was hid from me,
But something like "*Necessity*" I heard;
Thereafter, "*Death*," a gloomy, threatening word!
It sounded hollow, spectrally subdued:
Not yet have I my liberty made good:
If I could banish Magic's fell creations,
And totally unlearn the incantations, —
Stood I, O Nature! Man alone in thee,
Then were it worth one's while a man to be![163]
Ere in the Obscure I sought it, such was I, —
Ere I had cursed the world so wickedly.
Now fills the air so many a haunting shape,
That no one knows how best he may escape.
What though One Day with rational brightness beams,
The Night entangles us in webs of dreams.
From our young fields of life we come, elate:
There croaks a bird: what croaks he? Evil fate!
By Superstition constantly insnared,
It grows to us, and warns, and is declared.
Intimidated thus, we stand alone. —
The portal jars, yet entrance is there none.

(*Agitated.*)

Is any one here?

Digitized by Google

CARE.

Yes! must be my reply.

FAUST.

And thou, who art thou, then?

CARE.

Well, — here am I.

FAUST.

Avaunt!

CARE.

I am where I should be.

FAUST

(*first angry, then composed, addressing himself*).

Take care, and speak no word of sorcery!

CARE.

Though no ear should choose to hear me,
Yet the shrinking heart must fear me:
Though transformed to mortal eyes,
Grimmest power I exercise.
On the land, or ocean yonder,
I, a dread companion, wander,
Always found, yet never sought,
Praised or cursed, as I have wrought!

Hast thou not Care already known?

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

I only through the world have flown:
Each appetite I seized as by the hair;
What not sufficed me, forth I let it fare,
And what escaped me, I let go.
I 've only craved, accomplished my delight,
Then wished a second time, and thus with might
Stormed through my life: at first 't was grand, completely,
But now it moves most wisely and discreetly.
The sphere of Earth is known enough to me;
The view beyond is barred immutably:
A fool, who there his blinking eyes directeth,
And o'er his clouds of peers a place expecteth!
Firm let him stand, and look around him well!
This World means something to the Capable.[164]
Why needs he through Eternity to wend?
He here acquires what he can apprehend.
Thus let him wander down his earthly day;
When spirits haunt, go quietly his way;
In marching onwards, bliss and torment find,
Though, every moment, with unsated mind!

CARE.

Whom I once possess, shall never
Find the world worth his endeavor:

Digitized by Google

Endless gloom around him folding,
Rise nor set of sun beholding,
Perfect in external senses,
Inwardly his darkness dense is;
And he knows not how to measure
True possession of his treasure.
Luck and Ill become caprices;
Still he starves in all increases;
Be it happiness or sorrow,
He postpones it till the morrow;
To the Future only cleaveth:
Nothing, therefore, he achieveth.

FAUST.

Desist! So shalt thou not get hold of me!
I have no mind to hear such drivel.
Depart! Thy gloomy litany
Might even befool the wisest man to evil.

CARE.

Shall he go, or come? — how guide him?
Prompt decision is denied him;
Midway on the trodden highway
Halting, he attempts a by-way;
Ever more astray, bemisted,

Digitized by Google

Everything beholding twisted,
Burdening himself and others,
Taking breath, he chokes and smothers,
Though not choked, in Life not sharing,
Not resigned, and not despairing!
Such incessant rolling, spinning, —
Painful quitting, hard beginning, —
Now constraint, now liberation, —
Semi-sleep, poor recreation,
Firmly in his place insnare him
And, at last, for Hell prepare him!

FAUST.

Ill-omened spectres! By your treatment strays
A thousand times the human race to error:
Ye even transform the dull, indifferent days
To vile confusion of entangling terror.
'T is hard, I know, from Dæmons to escape;
The spirit's bond breaks not, howe'er one tries it;
And yet, O Care, thy power, thy creeping shape,
Think not that I shall recognize it!

CARE.

So feel it now: my curse thou 'lt find,
When forth from thee I 've swiftly passed!

Digitized by Google

Throughout their whole existence men are blind;
So, Faust, be thou like them at last!

(*She breathes in his face.*)

FAUST (*blinded*).

The Night seems deeper now to press around me,
But in my inmost spirit all is light;
I rest not till the finished work hath crowned me:
God's Word alone confers on me the might.
Up from your couches, vassals, man by man!
Make grandly visible my daring plan!
Seize now your tools, with spade and shovel press!
The work traced out must be a swift success.
Quick diligence, severest ordering
The most superb reward shall bring;
And, that the mighty work completed stands,
One mind suffices for a thousand hands.

Digitized by Google

## VI.

### GREAT OUTER COURT OF THE PALACE.

*Torches.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in advance, as Overseer*).

COME here, come here! Come on, come on!
Ye Lemures, loose-hung creatures!
Of sinew, ligament, and bone
Your knitted semi-natures!

LEMURES (*in Chorus*).

Without delay are we at hand,
And half 't is our impression
That this concerns a spacious land,
Whereof we 'll have possession.
The pointed stakes, we bring them all,
The measuring-chain, for distance;
But we 've forgotten why the call
Was made for our assistance.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is no need of your artistic zeal:
Proceed as you may think it best!



Digitized by Google

Your tallest lay full length, from head to heel,
And lift the turf around him, all the rest!
As for our fathers made, prepare
To excavate a lengthened square!
From palace to the narrow house transferred,
Such is, at last, the issue most absurd.

LEMURES [166]

(*digging with mocking gestures*).

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet;
When 't was jolly and merry every way,
And I blithely moved my feet.

But now old Age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his crutch:
I stumbled over the door of a grave;
Why leave they open such?

FAUST

(*comes forth from the Palace, groping his way along the door-posts*).

How I rejoice, to hear the clattering spade!
It is the crowd, for me in service moiling,
Till Earth be reconciled to toiling,

Digitized by Google

Till the proud waves be stayed,
And the sea girded with a rigid zone.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

And yet, thou 'rt laboring for us alone,
With all thy dikes and bulwarks daring;
Since thou for Neptune art preparing —
The Ocean-Devil — carousal great.
In every way shall ye be stranded;
The elements with us are banded,
And ruin is the certain fate.

FAUST.

Overseer!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here!

FAUST.

However possible,
Collect a crowd of men with vigor,
Spur by indulgence, praise, or rigor, —
Reward, allure, conscript, compel!
Each day report me, and correctly note
How grows in length the undertaken moat.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*half aloud*).

When they to me the information gave,
They spake not of a moat, but of — *a grave.*[167]

Digitized by Google

FAUST.

Below the hills a marshy plain
Infects what I so long have been retrieving;
This stagnant pool likewise to drain
Were now my latest and my best achieving.
To many millions let me furnish soil,
Though not secure, yet free to active toil;
Green, fertile fields, where men and herds go forth
At once, with comfort, on the newest Earth,
And swiftly settled on the hill's firm base,
Created by the bold, industrious race.
A land like Paradise here, round about:
Up to the brink the tide may roar without,
And though it gnaw, to burst with force the limit,
By common impulse all unite to hem it.
Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew.[168]
Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away
Of childhood, manhood, age, the vigorous day:
And such a throng I fain would see, —
Stand on free soil among a people free!
Then dared I hail the Moment fleeing:

Digitized by Google

"*Ah, still delay — thou art so fair!*"
The traces cannot, of mine earthly being,
In æons perish, — they are there! —
In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss,
I now enjoy the highest Moment, — this!

(FAUST *sinks back: the* LEMURES *take him and lay him upon the ground.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No joy could sate him, and suffice no bliss!
To catch but shifting shapes was his endeavor:
The latest, poorest, emptiest Moment — this, —
He wished to hold it fast forever.
Me he resisted in such vigorous wise,
But Time is lord, on earth the old man lies.[169]
The clock stands still —

CHORUS.

Stands still! silent as midnight, now!
The index falls.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It falls; and it is finished, here!

CHORUS.

'T is past!

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

— Past! a stupid word.
If past, then why?
Past and pure Naught, complete monotony!
What good for us, this endlessly creating? —
What is created then annihilating?
"And now it 's past!" Why read a page so twisted?
'T is just the same as if it ne'er existed,
Yet goes in circles round as if it had, however:
I 'd rather choose, instead, the Void forever.

SEPULTURE.[170]

LEMUR. *Solo.*

Who then hath built the house so ill,
With shovel and with spade?

LEMURES. *Chorus.*

For thee, dull guest, in hempen vest,
It all too well was made.

LEMUR. *Solo.*

Who then so ill hath decked the hall?
No chairs, nor table any!

Digitized by Google

LEMURES. *Chorus.*

'T was borrowed to return at call:
The creditors are so many.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Body lies, and if the Spirit flee,
I 'll show it speedily my blood-signed title. —
But, ah! they 've found such methods of requital,
His souls the Devil must oft abstracted see!
One now offends, the ancient way;
Upon the new we 're not yet recommended:
Once, I alone secured my prey,
But now by helpers need to be befriended.
In all things we must feel the spite!
Transmitted custom, ancient right, —
Nothing, indeed, can longer one confide in.
Once with the last breath left the soul her house;
I kept good watch, and like the nimblest mouse,
Whack! was she caught, and fast my claws her hide in!
Now she delays, and is not fain to quit
The dismal place, the corpse's hideous mansion;
The elements, in hostile, fierce expansion,
Drive her, at last, disgracefully from it.
And though I fret and worry till I 'm weary,

Digitized by Google

*When? How?* and *Where?* remains the fatal query:
Old Death is now no longer swift and strong;
Even the *Whether* has been doubtful long.
Oft I beheld with lust the rigid members:
'T was only sham; Life kindled from its embers.

(*Fantastic, whirling gestures of conjuration.*)

Come on! Strike up the double quick, anew,
With straight or crooked horns, ye gentlemen infernal!
Of the old Devil-grit and kernel,
And bring at once the Jaws of Hell with you!
Hell hath a multitude of jaws, in short,[171]
To use as suiteth place and dignity;
But we, however, in this final sport,
Will henceforth less considerate be.

(*The fearful Jaws of Hell open, on the left.*)

The side-tusks yawn: then from the throat abysmal
The raging, fiery torrents flow,
And in the vapors of the background dismal
I see the city flame in endless glow.
Up to the teeth the breakers lash the red arena;
The Damned, in hope of help, are swimming through;
But, caught and mangled by the fell hyena,
Their path of fiery torment they renew.

Digitized by Google

In every nook new horrors flash and brighten,
In narrow space so much of dread supreme!
Well have you done, the sinners thus to frighten;
But still they 'll think it lie, and cheat, and dream!

(*To the stout Devils, with short, straight horns.*)

Now, paunchy scamps, with cheeks so redly burning!
Ye glow, so fat with hellish sulphur fed;
With necks thick-set and stumpy, never turning, —
Watch here below, if phosphor-light be shed:
It is the Soul, the winged Psyche is it;
Pluck off the wings, 't is but a hideous worm: [172]
First with my stamp and seal the thing I 'll visit,
Then fling it to the whirling, fiery storm!
The lower parts be well inspected,
Ye Bloats! perform your duty well:
If there the Soul her seat selected
We cannot yet exactly tell.
Oft in the navel doth she stay:
Look out for that, she thence may slip away!

(*To the lean Devils, with long, crooked horns.*)

Ye lean buffoons, file-leaders strange and giant,
Grasp in the air, yourselves no respite give!
Strong in the arms, with talons sharp and pliant,



Digitized by Google

That ye may seize the fluttering fugitive!
In her old home discomforted she lies,
And Genius, surely, seeks at once to rise.[173]

(*Glory from above, on the right.*)

THE HEAVENLY HOST.

Envoys, unhindered,
Heavenly kindred,
Follow us here!
Sinners forgiving,
Dust to make living!
Lovingest features
Unto all creatures
Show in your swaying,
Delaying career!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Discords I hear, a harsh, disgusting strumming,
Flung from above with the unwelcome Day;
'T is that emasculate and bungled humming
Which Pious Cant delights in, every way.
You know how we, atrociously contented,
Destruction for the human race have planned:
But the most infamous that we 've invented

Digitized by Google

Is just the thing their prayers demand.[174]
The fops, they come as hypocrites, to fool us!
Thus many have they snatched, before our eyes:
With our own weapons they would overrule us;
They 're also Devils — in disguise.
To lose this case would be your lasting shame;
On to the grave, and fortify your claim!

CHORUS OF ANGELS (*scattering roses*).[175]

Roses, ye glowing ones,
Balsam-bestowing ones!
Fluttering, quivering,
Sweetness delivering,
Branching unblightedly,
Budding delightedly,
Bloom and be seen!
Springtime declare him,
In purple and green!
Paradise bear him,
The Sleeper serene!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Satans*).

Why do ye jerk and squat? Is this Hell's rule?
Stand to your ground, and let them sprinkle!
Back to his place each gawky fool!

Digitized by Google

They think, perhaps, with such a flowery crinkle,
As if 't were snow, the Devils' heat to cool:
Your breath shall make it melt, and shrink, and wrinkle.
Now blow, ye Blowers! — 'T is enough, enough!
Before your breath fades all the floating stuff.
Not so much violence, — shut jaws and noses!
Forsooth, ye blow too strongly at the roses.
The proper measure can you never learn?
They sting not only, but they wither, burn!
They hover on with flames of deadly lustre:
Resist them ye, and close together cluster! —
Your force gives out; all courage fails you so:
The Devils scent the strange, alluring glow.

ANGELS.[176]

Blossoms of gratitude,
Flames of beatitude,
Love they are bearing now,
Rapture preparing now,
As the heart may!
Truth in its nearness,
Ether in clearness,
Give the Eternal Hosts
Everywhere Day!

Digitized by Google

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O curse and shame upon such dolts be sped!
Each Satan stands upon his head!
In somersaults the stout ones whirl and swerve,
And into Hell plunge bottom-uppermost.
Now may your bath be hot as you deserve!
But I remain, unflinching, at my post.

(*Beating off the hovering roses.*)

Off, will-o'-the-wisps! Bright as ye seem to be,
When caught, the vilest clinging filth are ye.
Why flutter thus? Off with you, quick!—
Like pitch and sulphur on my neck they stick.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.[177]

What not appertaineth
To you, cease to share it!
What inwardly paineth,
Refuse ye to bear it!
If it press in with might,
Use we our stronger right:
Love but the Loving
Leads to the Light!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My head, heart, liver, by the flames are rent!

Digitized by Google

An over-devilish element! —
Sharper than Hell's red conflagration!
Thence so enormous is your lamentation,
Unfortunate Enamored! who, so spurned,
Your heads towards the sweethearts' side have turned.
Mine, too! What twists my head in like position?
With them am I not sworn to competition?
The sight of them once made my hatred worse.
Hath then an alien force transpierced my nature?
I like to see them, youths of loveliest stature;
What now restrains me, that I dare not curse? [178] —
And if I take their cozening bait so,
Who else, henceforth, the veriest fool will be?
The stunning fellows, whom I hate so,
How very charming they appear to me! —
Tell me, sweet children, ere I miss you,
Are ye not of the race of Lucifer?
You are so fair, forsooth, I 'd like to kiss you;
It seems to me as if ye welcome were.
I feel as comfortable and as trustful,
As though a thousand times ere this we 'd met!
So surreptitiously catlike-lustful:
With every glance ye 're fairer, fairer yet.
O, nearer come, — O, grant me one sweet look!

Digitized by Google

ANGELS.

We come! Why shrink? Canst not our presence brook?
Now we approach: so, if thou canst, remain!

(*The* ANGELS, *coming forward, occupy the whole space.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*who is crowded into the proscenium*).

Us, Spirits damned, you brand with censure,
Yet you are wizards by indenture;
For man and woman, luring, you enchain. —
What chance the curst adventure brings me?
Is this Love's chosen element?
The fire o'er all my body stings me;
My neck I scarcely feel, so hotly sprent. —
Ye hover back and forth; sink down and settle!
Move your sweet limbs with more of worldly mettle!
The serious air befits you well, awhile,
But I should like, just once, to see you smile;
That were, for me, an everlasting rapture.
I mean, as lovers look, the heart to capture;
About the mouth a simper there must be.
Thee, tall one, as enticing I 'll admit thee;
The priestly mien does not at all befit thee,
So look at me the least bit wantonly!

Digitized by Google

You might be nakeder, and modest made so:
Your shirts' long drapery is over-moral. —
They turn! — and, from the rear surveyed so,
With their attraction there 's no need to quarrel!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Love still revealing,
Flames, become clearer!
All, cursed with error,
Truth be their healing!
Glad self-retrieval
Free them from Evil,
In the all-folding Breast,
Blessed, to rest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*collecting himself*).

How is 't with me? — Like Job, the boils have cleft me
From head to foot, so that myself I shun;
Yet triumph also, when my self-inspection 's done, —
When self and tribe I have confided in.
The noble Devil-parts, at least, are left me!
This love-attack 's a rash upon the skin.
Burned out already are the scurvy fires,
And one and all I damn you, as the case requires!

Digitized by Google

CHORUS OF ANGELS.[179]

Hallowed glories!
Round whom they brood,
Wakes unto being
Of bliss with the Good.
Join ye, the Glorified,
Rise to your goal!
Airs are all purified, —
Breathe now the Soul!

(*They rise, bearing away the immortal part of* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking around him*).

But how? — at once I find them failing!
This race of minors takes me by surprise!
They with their booty heavenwards are sailing;
Thence on this grave they cast their greedy eyes!
My rare, great treasure they have peculated:
The lofty soul, to me hypothecated,
They 've rapt away from me in cunning wise.
But unto whom shall I appeal for justice?
Who would secure to me my well-earned right?
Tricked so in one's old days, a great disgust is;
And I deserve it, this infernal spite.
I 've managed in a most disgraceful fashion;



Digitized by Google

A great investment has been thrown away:
By lowest lust seduced, and senseless passion,
The old, case-hardened Devil went astray.[180]
And if from all this childish-silly stuff
His shrewd experience could not wrest him,
So is, forsooth, the folly quite enough,
Which, in conclusion, hath possessed him.

Digitized by Google

## VII.

MOUNTAIN-GORGES, FOREST, ROCK, DESERT.

HOLY ANCHORITES,[181]

*Divided in ascending planes, posted among the ravines.*

CHORUS AND ECHO.

FORESTS are waving grand,
Rocks, they are huge at hand,
Clutching, the roots expand,
Thickly the tree-trunks stand;
Foaming comes wave on wave;
Shelter hath deepest cave;
Lions are prowling dumb,
Friendly where'er we come,
Honoring the sacred place,
Refuge of Love and Grace!

PATER ECSTATICUS[182]

(*hovering up and down*).

Endless ecstatic fire,
Glow of the pure desire,

Digitized by Google

Pain of the pining breast,
Rapture of God possessed!
Arrows, transpierce ye me,
Lances, coerce ye me,
Bludgeons, so batter me,
Lightnings, so shatter me,
That all of mortality's
Vain unrealities
Die, and the Star above
Beam but Eternal Love!

PATER PROFUNDUS.[183]

(*Lower Region.*)

As at my feet abysses cloven
Rest on abysses deep below;
As thousand severed streams are woven
To foamy floods that plunging go;
As, up by self-impulsion driven,
The tree its weight sustains in air,
To Love, almighty Love, 't is given
All things to form, and all to bear.
Around me sounds a savage roaring,
As rocks and forests heaved and swayed,
Yet plunges, bounteous in its pouring,

Digitized by Google

The wealth of waters down the glade,
Appointed, then, the vales to brighten;
The bolt, that flaming struck and burst,
The atmosphere to cleanse and lighten,
Which pestilence in its bosom nursed, —
Love's heralds both, the powers proclaiming,
Which, aye creative, us infold.
May they, within my bosom flaming,
Inspire the mind, confused and cold,
Which frets itself, through blunted senses,
As by the sharpest fetter-smart!
O God, soothe Thou my thoughts bewildered,
Enlighten Thou my needy heart!

PATER SERAPHICUS.[184]

(*Middle Region.*)

What a cloud of morning hovers
O'er the pine-trees' tossing hair!
Can I guess what life it covers?
They are spirits, young and fair.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS.[185]

Tell us, Father, where we wander;
Tell us, Kind One, who are we.

Digitized by Google

Happy are we; for so tender
Unto all, it is, To Be.

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Boys, brought forth in midnights haunted,
Half-unsealed the sense and brain,
For the parents lost when granted,
For the angels sweetest gain!
That a loving heart is nigh you
You can feel: then come to me!
But of earthly ways that try you,
Blest ones! not a trace have ye.
Enter in mine eyes: enjoy them,
Organs for the earthly sphere!
As your own ye may employ them:
Look upon the landscape here!

(*He takes them into himself.*)[186]

Those are trees, there rocks defend us;
Here, a stream that leaps below,
And with plunges, wild, tremendous,
Shorteneth its journey so.

BLESSED BOYS (*from within him*).

To a vision grand we waken,
But the scenes too gloomy show;

Digitized by Google

We with fear and dread are shaken:
Kindest Father, let us go!

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Upward rise to higher borders!
Ever grow, insensibly,
As, by pure, eternal orders,
God's high Presence strengthens ye!
Such the Spirits' sustentation,
With the freest ether blending;
Love's eternal Revelation,
To Beatitude ascending.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS

(*circling around the highest summit*).

Hands now enring ye,
Joyously wheeling!
Soar ye and sing ye,
With holiest feeling!
The Teacher before ye,
Trust, and be bold!
Whom ye adore, ye
Him shall behold.

Digitized by Google

ANGELS

(*soaring in the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of* FAUST).

The noble Spirit now is free,
And saved from evil scheming:
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.[187]
And if he feels the grace of Love
That from On High is given,
The Blessed Hosts, that wait above,
Shall welcome him to Heaven!

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

They, the roses, freely spended
By the penitent, the glorious,
Helped to make the fight victorious,
And the lofty work is ended.
We this precious Soul have won us;
Evil ones we forced to shun us;
Devils fled us, when we hit them:
'Stead of pangs of Hell, that bit them,
Love-pangs felt they, sharper, vaster:
Even he, old Satan-Master,
Pierced with keenest pain, retreated.
Now rejoice! The work 's completed!

Digitized by Google

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

Earth's residue to bear
Hath sorely pressed us;
It were not pure and fair,
Though 't were asbestus.
When every element
The mind's high forces
Have seized, subdued, and blent,
No Angel divorces
Twin-natures single grown,
That inly mate them:
Eternal Love, alone,
Can separate them.[188]

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Mist-like on heights above,
We now are seeing
Nearer and nearer move
Spiritual Being.
The clouds are growing clear;
And moving throngs appear
Of Blessed Boys,
Free from the earthly gloom,
In circling poise,



Digitized by Google

Who taste the cheer
Of the new spring-time bloom
Of the upper sphere.
Let them inaugurate
Him to the perfect state,
Now, as their peer!

THE BLESSED BOYS.

Gladly receive we now
Him, as a chrysalis:
Therefore achieve we now
Pledge of our bliss.
The earth-flakes dissipate
That cling around him!
See, he is fair and great!
Divine Life hath crowned him.

DOCTOR MARIANUS [189]

(*in the highest, purest cell*).

Free is the view at last,
The spirit lifted:
There women, floating past,
Are upward drifted:
The Glorious One therein,

Digitized by Google

With star-crown tender, —
The pure, the Heavenly Queen,
I know her splendor.

(*Enraptured.*)

Highest Mistress of the World!
Let me in the azure
Tent of Heaven, in light unfurled,
Here thy Mystery measure!
Justify sweet thoughts that move
Breast of man to meet thee,
And with holy bliss of love
Bear him up to greet thee!
With unconquered courage we
Do thy bidding highest;
But at once shall gentle be,
When thou pacifiest.
Virgin, pure in brightest sheen,
Mother sweet, supernal, —
Unto us Elected Queen,
Peer of Gods Eternal!
Light clouds are circling
Around her splendor, —
Penitent women
Of natures tender,

Digitized by Google

Her knees embracing,
Ether respiring,
Mercy requiring!
Thou, in immaculate ray,
Mercy not leavest,
And the lightly led astray,
Who trust thee, receivest!
In their weakness fallen at length,
Hard it is to save them:
Who can crush, by native strength,
Vices that enslave them?
Whose the foot that may not slip
On the surface slanting?
Whom befool not eye and lip,
Breath and voice enchanting?

(*The* MATER GLORIOSA *soars into the space.*)[190]

CHORUS OF WOMEN PENITENTS.

To heights thou 'rt speeding
Of endless Eden:
Receive our pleading,
Transcendent Maiden,
With Mercy laden!

Digitized by Google

MAGNA PECCATRIX.[191] (*St. Luke*, vii. 36.)

By the love before him kneeling, —
Him, Thy Son, a godlike vision;
By the tears like balsam stealing,
Spite of Pharisees' derision;
By the box, whose ointment precious
Shed its spice and odors cheery;
By the locks, whose softest meshes
Dried the holy feet and weary! —

MULIER SAMARITANA. (*St. John*, iv.)

By that well, the ancient station
Whither Abram's flocks were driven;
By the jar, whose restoration
To the Saviour's lips was given;
By the fountain, pure and vernal,
Thence its present bounty spending, —
Overflowing, bright, eternal,
Watering the worlds unending! —

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA. (*Acta Sanctorum.*)

By the place, where the Immortal
Body of the Lord hath lain;
By the arm, which, from the portal,

Digitized by Google

Warning, thrust me back again;
By the forty years' repentance
In the lonely desert-land;
By the blissful farewell sentence
Which I wrote upon the sand! —

THE THREE.

Thou Thy presence not deniest
Unto sinful women ever, —
Liftest them to win the highest
Gain of penitent endeavor, —
So, from this good soul withdraw not —
Who but once forgot, transgressing,
Who her loving error saw not —
Pardon adequate, and blessing!

UNA PŒNITENTIUM [192]

(*formerly named Margaret, stealing closer*).

Incline, O Maiden,
With Mercy laden,
In light unfading,
Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
My loved, my lover,
His trials over
In yonder world, returns to me in this!

Digitized by Google

BLESSED BOYS

(*approaching in hovering circles*).

With mighty limbs he towers
Already above us;
He, for this love of ours,
Will richlier love us.
Early were we removed,
Ere Life could reach us;
Yet he hath learned and proved,
And he will teach us.

THE PENITENT

(*formerly named Margaret*).

The spirit-choir around him seeing,
New to himself, he scarce divines
His heritage of new-born Being,
When like the Holy Host he shines.
Behold, how he each band hath cloven,
The earthly life had round him thrown,
And through his garb, of ether woven,
The early force of youth is shown!
Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him!
Still dazzles him the Day's new glare.

Digitized by Google

MATER GLORIOSA.

Rise, thou, to higher spheres! Conduct him,
Who, feeling thee, shall follow there![193]

DOCTOR MARIANUS

(*prostrate, adoring*).

Penitents, look up, elate,
Where she beams salvation;
Gratefully to blessed fate
Grow, in re-creation!
Be our souls, as they have been,
Dedicate to Thee!
Virgin Holy, Mother, Queen,
Goddess, gracious be!

CHORUS MYSTICUS.[194]

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to Event:
The Indescribable,
Here it is done:
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!

Digitized by Google

# NOTES.

"Both Parts are symmetrical in their structure. The First moves with deliberate swiftness from Heaven through the World to Hell: the Second returns therefrom through the World to Heaven. Between the two lies the emancipation of Faust from the torment of his conscious guilt, — lies his Lethe, his assimilation of the Past.

"In regard to substance, the First Part begins religiously, becomes metaphysical, and terminates ethically. The Second Part begins ethically, becomes æsthetic, and terminates religiously. In one, Love and Knowledge are confronted with each other: in the other, Practical Activity and Art, the Ideal of the Beautiful.

"In regard to form, the First Part advances from the hymnal chant to monologue and dialogue: the Second Part from monologue and dialogue to the dithyrambic, closing with the hymn, which here glorifies not alone The Lord and His uncomprehended lofty works, but the Human in the process of its union with the Divine, through Redemption and Atonement."

Rosenkranz.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# NOTES.

### 1. Ariel.

This first scene has the character of a Prologue to the Second Part of *Faust*, the action of which commences with the following scene. An indefinite period of time separates the two parts of the drama. Neither in his own life nor in his poetical creations did Goethe ever give space to remorse for an irrevocable deed. When Faust disappears with Mephistopheles, all his later torture of soul has been already suggested to the reader, and nothing of it can properly be introduced here, where the whole plan and scope of the work is changed.

Goethe firmly believed in healthy and final recovery from moral as from physical hurt: his remedial agents were Time and Nature. In Riemer's collection of *Brocardica* I find the following fragment: —

> Nichts taugt Ungeduld,
> Noch weniger Reue:
> Jene vermehrt die Schuld,
> Diese schafft neue.

(Impatience is of no service, still less Remorse. That increases the offence, this creates new offences.) He overcame his own great sorrows by temporarily withdrawing from society and surrendering himself to the influences of Nature; and we are to suppose that Faust repeats this experience. The healing process is symbolized in this opening scene, wherein the elves represent the delicate, mysterious agencies through which Nature operates on the human soul. Ariel — who was Poetry in the *Intermezzo* of the Walpurgis-Night — here takes the place of Oberon as leader of the elves, possibly because the soul capable of a poetic apprehension of Nature is most open to her subtle consolations.

### 2. *Four pauses makes the Night upon her courses.*

Goethe here refers to the four *vigiliæ*, or night-watches, of the Romans, each of three hours; so that the whole, from six in the evening until six in the morning, include both sunset and sunrise. I see no reason to suspect, in addition, a reference to Jean Paul's four phases of slumber, especially as the latter division is rather fantastic than real, the phases of healthy slumber being only three. The line, —

"Then sprinkle him with Lethe's drowsy spray,"

Digitized by Google

recalls a passage in one of Goethe's letters to Zelter: "With every breath we draw, an ethereal current of Lethe flows through our whole being, so that we remember our joys but imperfectly, our cares and sorrows scarcely at all."

3. Chorus.

The four verses of the Chorus correspond to the four *vigiliæ*. The first describes the evening twilight; the second, the dead of night; the third, the coming of the dawn; and the fourth, the awaking to the day. The direction in regard to the chanting of the verses by the alternate or collective voices of the elves was added, in view of the possible representation of the drama upon the stage. Even where he had no such special intention, Goethe was fond of attaching a *theatrical* reality to his poetic creations; but throughout the Second Part he has purposely done this, in order to counteract the tendency of his symbolism to become vague and formless.

4. *With a crash the Light draws near.*

We may conjecture that Goethe had in his mind the Rospigliosi Aurora of Guido, which suggests noise and the sound of trumpets; but he also referred both to ancient myths and the guesses of the science of his day. Tacitus speaks of a legend current among the Germans, that, beyond the land of the Suiones, the sun gives forth audible sounds in setting. The same statement is found in Posidonius and Juvenal. In Macpherson's *Ossian*, "the rustling sun comes forth from his green-headed waves." Also in the German mediæval poem of "Titurel," the sun is said to utter sounds sweeter than lutes and the songs of birds, on rising. The crash described by Ariel is only audible to the "spirit-hearing" of the elves, who at once disappear, and Faust awakens, his being "cleansed from the suffered woes."

5. *Look up! — The mountain summits, grand, supernal.*

The scene described is Swiss, and from the neighborhood of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. Goethe's projected journey to Italy in 1797 terminated with a tour in that region, in company with the artist Meyer. In the third volume of Eckermann's Conversations, he is reported as having given the following account of his studies for the proposed epic of "Tell," and the use he afterwards made of the material: —

"I visited again the lake and the little Cantons, and those attractive, beautiful, and sublime landscapes made such a renewed impression upon me, that I was tempted to embody in a poem the variety and richness of the scenery. In order, therefore, to add the proper interest and life to my description, I resolved to people the important locality with equally important personages, and the legend of Tell was the very thing I needed."

After sketching his conceptions of the different characters, Goethe continued: "I was entirely possessed with

Digitized by Google

the subject, and already began, from time to time, to hum my hexameters. I saw the lake in quiet moonshine, with illuminated mist in the gorges of the mountains. I saw it in the glow of the loveliest morning sun, and the awakening life and rejoicing of grove and meadow. Then I painted a storm, a thunder-gust, hurled from the gorges upon the lake. Moreover, there was no lack of night and silence, and secret meetings on bridges and Alpine paths.

"I communicated all this to Schiller, in whose soul my landscapes and characters grew to a drama. Since I had other things to do, and postponed more and more the fulfilment of my plan, I finally made over my material to him, and he thereupon produced his admirable poem."

"I stated," said Eckermann, "my impression, that the splendid description of sunrise, written in *terza rima*, in the first scene of the Second Part of *Faust*, might have sprung from the memories of those landscapes of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons."

"I will not deny," said Goethe, "that the features of the description are thence drawn. Nay, I could not even have imagined the substance of the *terzinen*, without the fresh impressions of that wonderful scenery. But that is all which I coined for myself out of the gold of my Tell-localities: the rest I relinquished to Schiller."

There seems to be a slight obscurity in the passage commencing: —

"'T is thus, when unto yearning hope's endeavor."

The substance of German comment is, that Faust is overwhelmed, as when the Earth-Spirit appears to him in the First Part, by the apparition of perfect and universally illuminating Truth, which his human eyesight cannot endure. The sudden and complete fulfilment of a hope, he reflects, has the same bewildering effect; and he hides himself "in youthful drapery" (*veil*, in the original), since youth is content with an amazed acceptance of the highest revelations of Life, without seeking to penetrate their mysteries.

6. *Life is not light, but the refracted color.*

Here the above thought is repeated in a metaphor drawn from Goethe's studies of Color. The waterfall is a symbol of human endeavor, — impetuous, never-ending, destructive, yet inspiring, and creating force; and the rainbow is the divided ray of the intolerably keen white light of Truth, as it is reflected in and overhangs the movement of life. Shelley expresses exactly a similar thought in a different image: —

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

In Goethe's description of the Falls of the Rhine, at Schaffhausen, we find the germ from which his thought grew: "The rainbow appeared in its greatest beauty: it stood with unmoving foot in the midst of the tremendous

Digitized by Google

foam and spray, which, threatening forcibly to destroy it, were every moment forced to create it anew."

I have not translated the above line strictly in harmony with Goethe's *Farbenlehre*. "*Am farbigen Abglanz haben wir das Leben*" is, literally: "In the colored *reflection* we have Life." Goethe's theory is that Color is not produced by the *refraction* of the ray, but is the result of the *mixture* of light and darkness, in different degrees. His conclusions were drawn from only partial observation, and have been proved to be incorrect. I therefore feel justified in using a term which best interprets his thought as a poet, without reference to this glimpse of his theory as a man of science.

The opening scene strikes the keynote which reverberates through the Second Part. Faust lets his "dead Past bury its dead": but his intellect has been purified by his experience of human love, delight, and suffering. He resumes, in another and more enlightened sense, his aspiration for the "highest being," and we must accompany him, henceforward, with our intellectual, and not, as in the First Part, with our emotional nature.

### 7. Emperor.

On the 1st of October, 1827, Goethe read the manuscript of this scene to Eckermann. "In the Emperor," said he, "I have endeavored to represent a Prince who has all possible qualities for losing his realm — in which, indeed, he afterwards succeeds.

"The welfare of the Empire and of his subjects gives him no trouble; he thinks only of himself, and how he may *amuse* himself, from day to day, with something new. The land is without order and law, the judges themselves accomplices with the criminals, and all manner of crime is committed unhindered and unpunished. The army is unpaid, without discipline, and ranges around plundering, in order to help itself to its pay, as best it can. The treasury is without money and without the hope of further contributions. In the Emperor's household things are not much better: there are deficiencies in kitchen and cellar. The Lord High Steward, more undecided from day to day what course to pursue, is already in the hands of usurious Jews, to whom everything has been mortgaged, and even the bread on the Emperor's table has been eaten in advance.

"The Council means to represent to His Majesty all these evils, and to consult with him how they may be removed; but the Most Gracious Ruler has no inclination to lend his ear to such disagreeable things: he would much rather be diverted. Here, now, is the true element for Mephisto, who has speedily made away with the former Fool, and as new Fool and Councillor stands at the Emperor's side."

Goethe took from the old legend the idea of presenting Faust at the Court of the German Emperor. The proper manner of Faust's introduction, however, seems to have given him a great deal of trouble: more than one outline-

Digitized by Google

sketch must have been rejected, and this initial difficulty probably retarded for many years the completion of the work. Falk gives us the following plan, as having been communicated to him by Goethe (probably between 1806 and 1813) : —

" Because Faust desires to know the whole world, Mephistopheles proposes to him, among other things, that he shall seek for an audience with the Emperor. It is the time of the latter's coronation. Faust and Mephistopheles arrive safely in Frankfurt, and must now be announced. Faust refuses, because he knows not upon what subject to converse with the Emperor. But Mephistopheles encourages him with the promise that he will accompany him at the appointed time, support him when the conversation flags, and, in case it should fail entirely, will assume both his speech and his form, so that the Emperor will really not know with whom he has spoken or not spoken. With this understanding Faust finally accepts the proposition. Both betake themselves to the hall of audience and are received. Faust, on his part, in order to show himself worthy of the Imperial grace, summons up all his wit and knowledge, and speaks of the loftiest things. Nevertheless, his fire warms only himself: the Emperor remains cold, yawns continually, and is on the point of terminating the interview. Mephistopheles perceives this in the nick of time, and comes to Faust's assistance, as he had promised. He assumes the same form, and stands bodily before the Emperor as Faust, with the latter's mantle, doublet, ruff, and the sword at his side. He now continues the conversation, just where Faust left off; but with a very different and much more brilliant result. He chatters, swaggers, and prates so to the right and the left, hither and thither, of all things on earth and outside of it, that the Emperor is beside himself with amazement, and assures the lords present that this is a thoroughly learned man, to whom he could listen for days and weeks, without becoming weary. At first, indeed, he was not particularly edified, but after the man had warmed to his subject, nothing finer could be imagined than the manner in which he set forth all things so briefly, yet so gracefully and intelligently. He, as Emperor, must confess that he had never before found united in one person such treasures of thought and experience, with such knowledge of human nature, — not even in the wisest of his Councillors."

This plan, although humorous, would require too much elaboration to serve as the mere vehicle of Faust's introduction at Court; and the fact that Goethe related it to Falk is sufficient proof that he had already rejected it. We have his own word for the fact that he never dared to communicate his poetical ideas in advance, even to Schiller; and he would be much less likely to bestow so intimate a confidence upon a man so vain and garrulous as Falk.

8. *What 's cursed and welcomely expected?*

Mephistopheles commends himself to the Emperor's grace by a riddle of

Digitized by Google

which himself (the Fool) is the solution. Some, however, consider "Justice" to be the true interpretation, and Hartung insists on finding in the lines a resemblance to Schiller's riddle of "Genius."

9. Murmurs of the Crowd.

The part given to the crowd of spectators in this and the following scene is evidently imitated from the Greek Chorus. The "murmurs" are confused and fragmentary comments on the action, and they also seem to have been partly designed to represent the masses who passively accept Life in whatever form it comes to them, or as it may be moulded for them by active and positive individual natures. The satire indicated in these passages is for the most part pointless, and we cannot but feel that they add an unnecessary heaviness to what is, without them, the least edifying part of the drama.

10. *But tell me why, in days so fair.*

Goethe's conception of the character of the Emperor (given in Note 7) is here illustrated. The Fool and the Astrologer, standing on his right and left hand, are the two Court officials to whose counsel he is most inclined to listen. The former relieves the tedium of state affairs, and the latter has cast an auspicious horoscope of his fortunes; yet, even with their aid, he consents reluctantly and with a half-protest to hear the reports of his ministers. The titles of the latter are taken from the mediæval organization of the German Imperial Court, where they were hereditary in certain princely houses. The dignity of Arch Chancellor belonged to the Elector of Mayence; of Arch Banner-Lord (for which Goethe has substituted "General-in-Chief") to the Elector of Würtemberg; of Arch-Treasurer to the Elector of Brunswick; and of Arch-Marshal to the Elector of Saxony. I have translated the word *Marschalk*, on account of the character of the office, into "Lord High Steward." In spite of the conjectures of some of the German commentators, it is not probable that reference is made to any particular historical period. The decadence of *an* Empire is necessary for the part assigned to Mephistopheles and the later impatience of Faust with his experience of "the greater world."

11. *The Saints and Knights are they.*

The satire in this passage — of which the Chancellor himself is quite unconscious — needs no explanation. Nature and Mind, in all ages, are the bugbears of privileged classes, and the speaker, here, is the representative of both the Saints (the priesthood) and the Knights.

In the *Paralipomena* there is a fragment of a scene which must have been intended as a substitute for the present. It is sketched in prose: —

Bishop.

They are pagan views; I have found similar ones in Marcus Aurelius. They are the pagan virtues.

Mephistopheles.

And that means — splendid vices. It is just, for that reason, that the prisoners should one and all be burned.

Digitized by Google

EMPEROR.

I find it hard: what say you, Bishop?

BISHOP.

Without evading the sentence of our all-wise Church, I am inclined to believe that, at once —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pardon! Pagan virtues? I would fain have had them punished; but if it may not be otherwise, we will pardon them. — For the present thou art absolved, and again in thy right. —

12. *The spheres of Hour and House are in his ken.*

The astrologers divided the celestial hemisphere into twelve parts, which were called Houses. In casting a horoscope, it was necessary to have, first, the hour of birth and the latitude and longitude of the birth-place. The location of the sun, moon, planets, and the signs of the zodiac in the different houses, was then ascertained. As each house represented a special human interest or passion, and each planet a special controlling force, the various combinations which thus arose furnished the material out of which the horoscope was constructed.

The speech of the Astrologer, prompted by Mephistopheles, refers to the seven metals, to which the mediæval alchemists attached the names of the seven planets. The sun is gold, the moon silver; Mercury is quicksilver, Venus copper, Mars iron, Jupiter tin, and Saturn lead.

13. *There lies the fiddler, there the gold!*

Clemens Brentano, in his "Boy's Wonder-horn," states that it is a common superstition in Germany, that, when one accidentally stumbles, he is passing over the spot where a fiddler is buried.

The expressions of Mephistopheles refer to the power of divination supposed to be possessed by certain persons. They suggest a passage in *Wilhelm Meister*, where Jarno describes a man who accompanies him on his mineralogical journeys: "He possessed very wonderful faculties, and a most peculiar relation to all which we call stone, mineral, or even element. He felt not only the strong effect of the subterranean streams, deposits of metal, strata of coal, and all such substances as are found in masses, but also, what was more remarkable, his sensations changed with every change of the soil." Goethe, himself, seems to have had a half-belief in the possibility of an occult instinct of this nature.

14. *He seeks saltpetre where the clay-walls stand.*

Old walls, especially in damp cellars and subterranean passages, become covered with an incrustation of saltpetre, the collection of which was formerly a government monopoly.

15. *A cask of tartar holds the wine.*

It is a general belief in Germany that when a cask of wine has been kept for centuries, it gradually deposits a crust



Digitized by Google

of tartar, which may acquire such a consistency as to hold the liquid when the staves have rotted away. The wine thus becomes its own cask, and preserves itself in a thick, oily state. It is then supposed to possess wonderful medicinal powers.

### 16. Carnival Masquerade.

In the "Carnival Masquerade" we reach the first entangling episode of the Second Part of *Faust*. That the entire scene is an allegory, is evident; and we can scarcely be mistaken in assuming its chief motive to be the representation of the human race in its social and political organization. This basis has been accepted, almost unanimously, by the German critics; but upon it each has built his own individual theory of the development of the idea through the characters introduced. Whether intentionally or unconsciously, Goethe himself has added not a little to the confusion by introducing, now and then, a double (possibly even a *triple*) symbolism: therefore, although we may feel tolerably secure in regard to the elements which he represents, so many additional meanings are suggested that we walk the labyrinth with a continual suspicion of our path.

I shall endeavor to hold fast to the firm determination with which I commenced the work, — that of not adding another to the many theories already in existence. The reader, nevertheless, requires, if not an infallible clew, at least an adequate number of indications pointing in the same direction, to carry him forwards. Unless he is sufficiently interested to add his own guesses, on the way, to those of the critics and commentators, — to perceive, at least, the concentric meanings in which the allegorical forms are enveloped, — he will probably grow weary long before this digression returns again to the original course of the drama.

The design of the Carnival Masquerade is similar to that of Scene II. ("Before the City-Gate") of the First Part. The latter gives us a picture of life in a small German town, — a narrow circle of individual characters, as they would appear to Faust in his "little world." The broader sphere into which he has now entered requires an equally broad and comprehensive picture of Human Life, as it is moulded by Society and Government. Schiller, to whom Goethe confided his literary plans more fully than to any other friend, foresaw the difficulty to be encountered. He wrote (in June, 1797): "A source of anxiety to me is, that Faust, according to your design, seems to require such a great amount of material, if the idea is finally to appear complete; and I find no poetical hoop which can encircle such a cumulative mass. Well, you will no doubt be able to help yourself. For example: Faust must necessarily, to my thinking, be conducted into the active life of the world, and whatever part of it you may choose out of the great whole, the very nature of it seems to require too much particularity and diffuseness."

Goethe, who wrote to Schiller, "it

Digitized by Google

gives one a new spirit for labor, when one sees one's own thoughts and purposes indicated externally, by another," was unable, in the end, to select any detachable phase of Society, and therefore attempted to present the elements which enter into all human association, under the form of a mask. We are first introduced to types of the classes of persons who are found in Society; then to the moral elements, represented by the Graces, the Parcæ, and the Furies; the symbol of a wisely organized government follows, with an interlude in which Poetry appears as the companion of Wealth. The debasing influences of the lust of gain and the madness of speculation are set forth, the Fauns, Satyrs, and Gnomes are introduced as types of the ruder forces of human nature, and the Carnival closes with a catastrophe in which most of the critics see Revolution symbolized.

This is the simplest and most obvious outline of the scene. At every step, however, there are additional references and suggestions, the most important of which are explained in the succeeding Notes. The views of German commentators are tolerably accordant in regard to Goethe's general design; but, when they come to particulars, they strike so many individual tangents from the central thought. Düntzer says: "The collective representations of the Masquerade refer to civil and political life. The first group of masks whom we meet exhibit the external blessings of life, followed by another group who set forth those moral features of life which are most influenced by external possessions. The State, prudently governed, and made prosperous by the wise activity of its Ruler, is then presented to us in an allegorical picture, whereto the concluding symbol of a State overthrown by the selfishness and weakness of a self-indulgent Ruler forms an explanatory contrast."

Schnetger divides the scene into five parts: I. "A picture of the cheerful, rich garden of Life." II. A sketch of the disorganizing influences in human society, which require to be governed; of the beneficent powers which have lost their sway in our modern world, and of the darker elements which have taken their place. III. A representation of a well-governed State. IV. The worship of Mammon in human society, and the vulgar hunger of the multitude for gold. V. The collision of the cupidity of the People with that of the Prince, followed by a general conflagration.

Hartung considers that the forms and forces of social life are directly presented, and finds a class of *persons*, not of *ideas*, behind each mask. He seems to include the elephant and its attendants (generally accepted as the symbol of the State) among the social allegories, but sees, in the conclusion, the overthrow of civil order.

Deycks and Köstlin reject the idea of a complete and consistent allegory of Society and Government. The latter, moreover, gives a different explanation of the final catastrophe, which is quoted in its appropriate place.

Digitized by Google

Kreyssig says of the scene: "Here the poet introduces that singular masquerade in which the action of the next following scenes is announced and allegorically hinted, and which, to the dispassionate mind, if not exactly the most difficult to be comprehended, is yet one of the most entangled and unrefreshing portions of the whole poem. Here the diction first displays all those ostentatious singularities, which have brought the Second Part of *Faust* into such bad repute with a part of the reading world. Here the poet first manifests, in easy latitude, his known tendency to mysterious, symbolic pranks, and loads the poem with a multitude of adjuncts which seem to us unnecessary for the comprehension and proper effect of the whole, — but rich material for the interpreters who are skilled in æsthetic filigree-work."

The careful reader will find that there is some truth in each one of the foregoing explanations, and that the chief confusion has arisen from the circumstance that Goethe could not find, as Schiller feared, a poetic hoop capable of encircling such a cumulative mass of material. I will only add, that, in the Notes which follow, referring to the separate masks, I have given preference to the simplest and most direct interpretation, which is always the more poetic and the more consistent with the laws of Goethe's mind, as manifested in his other works.

The scene of the Masquerade is not in Italy, as some suppose, but at the German Court, after the Emperor's return from his coronation by the Pope, at Rome. Maximilian I. was the first German Emperor who omitted this ceremony.

### 17. Garden-Girls.

The Masquerade is properly opened by the lightest, gayest, and most attractive element of Society, — the young, unmarried women. Goethe took the *fioraje* of Florence (not the present race!) as types of grace, beauty, and that art which seems artlessness. These qualities are the "flowers which blossom all the year." Hartung, in his notice of this passage, says: Every woman, who dresses herself with taste, is an artist for her own body."

"They" (the Garden-Girls) "represent, in contrast to the foregoing description of the needs of the Court, the simple, joyous, and enjoying nature of the race. The picturesque character of the poetry and the sententious grace of the address make this one of the most agreeable groups." — *Leutbecher.*

### 18. Olive-Branch, with Fruit.

If the allegory is consistently developed, we must suppose that the Olive-Branch, the Wreath of Ears, and the Fancy-Wreath are types of female character, or of the different forms of attraction whereby women draw towards them the complementary male characters. Schnetger, however, gives a different interpretation: "Joy and enjoyment flourish under the sheltering branch of Olive, the certain warrant of peace. Under its shadow, in the Gar-

Digitized by Google

den of Life, Nature creates the Golden Ear for the one who desires the Beautiful in union with the Useful; and Fancy, or Art, creates a thousand wreaths for the other, who only takes delight in gay and graceful forms."

Goethe's maxim, throughout the whole of the masquerade, seems to have been that of the Manager, in the "Prelude on the Stage": —

"Who offers much, brings something unto many."

I do not think it necessary, therefore, to load each detail with all the varieties of explanation. The reader, in any case, will find himself infected by the suggestiveness of the text, and thereby unconsciously led to interpret the forms according to his own individual taste.

19. *What our name is, Theophrastus.*

The reference is not to Theophrastus Paracelsus, but to Theophrastus of Lesbos, born B. C. 390, the disciple of Plato and the successor of Aristotle. Among his extant works is a "Natural History of Plants," a translation of which, by Sprengel, was published at Altona, in 1822; and his name was probably thereby suggested to Goethe.

The "Fancy Nosegay" seems to be designed as a type of the wilful, artful, bewildering power of woman, which does not attract all of the opposite sex, but the more surely fascinates a portion of it. This version of the mask is certainly indicated by the "Challenge," which next appears, and which is one with the "Rosebuds." We are to suppose that the emblematic rosebuds which she carries are temporarily concealed, and then suddenly produced as a contrast, exhibiting the superior charms of sweet, timid, modest maidenhood over the glamour of acquired feminine art.

Hartung says: "The Fancy-Wreath and the Fancy Nosegay mean to unite Art and Poetry, which create a second artificial nature within Nature: and especially the latter, the poetic temperament, seeks a heart capable of recognition and love. The Rosebud, on the contrary, does not make herself conspicuous by show and glitter: she will only open her glowing bosom to the lucky finder."

In Goethe's "Four Seasons" there is the following distich: —

Thou to the blooming maiden mayest be likened, O Rosebud!
Who as the fairest is seen, yet through her modesty fair.

20. Gardeners.

Although some commentators assert that the preceding masks of flowers represent the attraction of *appearance*, and the fruits which are now brought forward must therefore represent positive *possession*, I prefer to stand by the more obvious solution, and to see in the gardeners only the male element of Society. In the latter, grace and beauty are secondary qualities; the decision which follows mutual attraction must not be left to the eye alone; the internal flavor of character must be tasted. The spectacular arrangement of the fruits and flow-

Digitized by Google

ers, under green, leafy arcades, suggests Goethe's description of the Neapolitan fruit-shops, in his *Italienische Reise*.

21. Mother and Daughter.

Here the meaning is not easily to be mistaken, and the critics, although some of them have shown remarkable skill in their efforts to attach some additional significance to the characters, have not been able to escape the direct allusion to scheming mothers with marriageable daughters. The masks are appropriately introduced as a transition from the natural, unperverted attraction of the sexes in youth, which is the primitive cause and charm of Society, to the introduction of other and disturbing elements.

The game alluded to in the third stanza (*Dritter Mann*), I only know by its old English name of "Hindmost of Three," which may possibly be a local designation; but it will at least indicate the game to those who happen to know it under another name.

The stage directions, in brackets, following this passage, as well as those on page 39, were added by Riemer, under Goethe's direction. They thus appeared in the twelfth volume of Goethe's Complete Works, in 1828, and it is understood that they were intended to indicate additional scenes, not written at the time. The failure, afterwards, to fill these gaps, was certainly not forgetfulness, as Düntzer charges, but rather weariness and the absence of fortunate moods, on the part of the octogenarian poet.

A theatrical atmosphere undoubtedly pervades, not only this, but many other scenes of the Second Part of *Faust*, and the English reader who may be not always agreeably conscious of this circumstance, should bear in mind that Goethe's long management of the Weimar theatre, and his constant production of plays, masques, and vaudevilles (many of them of an "occasional" character), led him to consider, while writing, the possible representation of the drama upon the German stage. Prince Radzivill had already composed music for the First Part (in 1814,) and at the very time when Goethe was preparing the Carnival Masquerade for publication, in 1828, Karl von Holtei was engaged in bringing out the First Part as a melodrama, with music by Eberwein. Nor must we forget that the German public had been educated to an appreciation and enjoyment of even allegorical representations. After Sophocles had been produced on the Weimar stage, and Schiller had revived the antique Chorus in his "Bride of Messina," Goethe not unreasonably conjectured that the Second Part of *Faust* might be acceptably represented. The attempt has not yet been made; but a day may come when it shall be possible.

22. Wood-Cutters. Pulcinelli. Parasites.

The ruder and less attractive — nay, frequently repellant — elements of Society are represented in these three classes. The interpretation of each will depend upon the circumstance, whether we give them a purely social,

Digitized by Google

or also a political character. In the former case, the Wood-Cutters are typical of those coarse-natured, brusque individuals, who pride themselves on disregarding the social graces and proprieties; the Pulcinelli are the obsequious idlers, triflers, and gossip-mongers; the Parasites are described by their name. If we are asked to give them a broader significance, the Wood-Cutters are the rude, unrefined masses, upon whose labor rests the finer fabric of Society; the Pulcinelli are the loafers who manage to live without any visible means of support, and are never idler than when they seem to be most busy; and the Parasites remain the same, only with a broader field of action.

Some lines in the address of the latter suggest a passage in the Third Satire of Juvenal: —

Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep silently,
There seems a silent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter clothes they take:
Begin you but to shiver, and they shake;
In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.

*Dryden's Translation.*

### 23. Drunken Man.

Goethe's object, here, is to represent sensual indulgence, of which intemperance is but one form. This being the last of the masks which symbolize social classes, there is all the more reason for restricting the explanation to Society alone; since, if the author had meant to typify political classes, he must have necessarily closed the group with criminals instead of sensualists. Düntzer, nevertheless, insists that this and the three preceding masks represent "the slavish dependence of men upon external possessions"! But Leutbecher surpasses all other commentators in asserting that the Wood-Cutters, the Pulcinelli and Parasites typify "intellectual manifestations and their relation to each other," while in the Drunken Man he finds "the struggle of the Real as a counterpoise to the Ideal"!!

### 24. *The Herald announces various Poets.*

From this point to the appearance of the Graces, we have the skeleton of an unwritten scene, the character of which may partly be conjectured from Goethe's expressions to Eckermann. The various classes of poets whom he meant to represent, and the jealousy of the cliques with which they were associated (unfortunately a characteristic of German literary life at the present day), may readily be guessed. Although no one allows the others to speak, the Satirist succeeds in declaring that his delight is in uttering what no one likes to hear. Under the title of "Night and Churchyard Poets" the author may have hinted at Matthisson and Salis, and the earlier lyrics of Lenau. The allusion to the vampire we are able definitely to trace. Early in 1827, Merimée published his *La Guzla: Poésies Illyriques*, of which Goethe wrote: "The poet, as a genuine Romanticist, calls up the ghostliest forms: even his localities create a dread.

Digitized by Google

Churches by night, graveyards, cross-roads, hermits' huts, rocks and ravines uncannily surround the reader, and then appear the newly dead, threatening and terrifying, alluring and beckoning as shapes or flames, and the most horrid vampirism, with all its concomitants."

The new Romantic school in France, and especially its leader, Victor Hugo, aroused Goethe's keenest wrath. He called *Nôtre Dame de Paris* "an abominable book!" and thus expressed himself to Eckermann: "In place of the beautiful substance of the Grecian mythology we have devils, witch-hags, and vampires, and the noble heroes of the early time must give way to swindlers and galley-slaves. Such things are *piquant!* They produce an effect! But after the public has once eaten of this strongly peppered dish, and become accustomed to the taste, it will demand more and stronger ingredients." Herein is an explanation of the reference to the Grecian Mythology, "which, even in modern masks, loses neither its character nor its power to charm."

### 25. The Graces.

Here the masks represent social qualities and forces, not varieties of individual character. In the Graces we see giving, receiving, and thanking or acknowledging, not in the narrower sense of an act, but as symbolical of the intercourse of men, — the communication of one nature to another, the impressions bestowed and received, the reciprocal appreciation of character.

According to Hesiod, the Graces were Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia. In place of the latter Goethe substituted Hegemone (one of the two Graces revered by the Athenians), perhaps for the reason that the name of Thalia is better known as that of a Muse.

### 26. The Parcæ.

As in the Graces we have the activity of beneficent social qualities, so now, in the Parcæ, we find those forces of order, restraint, and control, without which there could be no permanence in human intercourse. Hartung considers that they represent the "necessities" to which Life must submit, and Düntzer calls them the embodiment of "moral limitations" — but these are simply different forms of the same solution.

Goethe has purposely changed the parts of Atropos and Clotho. The former carefully spins a soft and even thread, warning the maskers that it must not be stretched too far, even in enjoyment. Clotho, the youngest of the Fates, announces that the shears have been given to her, because Atropos prolonged useless lives and clipped the threads of the young and hopeful, and she, therefore, thrusts the shears into the sheath, in order to make no similar mistakes. I confess I am unable to explain the exact significance of this action. Some find in it a hint that the ancient gloomy, inexorable idea of Fate is banished from modern society; others that the needful moderation and self-control will make the threatening shears unnecessary.

The task of Lachesis is evidently to

Digitized by Google

arrange and twist together the separate threads into an even, ordered chain, — a symbol which requires no further explanation.

27. *They are* THE FURIES.

Here we have the activity of evil forces in society. Goethe changes the Erinnys of the Greeks, who were represented as fierce, baleful figures, with snakes and torches in their hands, into fair, young, wheedling creatures, seemingly harmless as doves. His design cannot be for a moment doubted. The unresting Alecto of modern society is the insinuation that breeds mistrust, the slander that wears an innocent face, the power that in a thousand ways thrusts itself between approaching hearts and drives them apart. Megæra typifies the alienation which arises from selfish whims, from indifference or satiety; and Tisiphone alone, the avenging Fury, remains true to her ancient name and office.

28. *And here Asmodi as my follower lead.*

Asmodi (or *Ashmedai*), the Destroyer, was an evil demon of the Hebrews. He is mentioned in the Talmud, and Jewish tradition reports that he once drove Solomon from his kingdom. Since, in the Book of Tobias, he kills in succession the seven husbands of Sara, he has been credited with a special enmity to married happiness. In this quality he appears as the follower of Megæra. As "Asmodeus" we find him in Wieland's *Oberon*, and the *Diable Boiteux* of Lesage, through which he is almost as widely known as Mephistopheles.

29. *You see a mountain pressing through the throng.*

The Herald's expression: "For that which comes is not to you allied," seems to indicate a change in the character of the allegory; and I am disposed to agree with those who attach a political meaning to the coming masks, rather than with those who would include the latter in the representation of society. The former interpretation is certainly the more simple and complete. The elephant is Civil Government, or The State, as another form of organized human life. He is guided by Prudence, while on either hand walk Fear and Hope, in fetters. Fear, who shrinks from every undertaking, and Hope, who would undertake all things without considering results, are, as Prudence declares, "two of the greatest of human foes." They thus represent the political elements of blind conservatism and reckless passion for change. In an ordered and intelligent State both these forces are chained, Prudence guides the colossal organism, and the Goddess of all victorious active forces sits aloft on her throne. Each change in the course of the allegory, the reader will observe, commences with the bright and attractive aspects of life and then advances to the opposite.

Eckermann reports a conversation which he had with Goethe in December, 1829, concerning this scene: "We spoke of the Carnival Masquer-



Digitized by Google

ade, and how far it would be possible to represent it on the stage. 'It would still be something more,' said I, 'than the market in Naples.'

"'It would require an immense theatre,' remarked Goethe, 'and is hardly conceivable.'

"'I hope to live to see it,' was my answer. 'I shall take especial delight in the elephant, guided by Prudence, with Victory above, and Fear and Hope in chains at the sides. Really, there can scarcely be a better allegory.'

"'It would not be the first elephant on the stage,' said Goethe. 'One in Paris plays a complete part. He belongs to a political party, and takes the crown from the King to set it on his rival's head. . . . . So you see that in our Carnival, we could depend on the elephant. But the whole is much too great, and would require a manager, such as is not easily found.'"

The addresses put into the mouths of Fear, Hope, and Prudence have less point and importance than any others in the Masquerade.

30. Zoïlo-Thersites.

Goethe takes Thersites from the *Iliad*, and unites him to the Thracian barrator, Zoïlus, who, in the third century before Christ, became so renowned by his venomous abuse of Plato, Isocrates, and especially Homer, that his name was applied by the Greeks to all vulgar, malicious scolds. The two characters, combined, represent the class of political slanderers, defamers of all good works, pessimists in the most offensive sense. The characteristics of this class are exhibited in still stronger and more repulsive forms, when Zoïlo-Thersites is changed into the Adder and Bat by the magic wand of the Herald.

The "Murmurs of the Crowd" are here introduced, as in Scene II., to supply the place of a Chorus, and assist in describing the action.

31. *Black lightning of the eyes, the dark locks glowing.*

The costume of the Boy Charioteer, as described by the Herald, is that of the Apollo Musagetes. It is the same which Schlegel gives to *Arion*, in his well-known ballad: —

"He hides his limbs of loveliest mould
In gold and purple wondrous fair;
Even to his feet falls, fold on fold,
A robe as light as summer air;
His arms rich golden bracelets deck,
And round his brow, and cheeks, and neck,
In fragrance floats the leaf-crowned hair."
*D. F. Mac-Carthy's Translation.*

The appropriateness of this costume is explained in the following note.

I have used the phrase "a four-horse chariot," because, in the original text, it is thrice spoken of as a *Viergespann*, — "a team of four," — and the Boy Charioteer uses the word "steeds" (*Rosse*). Düntzer and some other German writers consider that the chariot is drawn by dragons, although the latter are specially mentioned as guardians of the treasure-chests. This is not a matter of much importance: I give the

Digitized by Google

original words, in order that the reader may take his choice.

32. *I am Profusion, I am Poesy!*

Eckermann, in 1829, reports: "We then talked of the Boy Charioteer.

"'That Faust is concealed under the mask of Plutus, and Mephistopheles under that of Avarice,' Goethe remarked, 'you will have already perceived; but who is the Boy Charioteer?'

"I hesitated, and could not immediately answer.

"'It is Euphorion,' said Goethe.

"'But how can he appear in the Carnival here,' I asked, 'when he is not born until the third act?'

"'Euphorion,' replied Goethe, 'is not a human but an allegorical being. In him is personified Poetry, which is bound neither to time, place, nor person. The same spirit, who afterwards chooses to be Euphorion, appears here as the Boy Charioteer, and is so far like a spectre that he can be present everywhere and at all times.'"

The episode of Plutus and the Boy Charioteer is a double allegory. The first and most direct interpretation is that which belongs to the characters as a portion of the masquerade. The Boy is not only Poetry, but the poetic element as it is manifested in all Art; and we may therefore say that he represents the highest intellectual possessions, as Plutus represents material possessions. Further on, we shall see the manner in which the gifts of both are received by the multitude.

33. *And only gives what golden gleams.*

Although Poetry and Profusion are one, and the Poet (Artist) is rich in proportion as he spends his own best goods — although Art and Taste esteem themselves wealthier than Wealth itself, since they bestow all which the latter can never of itself possess — nothing is less appreciated by the mass of mankind than the gifts which they freely scatter. Pearls become beetles, and jewels butterflies, and even the vision of the courtly Herald (possibly a type of the wholly artificial society of Courts) sees nothing beyond the external appearance.

The "flamelets" which the Boy also scatters, and which he afterwards describes as leaping back and forth among the crowd of masks, lingering awhile on one head, dying out instantly on others, and very seldom rekindled into a temporary brilliancy, need not, now, be further interpreted to the reader.

34. *Thy brow when laurels decorate,*
*Have I not them with hand and*
*fancy braided?*

The appeal of the Boy Charioteer to Plutus brings us to the second and more carefully concealed allegory, which lies beneath the first, and does not seem to have been guessed by the German commentators. The only special reason why Faust appears in the mask of Plutus is the part which Mephistopheles arranges for him to play at the Emperor's Court — to assist in restoring the shattered finances of the realm by a scheme of paper-money based on buried treas-

Digitized by Google

ure. At this point, and hence to the close of the Carnival Masquerade, a thread taken from the regular course of the drama is also introduced, and lightly woven into the allegory. There is no difficulty in following both, and we might, if it were really necessary, be satisfied without looking further; but the conversation between Plutus and the Boy Charioteer, on pages 56 and 60, provokingly hints of an additional meaning. When Plutus says "soul of my soul art thou!" it is certainly not Wealth speaking to Art: when the Boy Charioteer says "as my next of kindred, do I love thee!" it is certainly not Art speaking to Wealth.

The Chancellor von Müller, in his work: "Goethe as a Man of Action," was the first and only one to discover the key to these expressions. The noble and intimate relation which for fifty years existed between the Grand Duke Karl August and Goethe — the Ruler and the Poet — is here most delicately and feelingly drawn. The manner in which the Grand Duke assisted Goethe in his flight into Italy; the care with which he watched lest the duties of his office should interfere with his poetic and scientific activity; the beautiful renown given by the latter in return for this freedom, — are all indicated in a few lines. When the Herald first describes Plutus, it is neither Faust nor Wealth whom we see, but Karl August as Goethe saw him: —

"Blest those, who may his favor own!
No more has he to earn or capture;
His glance detects where aught 's amiss,
And to bestow his perfect rapture
Is more than ownership and bliss."

The correspondence between Goethe and the Grand Duke so thoroughly justifies this interpretation, that I do not see how it can be avoided. The strong impression which I have received from a careful study of the *Helena* (Act III.), that Euphorion is not really Byron, but GOETHE *himself in his poetic activity*, is justified by Goethe's declaration that the Boy Charioteer and Euphorion are one, and also — as I shall endeavor to show in subsequent notes — the *Homunculus* of the Classical Walpurgis-Night. Although this theory has not been adopted by any of the German critics, it seems to me to furnish the simplest and most satisfactory solution of the most perplexing puzzle which the Second Part contains — simplest, because all the illustrations which support it are drawn from Goethe's life and poetical development, and most satisfactory, because I can find no other which harmonizes and consistently explains the three characters.

It is proper to make the statement now, where the first evidence is furnished. The additional reasons which I shall offer to the consideration of the reader will be given when Homunculus and Euphorion make their appearance.

35. *Then* Avaritia *was my name.*

Mephistopheles, true to his character of Negation, wears the mask of Avarice, which is the opposite of active and ostentatiously exhibited wealth. His address to the women is suggested by the

Digitized by Google

difference of gender between the ancient Latin word, *avaritia*, which is feminine, and the German, *der Geiz*, which is masculine. The Women are perhaps introduced here, instead of the former mixed crowd, because avarice is more repulsive to their nature and habits than to those of the men.

36. *Drive thou this people from the field!*

With the departure of Euphorion, the additional character given to Plutus ceases, and he is simply the type of Wealth. When he opens the treasure-chest, the action of the multitude, contrasted with their reception of the Boy Charioteer's gifts, explains itself. The intellectual wealth turned into beetles in their hands; the tongues of flame, cast upon their heads, flickered and went out; but now the show of riches, which the Herald declares to be a cheat, a joke of Carnival, excites them to a maddening exhibition of greed. The action of Plutus, in driving back the crowd with his burning wand, appears to symbolize the usual termination of those popular excitements which have wealth for their object, — such golden bubbles, for instance, as the Mississippi scheme of Law, the railway mania in England, petroleum in America, etc. The fury for sudden enrichment is followed by a general scorching.

37. *What will the lean fool do?*

The predominance of a coarse, material greed of gain in the people brings after it a general demoralization, the embodiment of which in a palpable form is appropriately given to Mephistopheles. He takes the gold and kneads it into shapes, the character of which is so evident that they need not be described, and which express the natural consequences of wealth without culture and refinement. It seems probable, as many commentators have surmised, that Goethe had in view the condition of France under Louis XV. and XVI. Düntzer says: "He shows us how, in a period of material prosperity, the passion for wealth and indulgence increases, until it leads the people to the highest pitch of shameless immorality."

38. *They know not whitherward they 're wending,*
*Because they have not looked ahead.*

We now reach the last group of the Carnival masks, and the closing scene of the allegory. The commentators (with the exception of Köstlin and Kreyssig) are agreed that it represents the revolutionary overthrow of a State, and they differ only in regard to the interpretation of the details. The "savage hosts" are the masses of ignorant people, whose ruder qualities are presently typified under the forms of Fauns, Satyrs, and Gnomes. Since they lack that foresight which comes of intelligence and wider experience, they drift into Revolution without knowing whitherward they are wending. Schnetger thinks the Emperor takes the mask of Pan (the All), in the sense in which Louis XIV. declared: "L'Etat, c'est moi!" Hartung insists that the line

Digitized by Google

"Full well I know what every one does not" refers to Free-Masonry and its supposed connection with the French Revolution! Düntzer considers that the Ruler and his Court are responsible for the catastrophe (a view which seems to be justified by Goethe's expressions, quoted in Note 7), while others assert that it is brought on by the thirst of the people for gold and their subsequent demoralization.

There is one objection to this interpretation, which I give for what it may be worth. The Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs, and Gnomes are the attendants of Pan (the Emperor), and their parts are played — as the catastrophe shows us — by the personages of the Court. Kreyssig says: "They storm onwards like a savage host, the Emperor as Pan, his associates as Gnomes and Fauns, collectively the representatives of rude natural forces and desires, in contrast to the spiritualized, Olympian forms of light, and when they rashly approach the fire and spirit fountain of Plutus, after their first, amazed admiration, they are properly tormented by the magic glow, although meanwhile only in sport. The part they play is more distinguished and externally stately, but not much more dignified than that of the holiday carousers whom Mephistopheles so tricked in Auerbach's Cellar."

### 39. Gnomes.

Düntzer asserts that the Fauns represent unrestricted indulgence in all forms of sensual appetite; the Satyrs the arrogant will of a Ruler who looks down upon and despises the people; the Gnomes the unbounded greed of power and wealth; and the Giants the stupid and stubborn nature of those counsellors who surround the throne and endeavor to crush every movement arising from the development of the people. Neither this nor any other of the more particular elucidations of the scene seems to me infallible. According to Hartung, the Fauns are peasants (*Bauern*), and the Satyrs demagogues. The field of conjecture, here, is still open to whoever wishes to enter it; and I shall not undertake to decide whether the masks represent classes or qualities.

The Gnomes are the only ones who have something more than an allegorical part to play. They are evidently introduced as the guardians of buried treasure, in connection with the financial scheme of Mephistopheles. This is clearly expressed, when their Deputation approaches Pan and announces the new and wonderful fountain of wealth, the spell of which must be broken by him. The Chancellor refers to this episode in the following scene (page 79), when he assures the Emperor that the latter actually signed the mandate authorizing the issue of paper-money.

The greeting "*Glück auf!*" (which I have translated "Good cheer!" though it may also be rendered "Luck to you!") is in use among the miners, everywhere throughout Germany. It appears to be exclusively an underground

Digitized by Google

hail, and therefore appropriate to the Gnomes.

The Giants, as they are here described, naked, with an uprooted fir-tree in the hand, may still be seen on the coat-of-arms of more than one princely house in North Germany. They are called *Waldmänner* (Men of the Woods) by the people, and are supposed, by some archæologists, to be lineal descendants of the Grecian Fauns.

40. *At midday sleeping, o'er his brow.*

"The foliage of these oaks and beeches is impenetrable to the strongest sunshine: I like to sit here after dinner on warm summer days, when on yonder meadows and on the park all around there reigns such a silence, that the ancients would have said of it: 'Pan sleeps.'" — *Goethe to Eckermann*, 1824.

"The hour of Pan now fell upon me, as always upon my journeys. I should like to know whence it derives such a power. According to my view, it lasts from eleven or twelve until one o'clock; therefore the Greeks believe in Pan's hour, the people and also the Russians in an hour of day, when the spirits are active. The birds are silent at this time; men sleep beside their implements. In all nature there is something secret, even uncanny, as if the Dreams were creeping around the noonday sleepers. Near at hand all is silent; in the distance, on the borders of the sky, there are hovering sounds. Not only do we recall the past, but the Past overtakes us and penetrates us with hungry yearning; the ray of Life is broken into singularly distinct colors. Towards the vesper, existence gradually grows fresher and stronger." — *Richter, Flegeljahre.*

Perhaps as a contrast to this silence of the sleeping Pan, the Nymphs recall the old Greek tradition of his terrible voice, wherewith he even alarmed the Titans fighting against Jove. In battle, also, his cry was sometimes heard, and we still retain the expression of the sudden, collective terror it was supposed to inspire, in our word *panic*.

41. *The Emperor burns and all his throng.*

Although this scene is generally accepted as symbolizing Revolution, its character is not so clear and consistent as to forbid other interpretations. The Emperor's account of his vision during the magic conflagration, given in the next scene, scarcely harmonizes with an allegorical representation of his own overthrow; and there are various details — such as the Dwarfs (Gnomes) being the conductors of the Emperor to the fount of fire, the Herald holding the wand which Plutus afterwards uses to quench the flame — to which we cannot easily give a political symbolism.

I have quoted Kreyssig's view (Note 38), and here add that of Köstlin: "When Pan, or the Emperor, arrives with his suite, a deputation of the Gnomes, the spirits of the metals, advances and conducts him to the flowing gold in the chest of Plutus, which they have just discovered. The chief object

Digitized by Google

of the Carnival Masquerade is therewith fulfilled; the Emperor is solemnly declared to be lord of the inexhaustible store of metals hidden in the earth. Then the whole, since it is only illusion and pleasantry, apparently terminates terribly, . . . . not the Revolution, as Düntzer's gloomy interpretation asserts, but, as it is immediately afterwards styled, a cheerful "jugglery of flame," which terrifies only to banter, and also serves, through the seeming terror and the speedy quelling of the conflagration, to show the magic art of Faust in its entire glory. At the most, there is herein a hint that wealth may result in damage, and that all material splendor is threatened with the danger of annihilation."

It is possible that the scene may be a phantasmagoric picture of the consequences of the new financial scheme, which the Emperor has just (unconsciously) authorized. Most of the German commentators, however, accept the theory of "Revolution." There is nothing, indeed, to prevent us from applying both solutions at the same time.

Some have supposed that the burning of the Emperor and the surrounding masks was suggested by the terrible conflagration which occurred at the ball given by Prince Schwarzenberg to Napoleon, at Paris, in 1810. But it is much more likely that Goethe remembered the following passage from Gottfried's *Chronik*, which he must have read as a boy: "About two years afterwards (1394), when things were a little better for the King (Charles VI. of France), divers lords sought to do him a pleasure, to which end, on Caroli day in January, they arranged a masque and disguised six of themselves in the likeness of Satyrs or wild men. The garment which they had on was tight, lying close upon the body, thereto smeared with pitch or tar, whereon tow hung like as hair, that so they appeared rough and savage. This pleased the King so well that he was fain to be the seventh, and in like form. Now it was at night, and they must use torches, because this dance was begun in the presence of the ladies. The King came thus disguised to the Duchesse de Berry, and, to her thinking, made himself all too silly and rude, wherefore she held him fast and let him not go till she should find who he was. But as he did not disclose himself, the Duc d'Orleans, who was beholding the dance, took a torch from the hand of a servant, and lighted under the King's face, whence caught the pitch on the fool's-garment, and the King began to burn. Now when the others saw such, forgot they their garments, ran thither, and would quench the King's blaze; but they were in like guise caught by the flame, and because every one hurried to the King, four of those French gentlemen were burned so miserably that they thereupon died. Truly the King was preserved, and no particular injury to his body, but because of the fright and the great outcry he fell again into his former madness."

Digitized by Google

42. *So hear and see the fortune-freighted leaf.*

Carnival and Allegory close together, and with this scene we return to Faust, and his experiences at the Court of the Emperor. As I have already remarked, the Emperor's description of what he saw in the realm of fire does not at all harmonize with the Revolutionary solution, whence Düntzer, who holds fast to the latter, is obliged to surmise that Goethe must have forgotten the close of the foregoing scene when he wrote the commencement of this! I should much prefer to believe that Goethe allowed one part of his duplicate allegory to drop (its purpose having been fulfilled), and here introduces the Emperor's vision as a further explanation of the other part, — a deceptive picture of the additional splendor and homage which shall follow the new financial scheme. Mephistopheles falls ironically into the same strain, and scoffs while he seems adroitly to flatter.

The paper-money device was probably suggested by the history of John Law's operations in Paris, under the Orleans Regency, — from 1716 to 1720. It is also likely that Goethe remembered a passage in Pope's epistle to Lord Bathurst ("On the Use of Riches"): —

"Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king or buys a queen."

Eckermann writes, December 27, 1829: "After dinner, to-day, Goethe read to me the paper-money scene.

"'You will remember,' said he, 'that at the Imperial Council the burden of the song is that money is lacking, and Mephistopheles promises to furnish it. This subject runs through the Masquerade, wherein Mephistopheles so manages that the Emperor, in the mask of the great Pan, signs a paper, which, receiving the value of money from his signature, is then a thousandfold copied and circulated. Now in this new scene the circumstance is discussed before the Emperor, who does not yet know what he has done. The Treasurer hands over the bank-notes, and explains the transaction. The Emperor, at first angry, but after a closer comprehension of his gain delighted, bestows the new paper-money lavishly upon the circle around him, and finally, in leaving, drops several thousand crowns, which the fat Fool gathers together and then hastens at once to change from paper into real estate.'

"Scarcely had the scene been read and some remarks concerning it been exchanged, when Goethe's son came down and took his seat at the table. He spoke of Cooper's last romance, which he had just read, and which he very intelligently discussed. We made no reference to the scene which had



Digitized by Google

been read, but he began, of his own accord, to talk of the Prussian treasury-notes, and that they were taken at more than their actual value. While the young Goethe thus spoke, I looked at the father with a smile which he answered, and we thereby showed that we both felt the seasonable character of the scene."

Soret reports, in 1830: "Goethe mentioned his want of faith in paper-money, and gave reasons based on his own experience. As another evidence he related to us an anecdote of Grimm, in the time of the French Revolution, when the latter, who was no longer safe in Paris, returned to Germany and was living in Gotha." Goethe then described how Grimm, one day at dinner, had exhibited his lace sleeve-ruffles, declaring that no king in Europe possessed so costly a pair. The others estimated their value at from one to two hundred louis d'or; whereupon he laughed and said: "I actually paid 250,000 francs for them, and was lucky to get that much for my *assignats*, which, the next day, were not worth a farthing."

The purpose of the scene, as a part of the plot, is to procure Faust a position at the Imperial Court. The character of its satire is drawn from subjective sources, and hence — since all successful satire must have a basis of generally evident truth — is only partially effective.

43. *They house within their special Hades.*

Goethe now returns to the original Faust-legend (*vide* Appendix I., First Part) in giving Faust the task of invoking the shades of Paris and Helena. In the legend, however, Mephistopheles voluntarily produces Helena as a *succuba*, to be the spouse of Faust: here he remains true to his Gothic character and his negation of Beauty. The heathen race, he confesses, has its own special Hades, with which he has no concern. His disinclination to assist Faust is so very evident that we may almost ascribe to him an instinct of the elevating and purifying influence which Helena, as the symbol of the Beautiful, will afterwards exercise. Being, nevertheless, bound by the terms of the compact, he consents to point out the method of invocation, leaving the performance to Faust.

44. *They are* THE MOTHERS!

Here is the second enigma, a complete and satisfactory solution of which is not to be expected. I will first quote all that Goethe himself has said in relation to this passage. On the 10th of January, 1830, Eckermann writes: "To-day, as a supplement to the dinner, Goethe gave me a great enjoyment, by reading to me the scene where Faust goes to the Mothers. The new, unsuspected character of the subject, together with the tone and manner in which Goethe recited the scene, took hold of me with wonderful power, so that I found myself at once in the condition of Faust, who feels a shudder creep over him when Mephistopheles makes the communication.

Digitized by Google

"I had heard and clearly comprehended the description, but so much of it remained enigmatical to me that I felt myself forced to beg Goethe to enlighten me a little. He, however, according to his usual habit, assumed a mysterious air, looking at me with wide-open eyes and repeating the words: —

The Mothers! Mothers! It sounds so singular!

"'I can only betray so much,' he then said, 'that in reading Plutarch, I found that in Grecian antiquity the Mothers are spoken of as Goddesses. This is all which I have borrowed, however; the remainder is my own invention. You may take the manuscript home with you, study it carefully, and see what success you will have with it.'"

Riemer, in his *Mittheilungen über Goethe*, relates that during a season at Carlsbad, the latter read the whole of Plutarch's Morals, in Kaltwasser's translation. "This," says Riemer, "gave us material for conversation at the table, or in our walks, and the enigmatical 'Mothers' in *Faust* may have remained in Goethe's memory from some one of these occasions. For when he questioned me on this point twenty years afterwards — perhaps about the time when he wished to use the material in working on *Faust* — I could not immediately say where the Mothers were to be found; but he then remembered that he had read of them in Plutarch. At first I could not find the passages, and neglected or forgot to make further search; but, after his death, when I arranged the manuscript of *Faust*, memory and research awoke again. I found both passages, but did not quote them because they give no explanation of the use which Goethe has made of those mystic dæmons."

Plutarch's mention of the Mothers, however, is not to be found in his *Moralia*, but in the Life of Marcellus: "In Sicily there is a town called Engyium, not indeed great, but very ancient and ennobled by the presence of the Goddesses, called the Mothers. The temple, they say, was built by the Cretans; and they show some spears and brazen helmets, inscribed with the names of Meriones, and (with the same spelling as in Latin) of Ulysses, who consecrated them to the Goddesses."

Hartung has discovered another passage in Plutarch (*De Defect. Orac.* 22), wherein the Mothers are not mentioned, it is true, but which Goethe evidently bore in his mind and applied in this scene: "There are a hundred and eighty-three worlds, which are arranged in the form of a triangle. Each side has sixty worlds in a line, the other three occupying the corners. In this order they touch each other softly, and ever revolve, as in a dance. The space within the triangle is to be considered as a common fold for all, and is called the Field of Truth. Within it lie, moveless, the causes, shapes, and primitive images of all things which have ever existed and which ever shall exist. They are surrounded by Eternity, from which Time flows forth as an effluence upon the worlds."

Digitized by Google

The reader must bear in mind that Paris and Helena are together typical of the highest and purest physical embodiment of the idea of Beauty — the Human Form (*vide* Note 87 to the First Part), and that Helena, alone, afterwards becomes the symbol, both of Beauty and of the Classic element in Art and Literature. The Mothers, therefore, (admitting the significance of the *name*, which suggested their use to Goethe) must of necessity symbolize the original action of those elemental forces in Man, out of which grew the æsthetic development of the race, in whatever form. We may find the primitive source of all science in material necessity; our other knowledge is based upon the operation of natural laws: but the Idea of the Beautiful has a more mysterious origin, springs from a diviner necessity, and finds only hints, not perfect results, in the operations of Nature.

Goethe made it a rule to discover some positive, however dimly outlined, Form, in which to clothe abstract ideas. This is always a difficult and sometimes a hazardous experiment. Here the forms, instead of more clearly representing, seem to have further confused the thought, if we may judge from the variety of interpretations which have been offered. Dr. Anster has managed to present the latter with so much brevity, and at the same time so correctly, in his note on this passage, that I follow the order of his summary, only enlarging it by the introduction of additional views and giving a translation of the phrases he quotes.

Eckermann, after taking home Goethe's manuscript and duly pondering over it, evolved out of his inmost consciousness the discovery that the Mothers are the "creating and sustaining principle, from which everything proceeds that has life and form on the surface of the Earth." Köstlin denies that they are creative, but says they are the sustaining and conservative principle, adding: "They are Goddesses, who preside over the eternal metamorphoses of things, of all that already exists." Düntzer calls the Mothers the "primitive forms (or ideas) of things," — *Urbilder der Dinge*. But, according to Rosenkranz, they are "the Platonic Ideas," while Hartung, agreeing with Düntzer that they are "the primitive forms of things," adds that "they dwell in the desert of speculative thought." Weisse states that they are "the formless realm of the inner world of spirit — the invisible depth of the mind, struggling to bring forth its own conceptions." From this view it is but a step to the *matrices* of Paracelsus, which, in fact, we find partly accepted by Deycks, who sees in the Mothers, as in the *matrices*, "the elemental or original material of all forms." Riemer's view is substantially the same, — "they are the elements from which spring all that is corporeal as well as all that is intellectual."

The theories which most of the above critics spin from these interpretations are too finely and consistently metaphysical to have been intended by a poet like Goethe, whose nature

Digitized by Google

recoiled from metaphysical systems. Nevertheless, they are all guesses in the same direction, and perhaps if we do not attach too literal a significance to Goethe's mysterious Deep, wherein is no Space, Place, or Time, and are content to stop short of the very "utterly deepest bottom" of conjecture, we may get a little nearer to his actual conception. It is not easy to conceive how Formlessness can be represented by Form, though we may very well accept it as a vast, mysterious background; and this is all, I feel sure, that Goethe intended.

Schnetger has picked up the most satisfactory clew, Kreyssig has followed it, and Goethe himself has given us an unconscious hint of its correctness. The commentary of the first is much too long to be quoted, but it is substantially this: The primitive idea of forms does not exist in Nature, which works according to the pattern set by a First Designer. The realm of the original conceptions of things is therefore outside of Space and Time, and the Mothers are imaginary existences, who typify the unknown and unfathomable origin of all forms, and chiefly, here, of those eternal Ideals of Beauty which become more real to the Poet and Artist than the never utterly perfect work of Nature.

Kreyssig says: "The poet evidently prepares to lead the character of his hero towards that refining and purifying experience, to which he himself consciously owed his greatest gain and his highest joy, — the refinement following an earnest, creative worship of those ideals of Beauty which have descended to earth in the masterpieces of classic art. With what fervor Goethe and his equal friend (Schiller) reverenced these, with what sacred feeling, what severe, devoted solemnity they served at the same shrine, their common activity is a single, continuous evidence. Goethe, especially, dated a new life, a complete spiritual regeneration, from his penetration into the spirit of the ancient masters. A profound withdrawal into himself, an almost abrupt relinquishment of the society around him, characterized the first earnest beginning of his studies. . . . . Only a firm, manly resolution leads Faust to the sacred tripod, the primitive symbol of Wisdom, through the contact of which he wins power over the primitive forms of things, over the radical conditions of that beautiful state of being, accordant with Nature, which the Artist must know before he can "call the Hero and Heroine from the Shades," and create imperishable forms as the fair material revelations of his dreams. What Goethe here celebrates under the form of the Mothers enthroned in Solitude, is sung by Schiller, if our instinct does not deceive us, in that thoughtful poem, "of the regions where the pure forms dwell." *

In Eckermann's third volume, he describes a conversation which he had with Goethe, during a drive along the Erfurt road, in April, 1827: "'I must laugh at the æstheticians (*Æsthetiker*),'

* *Das Ideal und das Leben.*

Digitized by Google

said Goethe, 'who so torment themselves to epitomize in a few abstract words all the unutterable ideas for which we use the expression, *beautiful.* The Beautiful is *a primeval phenomenon, which indeed never becomes visible itself,* but the reflection of which is seen in a thousand various expressions of the creative mind, as various and as manifold, even, as the phenomena of Nature.'

"'I have often heard it said,' Eckermann remarked, 'that Nature is always beautiful, — that she is the despair of the artist, because he is seldom capable of fully equalling her.'

"'I well know,' Goethe answered, 'that Nature often exhibits an unattainable charm; but I am by no means of the opinion that she is beautiful in all her manifestations. Her designs are always well enough, indeed, but not so the conditions which are necessary in order that the designs shall be completely developed.'"

The realm where the Mothers dwell is visible to the secret vision of the Poet and the Artist. The Goddesses only see "wraiths"; around them is "Formation, transformation"; there is no way to them, and no spot whereon to rest, — but who and where they are is clearly revealed in

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

They are the unknown, "unreachable," "unbeseechable" sources of all immortal embodiments of Beauty, — the mysterious, primeval forces which manifest themselves through Genius in a manner inexplicable to all ordinary human consciousness; which remove those who know them far from Space and Time, into a spiritual isolation which only the brother-genius can comprehend, but even he cannot share.

In the Dedication to his Poems, Goethe thus addresses the Muse: —

> "While yet unguided, I had many comrades;
> Now that I know thee, I am left alone."

There might seem a contradiction to the purely æsthetic interpretation of this scene, in the circumstance that Faust is directed to the Mothers by *Mephistopheles,* but here, as occasionally elsewhere in the Second Part, the mask of Mephistopheles drops and we see the face of Goethe himself. To insist on the rôle of Negation, which explains the forms assumed by Mephistopheles in the Carnival Masquerade, the Classical Walpurgis-Night, and the Helena, would lead to great confusion. There is, however, a partial return to dramatic truth in the expression of Faust, that he hopes to find his All in the Nothing of Mephistopheles.

### 45. *Here, take this key!*

The symbols of the Key and the Tripod have also given rise to much speculation. Their meaning, of course, is entirely dependent upon that which may be attributed to the Mothers, since the key is to guide Faust to the latter, and then enable him to gain possession of the tripod, the incense-smoke of which will shape itself into the ideals of Human Beauty. Schnetger and

Digitized by Google

Kreyssig agree that the tripod is a symbol of the profoundest wisdom, and the former attaches to it the idea of "intuition." What we call the intuition of Genius, however, is the highest and purest form of wisdom, and Goethe, therefore, may have intended to typify that wondrous, unerring instinct, which from the "airy nothing" of the incense-smoke can evoke the immortal Beautiful. Schnetger considers the key to be a "glowing sense of the charms of the material form." With others, it is a symbol of intense, passionate Desire. If Goethe had specially in view the creation of ideals of Beauty by the Grecian mind, still other meanings would be suggested. We must seek *in* Nature for the keys to the myths of Greece, which, themselves, were designed to be keys *to* Nature.

What Mr. Ruskin says of the works of Homer: "They were not conceived didactically, but they are didactic in their essence, as all good art is" — is equally true of this and other episodes of the Second Part of *Faust*. We find traces of that truth which reaches the poet by a deeper intuition, having the involuntary nature, yet also the distinctness, of a dream; and which always contains more than its utterer can clearly express. He cannot reject it, for it comes to him with an irresistible authority: he must therefore be silent, and suffer it to stand as a mystery for his contemporaries.

46. *A gentle kick permit, then, from my foot!*

The motive of this scene seems to be, to renew the contrast between the shallow, artificial society of the great world, and pure devotion to ideal aims. At the same time it enables Mephistopheles to resume his old character, and Goethe (through him) to satirize the homœopathic theory of medicine, in the cure of the Brunette.

In the *Paralipomena* there are two fragments which seem to belong here: —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Court-doctors must do every service:
We with the stars begin, and then
Come down at last to corns and bunions.

---

The dapper race of courtiers here
Was only born for our vexation:
If some poor devil once is right, 't is clear
The King thereof will never hear narration.

47. HERALD.

The Herald, whose office is to proclaim in advance the character of the action, acknowledges himself baffled: he sees only "a wildering distraction" in the coming performance, and therefore describes the scene instead. Even in the few lines of description there is a covert satire. The Emperor is placed where he may comfortably see the pictures of battles; in the background are lovers, who recognize in the occasion only an opportunity for coming together.

Goethe intended at one time to introduce a play, as in "Hamlet," and he appears to have chosen Fortinbras, Hamlet's successor, as the hero. The

Digitized by Google

fragment of a scene which remains gives us no hint of the character of the play, nor can we be certain that it would have been introduced in connection with the appearance of Paris and Helena. Nevertheless, the fragment may be here given: —

THEATRE.

(*The actor, who plays the King, appears to have become weary.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES. Bravo, old Fortinbras, old chap! You are feeling badly; from my heart I'm sorry for you. Make an effort, — only a few words more! We shall not soon again hear a King talk.

CHANCELLOR. Instead of that, we shall have the fortune, to hear the wise remarks of His Majesty the Emperor so much the oftener.

MEPHISTOPHELES. That is something very different. Your Excellency need not protest. What we other wizards say is quite unprejudicial.

FAUST. Hush! hush! he moves again.

ACTOR. Depart, thou ancient swan, depart! Blessed be thou for thy last song, and all the good which thou hast spoken. The evil, which thou wert obliged to do, is small —— ——

LORD HIGH STEWARD. Do not speak so loud! The Emperor sleeps; His Majesty does not seem well.

MEPHISTOPHELES. His Majesty has only to give the order, and we will cease. Besides, the spirits have nothing more to say.

FAUST. Why do you look around?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Where, then, are the apes hidden? I hear them talking all the time.

### 48. ARCHITECT.

The scene upon the stage is a Doric temple; the massive character of the pillars is here hinted, and the triglyphs are afterwards mentioned. By introducing the Architect, Goethe means not only to satirize the exclusive devotion of the German mind to Gothic art, but also to show how the Classic and Romantic repel each other when first brought into contact. It was simply necessary that he should remember the character of his own development. In 1772 he published an essay "On German Architecture" (the word *German* being purposely used instead of *Gothic*), containing a glowing panegyric on Erwin von Steinbach, the architect of Strasburg Cathedral. Yet in 1810 he wrote to Count Reinhard: "Formerly I had also a great interest in these things, and cherished a sort of idolatry for the Strasburg Cathedral, the façade of which I still consider, as then, greater than that at Cologne. But the most singular thing to me is our German patriotism, which endeavors to represent the evident Saracenic growth as having originally sprung up on German soil."

The Doric temples at Girgenti and Pæstum produced such a profound impression upon Goethe's mind, that, by a natural reaction, he was for a time repelled by Gothic art. In describing the architrave of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, in Rome, he wrote: "This is indeed something other than our cringing saints of the finical Gothic spirit, piled one over another on brackets and corbels, — something other than our tobacco-pipe columns, pointed turrets and flowery pinnacles. From these, thank God, I am now eternally delivered!"

Digitized by Google

49. *Whate'er once was, there burns and brightens free*
*In splendor — for 't would fain eternal be.*

Faust's invocation, it seems to me, cannot easily be interpreted from any other point of view than that which I have chosen for the Mothers. The expression "Whate'er once was" certainly does not apply to all forms of *Life* upon the earth — still less to abstract thoughts, speculations, or philosophical systems. What can it be but all creations of Beauty, whether lost to the world or still possessed? *They* would fain be eternal, and the Artist never admits to himself that they have actually perished. In that mysterious realm of the imagination where their forms were first designed, they still exist as "wraiths," in company with all those forms which never advanced from design to fulfilment, — with the unwritten poems of Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare, the unchiselled gods of Phidias, the completed Dawn of Michel Angelo, the unpainted dreams of Tintoretto and Raphael. I interpret the line: —

"Life seizes some, along his gracious course,"

as referring less to the life of these conceptions in Art, than to the occasional revelations of the Beautiful in Man and Nature. The Magician, who arrests other forms, and "bestows as his faith inspires" would then be the Artist, whose nature is for the time (as we have already seen) typified in Faust.

50. *Who doth not know the gentle Paris well?*

The description of the Doric temple first prepares us for the apparition of the Grecian ideals of Beauty, and now the mysterious music, the ringing of the shafts and triglyphs, the singing of the whole bright temple, is introduced with wonderful effect. When Paris advances "with rhythmic step," we have a suggestion of Poetry, in addition to Music and Architecture, so that all Art celebrates the coming of the highest dream of Beauty in the Human Form.

The personages of the Imperial Court not only represent, through their comments on Paris and Helena, the manner in which the Artist's purest achievements present themselves to commonplace and conventional natures, but, if Riemer be correct, they have a personal character, also. He says: "To the Weimar public, or rather to the privileged persons of the Weimar Court circle, there was an element of interest which we cannot feel: the six or seven ladies and gentlemen who take part in the dialogue represented well-known persons."

This scene may have been suggested by one of Count Hamilton's tales, "The Enchanter Faustus," wherein the latter calls up Helen of Troy, and other women noted for their beauty, before Queen Elizabeth and her Court. The impression which Helen makes upon the Queen and courtiers is so similar to Goethe's description, that I quote a portion of it: —

"This figure walked a certain time



Digitized by Google

before the company, and then turning face to face with the queen, that she might have a better view of her, took leave of her with a kind of half-pleasant, half-haggard smile, and went out by the other door.

"As soon as she had disappeared, the queen exclaimed, 'What! is that the lovely Helen? Well, I don't plume myself on my beauty,' she continued, 'but may I die, if I would change faces with her, even if it were possible.'

"'I told your majesty as much,' replied the magician, 'and yet you saw her exactly as she appeared when in the very zenith of her beauty.'

"'Still,' said Lord Essex, 'I think her eyes may be considered fine.'

"'It must be admitted,' rejoined Sydney, 'that they are large, nobly shaped, black, and sparkling, but what expression is there in them?'

"'Not a particle,' replied the favorite. The queen, whose face that day was as red as a turkey-cock's, asked them what they thought of Helen's porcelain complexion.

"'Porcelain!' cried Essex, 'it is but common delf at the best.'

"'Perhaps,' continued the queen, 'such may have been the fashion in her time, but you must agree with me that there never could have been an age when such a pair of feet would be tolerated. I don't dislike her dress, however, and I 'm not sure whether I shall not bring it into fashion instead of those horrid hoops, so embarrassing on certain occasions to us women, and on others to you men.'"

51. *The form, that long erewhile my fancy captured.*

This is one of the few references to the First Part, which we find in the Second. Faust remembers the form which he saw in the magic mirror, in the Witches' Kitchen (First Part, Scene VI.), and which, we may now be sure, was neither Margaret nor Helena, but, as I have already stated, the beauty of the female form. There, it was the visible beauty, as it is more or less developed in every living form: here, it is the perfect Ideal. Let the reader compare the expression of Faust's passion for Margaret (First Part, Scene XII.): —

> To yield one wholly, and to feel a rapture,
> In yielding, that must be eternal!
> Eternal! — for the end would be despair.
> No, no, — no ending! no ending!

with the ecstasy following the revelation of an æsthetic Ideal: —

> 'T is thou, to whom the stir of all my forces,
> The essence of my passion's forces, —
> Love, fancy, worship, madness, — here I render!

and the meaning of the passage cannot be doubtful to any one who appreciates the fine spiritual passion which possesses the Poet and the Artist.

Kreyssig alone, of all the German commentators, seems to have comprehended the spirit of this scene. He says: "The Artist has seen his Ideal. His joy, his yearning, rises to a burning desire, to a resolution so powerful that nothing can intimidate it. Again the old, passionate blood seethes, although now warmed by a nobler fire. The impetuous, rash attempt to win at one

Digitized by Google

blow as a permanent possession that which has only been revealed in a fleeting glimpse, fails, like his former attempt, through that radical law, which only gives the most precious gifts in return for labor and patience. The apparition vanishes, and in the abrupt reaction we see him, who would fain be superhuman, lying senseless on the earth. The first assault of his ambitious claim has been resisted, but his resolution remains irrevocable. He cannot, now, remain longer at the Emperor's Court. The man of ideal vision and creation must equally fail to find his place there, as formerly among the dissolute groups of the Blocksberg. The period of his intellectually-artistic development and maturity commences, and the poet inaugurates it by a series of sometimes varied and fantastic allegories, in order to complete it afterwards in the Third Act, the scenes of which are excellent and truly dramatic, in spite of all their symbolism and allegory."

It is a great consolation to find a view which one can so heartily and totally accept.

52. *I call the piece:* The Rape of Helena.

The Astrologer, apparently, only uses this expression in order to excite Faust by the apprehension of loss, and thus bring about the catastrophe with which the act closes. In the line,

> Here foothold is! Realities here centre!

we have a striking contrast to Faust's impatience and disgust with the results of all knowledge, in the opening monologue of the First Part. It is almost a prophecy of that supreme content which would delay the flying Moment; and Mephistopheles might hope soon to claim his wager, but for the circumstance that his negative nature is utterly incapable of comprehending Faust's passion for the Beautiful.

Schnetger says: "The title (The Rape of Helena) simply means to express more clearly that the form was only a prophetic vision, and now vanishes; that Faust is not yet sufficiently advanced to retain the Beautiful; that Helena, the highest ideal of Art, resembles that form of the Shades, which seems so near that Faust cries: 'How can she nearer be!' and yet is ever stolen from him who would too impetuously grasp her."

Mr. Lowell, in his poem of "Hebe," expresses the same idea: —

> "O spendthrift Haste! await the Gods;
> Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
> Haste scatters on unthankful sods
> The immortal gift in vain libations."

There is one slight concluding puzzle in this scene. If the key which Faust holds represents Desire, why should it be aimed (in the manner of a pistol) against Paris? The latter is here a part of the ideal Beauty. If the act indicates more than Faust's unthinking rashness, I cannot explain it.

53. MEPHISTOPHELES (*coming forth from behind a curtain*).

In December, 1829, Goethe read the opening scene of the Second Act to Eck-

Digitized by Google

ermann. At its close, he said: "The conception is so old, and I have so carried and considered it in my mind for fifty years, that the material has greatly increased, and my most difficult work, at present, consists in selection and rejection. The invention of the entire Second Part of *Faust* is really as old as I say.* Hence it may be an advantage to the work, that I now write it, after all the affairs of life have become so much clearer to me. My experience is like that of one who possesses in youth a great many small silver and copper coins, which he gradually exchanges in the course of his life, until he finally sees all his early wealth lying before him as pieces of pure gold."

If, as seems probable from the evidence, the dialogue between Mephistopheles and the Baccalaureus was written some thirty or forty years before, the opening pages of the scene may undoubtedly be referred to the year 1829. What Goethe says of its conception must not be taken too literally. We may guess that his first intention was to give Faust a part to play in his old Gothic chamber: the reappearance of the Student of the First Part as Baccalaureus seems to be hardly a sufficient motive for the return to Place and the purposed contrast of Time. Mephistopheles, whose part, throughout the period of Faust's æsthetic development (Acts II. and III.), is supposed to be Ignorance as well as Negation, forgets himself in almost the first words he speaks: —

> "Whom Helena shall paralyze
> Not soon his reason will recover."

The Idea of the Beautiful is this "insane root," which, in the eyes of conventional humanity, takes the Artist's reason prisoner. Faust lies senseless until he reaches the Pharsalian Fields, in the Classical Walpurgis-Night, and Goethe, meanwhile, becomes prompter to Mephistopheles, as the latter was to the Astrologer. The reader must be warned not to expect any dramatic consistency in this and the following scene. While writing them, the First Part, it is very evident, was constantly before Goethe's mind, not as a still secret and vital inspiration, but as something gone from him forever, something considered, judged and set in its place by the world, shorn of the joy of private possession and powerless to reproduce its own original power. He translates his thoughts from the natural language of Age into that of Youth, and, as in all translation, he is not quite equal to the original.

54. *Crotchets forever must be hatched.*

There is a pun in the German which cannot be given. *Grillen* means both *crickets* and *crotchets* or splenetic humors, the first reference being to the insects which Mephistopheles has shaken out of the old fur. In describing this act Goethe makes use of the word *farfarel-*

* Goethe must mean, here, the original conception or ground-plan of the whole, certainly not the arrangement of the separate scenes or the introduction of episodes which were suggested at a much later date.

Digitized by Google

*len* to designate one variety of insects, — probably a mistake, intended for the Italian word *farfalette*, which has the same double meaning as *Grillen*.

Taking these two words in connection with the foregoing satire of Mephistopheles, we may conjecture that the "Chorus of Insects" is intended to represent all the whims, crotchets, and theories of mechanical scholarship, — the verminiferous life which is bred in the mould of pedantry. At the close of Scene III., First Part, Mephistopheles declares himself to be

> "The lord of rats and eke of mice,
> Of flies and bedbugs, frogs and lice,"

for which reason, apparently, the insects hail him as patron and father. Düntzer says: "The Devil ridicules the dead scholarship, the waste and mould of the chamber, wherein *Grillen* must ever be produced: we might even suppose that the insects, especially the *farfalette* (moths) and cicadas, are an indication of the crotchets and distorted views of life to which *savans* are so easily disposed."

### 55. Baccalaureus.

The new Famulus, who is a spiritual descendant of the Wagner of the First Part, is introduced to give Mephistopheles the opportunity of continuing his irony. Some imagine that in the latter's description of the immense reputation and authority which Wagner has acquired Goethe intended a reference to the extravagant popularity which Fichte enjoyed at the University of Jena. Inasmuch as the irony of the passage is sufficiently clear without this personal application, I do not think it necessary to give the grounds on which the conjecture is based.

It seems to me evident that the conversation between Mephistopheles and the Baccalaureus (commencing on page 123) is one of the earlier fragments. Frau von Kalb declared that Goethe read to her the whole or a portion of it, at least twelve years before the publication of the First Part, consequently in 1796, about which time there are passages in the correspondence with Schiller which furnish an indirect explanation of some of the expressions. The Baccalaureus, moreover, is so admirable and consistent a continuation of the Student, and Mephistopheles (except at the very close of the interview) is so like his old self, that the reader of the original cannot help remarking the difference in execution. I trust there may be some evidence of it in the translation. The earlier passage commences at the line: "If, ancient Sir," etc.

Eckermann asked Goethe whether a certain class of ideal philosophers was not typified in the Baccalaureus.

"No," said Goethe; "he is the personification of that presumption which specially belongs to youth, and of which we had so many striking examples in the years immediately after our War of Liberation. Every one, however, believes, in his young days, that the world really began with him, and that everything exists for his individual sake. Thus there was once a

Digitized by Google

man in the Orient, who assembled his people about him every morning and suffered them not to begin their labors until he had commanded the sun to rise. Of course he was shrewd enough not to utter the command until the sun was on the point of rising without it."

In an earlier conversation (upon a work of Schubart), Goethe said: "I have always kept myself entirely free from Philosophy: my standpoint was that of sound human understanding."

56. *But don't go, absolute, home from here.*

There is a philosophical antithesis implied in the words "resolute" and "absolute," in this couplet. Mephistopheles uses the former word in its double sense of "determined" and "dissolved," while the latter, according to Kreyssig, is a sarcastic allusion to the Hegelian philosophy. It would seem from what follows, however, that Goethe had Fichte in his mind, rather than Hegel.

57. *When one has passed his thirtieth year,*
*One then is just the same as dead.*

The reference to Fichte is here not to be mistaken. The following passage occurs in his works: "When they have passed their thirtieth year, one well might wish, for their own reputation and the advantage of the world, that they would die; since, from that age on, their lives will only be an increasing damage to themselves and their associations."

When Fichte first appeared as Professor at Jena in 1794, Goethe was very favorably inclined towards him and his theory, but the prepossession gradually wore away, partly in consequence of Fichte's boundless assumption of infallibility, and partly, no doubt, from the indiscreet conflict of his disciples with the much smaller circle around Goethe and Schiller. The latter writes, on one occasion: "According to Fichte's own expressions, the Me is also creative through its representations, and all reality exists only in the Me. The world, to him, is nothing but a ball which the Me tosses up, and which, in its contemplation, it catches again! He thus actually seems to have declared his own Godhood, as we recently anticipated."

The expression of the Baccalaureus:

"Save through my will, no Devil can there be,"

and the magnificent glorification of the Idea, with which he departs from the chamber, certainly do not simply express the ordinary presumption of youth. If the reader will recall the stanza headed "Idealist," in the *Intermezzo* of the First Part, which was also written in 1796 (a circumstance corroborative of Frau von Kalb's testimony), and which is universally accepted as a representation of Fichte, he will recognize precisely the same features here.

58. *Who can think wise or stupid things at all,*
*That were not thought already in the Past?*

Goethe was acquainted with a little-

Digitized by Google

known volume of Sterne, some of the maxims of which, translated by himself, were found among his papers and ignorantly published as original fragments by Eckermann and Riemer. The work, which is entitled: "The Koran, or Essays, Sentiments, Characters, and Callimachies of Tria Juncta in Uno, M. N. A. or Master of No Arts," was published in Vienna in 1798. There appears to have been an earlier edition; but I am unable to say, in view of certain resemblances between Sterne and Lichtenberg, which borrowed from the other. The following passage is undoubtedly Sterne's: —

"But that nothing is new under the sun was declared by Solomon some years ago: and it is impossible to provide against evils that have already come to pass. So that I am sure I have reason to cry out, with Donatus, apud Jerom — *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!* For I have ever wrote without study, books, or example, and yet have been charged with having borrowed this hint from Rabelais, that from Montaigne, another from Martinus Scriblerus, etc., without having ever read the first or remembered a word of the latter.

"So that, all we can possibly say of the most original authors, now-a-days, is not that they say anything new, but only that they are capable of saying such and such things themselves, 'if they had never been said before them.' But as monarchs have a right to call in the specie of a state, and raise its value, by their own impression; so there are certain prerogative geniuses, who are above plagiaries, — who cannot be said to steal, but, from their improvement of a thought, rather to borrow it, and repay the commonwealth of letters with interest again; and may more properly be said to adopt, than to kidnap, a sentiment, by leaving it heir to their own fame."

Goethe, in his conversations, very emphatically repeated this view. In 1825, he said: "People talk forever of Originality, but what does it all mean! As soon as we are born the world begins to operate upon us, and continues to do so to the end. And everywhere, what can we call specially our own, except energy, strength, and will? If I should declare for how much I am indebted to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would not be a great deal left."

Three years later, he thus expressed himself to Eckermann: "It is true that we bring capacities into life with us, but we owe our development to the thousand influences of a great world, from which we assimilate all we can. I owe much to the Greeks and to the French; my debt to Shakespeare, Sterne, and Goldsmith is immeasurably great. Nevertheless, the sources of my culture are not therewith indicated: to name them all would be an endless task, and to no purpose. The main thing is, that a man has a soul loving the Truth, and accepting it wherever he finds it. But the world is now so old, and for thousands of years past so many important men have lived and thought, that

Digitized by Google

few positively new things can be discovered and said."

The expression of Mephistopheles, however, seems to have been more directly suggested by a line in Terence: *Nullum est jam dictum, quod non dictum sit prius.*

The sudden introduction of a theatrical detail at the close of this scene is a piece of satirical wilfulness on Goethe's part. The younger auditors in the *parquet* do not applaud, because they are all in sympathy with the Baccalaureus, even as the students of Jena, severally and collectively, were enthusiastic disciples of Fichte. The movement among the German youth, which culminated in the famous Wartburg convention of 1817, was extremely distasteful to Goethe, and led to a coolness on the part of the students which did not pass away until the next generation. From various utterances of Goethe on this alienation of youth from him, I quote the following verse: —

> As the old ones sung once,
> So twittered then the young ones;
> The young now give the rhythm,
> And old must sing it with 'em.
> When such the tune and will is,
> The best thing, to keep still is.

### 59. Homunculus.

This whimsical, artificial mannikin is, in reality, the chief personage in Act II. Since he is no less an enigma to the critics than the mysterious "Mothers," and suggests even a greater variety of meanings in the course of his adventures, it will not be so easy to give, in advance, a full and satisfactory explanation of his character. I prefer, therefore, to offer the reader choice of several tracks, leaving that which I believe to be the true one to be further followed in succeeding notes.

The name and mode of origin of Homunculus are taken from Paracelsus, and some hint of the character, possibly, from Sterne. The former, in the first book of his *De Generatione Rerum*, says: "But now the *generatio homunculorum* is by no means to be forgotten. For there is something in it; although such has hitherto been held in the greatest secrecy, and there has been no small doubt and question among divers of the old philosophers, whether it may even be possible, that a man may be born without the natural mother. Thereto I answer, that it is not at all contrary to the *ars Spagyrica* and to Nature, but is quite possible. And although such has hitherto been concealed from the natural man, yet was it not concealed from the *sylvestres*, and nymphs, and giants, but long ago revealed, whence also they originate. For from such *homunculis* they grow to full age, monstrous dwarfs and other like wonderful creatures, which are employed as powerful agencies, are victorious over their enemies and know secret things, which men otherwise could not know. And by art they receive their life, by art they receive body, flesh, bones, and blood; by art are they born: therefore Art is in them incarnate and self-existing, so that they need not learn it from any man, but are so by Nature, even as roses and other flowers."

Digitized by Google

Paracelsus thereupon gives minute and exact directions how the Homunculus may be created; and the attempt has no doubt been actually made thousands of times. Sterne, in the second chapter of Tristram Shandy, treats the subject with more than his usual wit and grace, averring that the Homunculus is as much a man and a brother as the Lord Chancellor of England. The attraction which such a conception (intellectually speaking) presented to Goethe's mind may be readily guessed, and a curious coincidence probably led to its embodiment in this scene. The philosopher, Johann Jacob Wagner,* seems to have possessed some of the characteristics of his namesake of the First Part. After the appearance of the latter, in 1808, Prof. Köhler, of Würzburg, gave a lecture upon it, in which, either as jest or malice, he declared that his fellow-professor was the original of Faust's Famulus. About the same time, Wagner propounded the most astonishing views in his lectures, some of which — as, for instance, "all organisms are nothing but developed metals," and the assertion that "Chemistry would finally succeed in producing organic bodies, even in creating human beings by crystallization" — were repeated all over Germany, and must have reached Goethe's ears. The scene, as it stands, was thus suggested to him; for the attempt to create life artificially harmonizes completely with the lifeless pedantry of which Wagner is the representative.

Professor Wagner was an enthusiastic admirer of the original "Fragment" of *Faust*. He lectured upon it, and even published an analysis of the work, in 1839; but he rejected both the Second Part and the additions to the First Part which appeared in 1808!

Nothing which Goethe has himself said concerning Homunculus will much enlighten us. Indeed, his expressions seem to have been purposely uncertain and mystical: both here, and in his remarks upon Euphorion, the care with which he guarded the Key-secret is very apparent. After reading the scene to Eckermann (December 16, 1829), he said: "You will have noticed, in general, that Mephistopheles appears to a disadvantage in contrast with Homunculus, who is his equal in intellectual clearness, and much his superior through his inclination for the Beautiful and for a promotive activity. Besides, he calls him Sir Cousin; for spiritual beings, like Homunculus, who were not obscured and limited by a complete human incorporation, were classed among the Dæmons, and therefore a sort of relationship may be presumed between the two."

"Mephistopheles," said Eckermann, "certainly appears here in a subordi-

* He was born at Ulm in 1775, and died there in 1841. He studied at Jena and Göttingen, and was for many years Professor in Würzburg. Among his works are "A Theory of Warmth and Light," "A System of Ideal Philosophy," "Philosophy of Education," "Political Economy," "Philosophy and Medicine," and "The Principle of Life." He was most noted for his attempt to construct a philosophical "Tetrad," from the systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and himself. He had, at one time, a circle of devout believers.



Digitized by Google

nate position; but I cannot escape the idea that he is secretly implicated in the creation of Homunculus, according to our former knowledge of him, and also from his appearance in the *Helena* as a secretly-working agency. Thus he is again elevated, as a whole, and, with his superior impassiveness, he may overlook some of the details."

"You have a very just instinct of the relation," said Goethe; "it is really so; and I have already reflected whether, when Mephistopheles goes to Wagner, and Homunculus is coming into being, I should not put some lines in his mouth, which might make his co-operation clear to the reader."

"There would be no harm in that," Eckermann answered. "Yet it is already hinted, when Mephistopheles closes the scene with the words: —

'Upon the creatures we have made
We are, ourselves, at last, dependent.'"

The following additional note was found among Riemer's posthumous papers: "In answer to my question, what Goethe meant to represent in Homunculus, Eckermann said: Goethe thereby meant to present the pure *Entelechie* [Ἐντελέχεια, an Aristotelian word signifying *the actual being* of a thing], the Reason, the Spirit, as it enters life before experience; for the Soul of Man is highly endowed on its arrival, and we by no means learn everything, we bring much with us.* To Goethe himself the world was very early opened, in advance of experience; he penetrated it, before he knew it through his life. He also pointed out to Eckermann the shrewdness and attentive perception of his little granddaughter Alma. Yes, Goethe himself has a sort of respect for Homunculus."

There is probably a good deal of purposed mystification in all this. Nothing that is here reported explains the office of Homunculus as guide to the Classical Walpurgis-Night, and the prominent part which he there plays, to the exclusion of Faust. Let us now consider, as briefly as possible, some of the most important interpretations of the critics. Weisse says: "Homunculus is the objective expression, the hypostatic form of Faust's present spiritual condition, struggling for a new birth into another and unknown condition of existence." Leutbecher's explanation is: "He appears as the personification of that spiritual condition in Faust, which, sprung to life in the realm of external, mechanical scholarship, and awakened by the keen irony of sensuous being, is furthered by the repose of the genuine and truly poetical spirit, — a condition in which he first overlooks the whole mythical world of antiquity, and through which it is possible for him to comprehend the being of the True, the Ethical, and the Beautiful, which that world holds concealed."

Another series of opinions, having some metaphysical or psychological relationship to the above, may next be quoted. Düntzer says: "Homunculus

* "Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come."
*Wordsworth.*

Digitized by Google

is the thoughtful, striving force, urged in vital, self-conscious power towards the Ideal Beauty, which it hopes to attain, not, like Faust, by a wild assault, but by a gradual and certain march." According to Horn, he is "the yearning for the creation of the Beautiful," while Rötscher considers that he is an embodiment of Faust's imperious yearning for the original home-land of Art. Schnetger takes a similar idea, and compresses it into a more definite form. "Homunculus," says he, "is the human embryo, the germ of the perfectly beautiful human frame; he is the highest Beauty, developed through a scale of thousands of forms, — in a word, he is the embryo of Helena! . . . . Homunculus is Human Beauty in process of creation, Helena and Galatea are Created Beauty."

I add, in conclusion, those interpretations which vary more or less widely from the foregoing. Hartung declares that "what Helena is to Faust, that is Homunculus to Mephistopheles, a creation of his fancy, and, nevertheless, his ruling spirit." He ignores any connection between Homunculus and Faust. Rosenkranz simply states that Homunculus is a "comical" figure, who, at the close of the Classical Walpurgis-Night, "manifests himself as Eros." Köstlin says, with unconcealed irritation: "Grant that the new spirit is dramatically necessary, grant that he is cleverly invented, the figure is and remains an unedifying trick, a ridiculous image, with which the poet himself plays a game which totally annihilates it. It is difficult to say, indeed, what should have appeared in place of this Homunculus, but that is no excuse for the poet. . . . . The figure suffers from the contradiction, that it is comical and not comical, at the same time." Deycks thinks he is an elemental spirit, perhaps of fire, and adds: "He appears as born Knowledge, yet yearning for the real, corporeal. He endeavors to find them in the natural knowledge of the ancients, and returns to the elements, as fire, like phosphorus in union with water." Friedrich von Sallet considered him to be German Poetry before Schiller and Goethe, and Julian Schmidt Greek-Romantic Poetry.

Kreyssig, who insists that the reader must approach this part of the drama with "a vital, receptive spirit, free from prejudice or prepossession," if he wishes to enjoy and understand it, endeavors to solve the problem in a different manner. He attaches a special meaning to the relation between Wagner and Homunculus, accepting the former as a type of solid research and knowledge, while he sees in Faust a personification of Genius. "What the explorer has laboriously produced," he says, "becomes a living light to Genius, guiding him into regions which Fate has closed against the former." Kreyssig does not seem to perceive that this living light (Homunculus) is a quality inherent in Genius itself, and not in the productions of scientific research. Yet he approaches, unconsciously, a little nearer the secret, in the passage: "We know in what full measure the funda-

Digitized by Google

mental law of a healthy artistic development was exemplified in Goethe's life; how he, in the maturity of his power, far from the daring wantonness of the 'Storm and Stress' years, found no form of knowledge dry and unimportant which had any bearing on Nature and Art; how he studied at the same time Geology, Botany, Anatomy, Optics, and Metrics, the history of Literature and Art."

I am satisfied that much more of Goethe's own struggle towards a higher intellectual and æsthetic development is reflected in the Second Part of *Faust*, than the critics seem willing to admit. The first three Acts are saturated, through and through, with his intellectual subjectiveness. It was not his habit of mind to build theories, nor could he have taken the least interest in the representation of abstract ideas. He was never satisfied until the vaguest gossamer-wraith of the imagination had found some corresponding reality of form. A careful study of his correspondence with Schiller and Zelter will illuminate all this portion of the drama with a multitude of broken and transient lights, which may sometimes confuse, but, in the end, will discover much that seemed hidden at first.

My impression that the Boy Charioteer, Homunculus and Euphorion, are one and the same elfish, elusive Spirit, which is the Poetic Genius of Goethe himself (as its *entelecheia*, other allegorical garments being thrown over it at will), grew into very distinct form as a feeling, or instinct, before I made any endeavor to apply it. Such an interpretation does not reject those of Weisse, Leutbecher, Düntzer, Horn, Rötscher, or Schnetger: it only completes and harmonizes all of them. Leutbecher, indeed, stops a little short of the same view, when he says: "As in the First Part, Wagner and Mephistopheles are personifications of certain tendencies in Faust, so also here the same thing must be assumed, and Homunculus is added as the personification of a new tendency." Now, in 1827, in speaking of Ampère's review of *Faust*, Goethe said: "He has expressed himself no less intelligently, in asserting that not only the gloomy, unsatisfied striving of the chief personage, but also the scoffing and sharp irony of Mephistopheles, are parts of my own being."

Add to this confession the play of that pranksome (*muthwillig*) spirit in Goethe, which even age could not tame, and his delight in mystification, which had constant food in the respectful credulity of lesser intellects, and I find it easy to understand how he has confused, in endeavoring to conceal, his design. There will be sufficient opportunity to add whatever illustrations are possible, before we reach the end of the Classical Walpurgis-Night; and I will, now, only beg the reader to notice that the Ideal which led Goethe onward and upward during the best years of his life, is very nearly described in the words of Paracelsus, — "Art is in them incarnate and self-existing, so that they need not learn it from any man, but are so by Nature, even as roses and other flowers."

Digitized by Google

60. *Fair scenery!*

In this passage Homunculus describes the dream of the sleeping Faust, which is visible to him alone. Faust has already gone further back towards the origin of Beauty, in this picture of Helena's parents, Leda and the Swan-Jupiter. The separation of the Classic and Romantic elements, which commenced in the First Act, now becomes complete, and the occupation of Mephistopheles — at least in his original character — is gone for a time. Eckermann said to Goethe, after the latter had read the manuscript of the passage: "Through this dream of Leda in the Second Act, the *Helena* afterwards wins its proper foundation. There much is said of swans and the swan-begotten; but here the event is pictured, and when one, with the impression on his senses, comes afterwards to Helena, how much more distinct and complete everything will appear!"

Goethe assented to this, and said: "You will also find that already, throughout these first acts, the Classic and the Romantic vibrate, and come to expression, so that, as by a gradually ascending slope, we are carried upwards to the *Helena*, where both forms of Poetry come prominently to the light and find a species of adjustment."

The ignorance of Mephistopheles concerning the Classical Walpurgis-Night is accounted for by the fact that he is a Gothic, mediæval Devil, from the North, and "brought forth in the age of mist." The classic world had ceased before he began to exist. He has brought Faust to the old study to recover; but Homunculus sees that (like Goethe in Weimar before his Italian journey) Faust will die unless he is instantly transported to the land where his dream can be made a reality.

61. *But, clearlier seen, 't is slave that fights with slave.*

Goethe, here, entirely forgets Mephistopheles and speaks with his own voice. There are many slips of the kind, as the reader will have already noticed, but none quite so undramatic as this.

The scene, although not strictly geographically correct, is admirably chosen, since the classic age may be said to terminate with the Battle of Pharsalia (B. C. 48). The Peneus and Tempe, Greece beyond Pindus, on the right, Olympus and Ossa overlooking the plain, the sea in front, with Samothrace, Lesbos, Tenedos, and the Troad beyond, — these are the features, not all visible, but all suggested by the locality.

62. *I may detect the dot upon the "I."*

This expression (which Goethe sometimes uses in his correspondence to denote finish, completion) is explained by the endeavor of Homunculus, afterwards, to break the glass in which his artificial being is confined, and commence a free and natural existence. A scientific as well as a literary meaning is thereby suggested, and the clews to both will be found in the true history of Goethe's own development.

Digitized by Google

63. *Upon the creatures we have made*
*We are, ourselves, at last, dependent.*

These are the lines quoted by Eckermann to Goethe, as an evidence that Homunculus is really the creation of Mephistopheles, and not of Wagner. Goethe's answer was: "You are quite right. To an attentive reader, the lines might be almost enough; but I will reflect, nevertheless, whether there should not be other hints."

"But that conclusion," Eckermann then said, "contains a great meaning, which is not to be exhausted so easily."

"I should think," Goethe answered, "there was provender enough in it, to last for a time. A father, who has six sons, is lost, no matter what disposition he may make of himself. Also kings and ministers, who have placed many persons in high offices, may apply this profitably to their own experience."

The other lines, wherein the co-operation of Mephistopheles in producing Homunculus is indicated, — which were either not noticed by Eckermann or afterwards added by Goethe, — are the following.

On page 121: —

An entrance why should he deny me?
I 'll expedite his luck, if he 'll but try me!

On page 133: —

Thou rogue, Sir Cousin! here I find thee, too?
And at the proper time! My thanks are due:
A lucky fortune led thee here to me.
. . . . .
Thou art adroit in shortening my way.

64. Classical Walpurgis-Night.

This allegory occupies the same place in the Second Act, as the Carnival Masquerade in the First, and, like it, is a digression from the direct course of the drama. Unlike it, however, its substance is poetic rather than didactic. Neither the many puzzles which it contains, nor the wilful spirit in which Goethe has loaded his original, purely æsthetic design with a weight of extraneous scientific ideas, can restrain the breeze of Poetry which blows through it, fresh from the mountains and seas and isles of Greece.

When we have once accepted his double intention of conducting Faust to a higher plane of life through the awakening and development of his sense of Beauty, and, at the same time, of bringing together the Classic and Romantic elements in Literature and Art, in order to reconcile them in a region lofty enough to abolish all fashions of Race and Time, we have no difficulty in fancying how the plan of a Classical Walpurgis-Night must have presented itself to Goethe's mind, as a *pendant* to the Walpurgis-Night of the First Part, which is Gothic, Mediæval, Romantic. We may also conjecture that it was no easy task to arrange the scenes and figures of such an episode, as a natural frame-work, capable of enclosing both the allegory and the narrative, — the former so airy, subtile, and shifting, that, while it could only be expressed through Form, it perpetually eluded the confinement of forms of thought, and the course of the latter so determined in advance by the completed *Helena*, that it could not further accommodate itself to the allegory.

Digitized by Google

There is direct evidence that this difficulty of execution was felt by Goethe, no doubt with his first conception of the episode. The first sketch, or outline, was probably made in 1800, while he was writing the Walpurgis-Night, and when the first pages of the *Helena* were produced. We have Eckermann's testimony that it was only a sketch in 1827, when Goethe said to him: "The plan exists, indeed, but the great difficulty is yet to be overcome; and the execution really depends altogether too much on sheer good-luck. The Classical Walpurgis-Night must be written in rhymes, and yet everything must wear an antique character. It is not easy to invent the proper form of verse: and then, the dialogue!" Eckermann asked if that was not already planned in the sketch. "The *What*, I may say," Goethe answered, "but not the *How*. And then, just consider how much must be said in that wild night! Faust's address to Proserpine, moving her to restore Helena, — what speech must that be, which shall move Proserpine herself to tears! Nothing of all this is easy to do: a great deal depends on luck, yes, almost entirely upon the feeling and power of the moment."

The poetic elaboration of this early sketch, which must have been in prose, was not commenced until January, 1830, and was finished, as we learn from Eckermann's letter from Geneva, in August of that year, the *eighty-first* of Goethe's life! He knew how to detect and secure his fortunate moods; the plan was traced out, like the pattern of a piece of embroidered tapestry, and he worked here and there, according to the color and form which were best adapted to his intervals of creative desire. The very manuscript, some pages of which I have seen, suggests the care and fidelity with which he labored. The hand is firm and clear, the interlineations few but always excellent, and there are sometimes broad spaces between the stanzas, which suggest long and silent pacings back and forth on the study-floor or the garden walk.

Goethe tells us that the Classical Walpurgis-Night is an ascending slope, upon which we gradually rise to the *Helena*. Its leading motive, therefore, must be the development of the Idea of the Beautiful; and to this chief clew we must hold fast. But Mephistopheles, the Spirit of Negation, is also introduced, and a reason must be found for his presence in a scene where he has, apparently, no business. If there is such a thing as æsthetic irony, Goethe has attempted it here. In the forms introduced, with which Faust and Homunculus come in contact (the latter taking the former's part in the end), there is a gradual upward movement on the line of Beauty, from the Sphinxes and Griffins to the apparition of Galatea on her chariot of shell. In following Mephistopheles, however, from the same starting-point, we move downward on the line of Ugliness to its intensest *classical* embodiment in the Phorkyads. Woven between these two threads, and sometimes cunningly blended with

Digitized by Google

them, are personifications of the Neptunic and Plutonic theories in geology, with satirical illustrations of the latter and a resonant glorification of the former. Flashing over all, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, is Homunculus, with his yearning to commence a natural existence.

Here are the four leading elements of the episode, only the latter of which can really be called problematic. Whatever variety of interpretation may be given to the separate forms, or to detached passages, we can hardly be mistaken in regard to the first three motives; and I find that the German critics are here less active in constructing independent theories than in bending these evident elements to their service, in explaining the details. Rosenkranz, for instance, says that "Faust is led through Nature to Art," but inasmuch as he afterwards admits that the highest result of Art is the perfect human form, he thus comes back to the original clew. Weisse remarks, very correctly, that the scenes "are filled with an anticipation of coming Beauty." Köstlin, Schnetger, Düntzer, and others do not differ in substance, and their views need not be quoted.

Leutbecher says: "As is well known, Goethe himself lived and strove in that process of coming into being, of the new creation of the antique spirit in his time, and to his share therein is due the execution of this important part of the poem." Add to this Schnetger's declaration that "the key to the Classical Walpurgis-Night is Homunculus: his importance determines the importance of the entire scene, for his development into being is its chief motive," — and we shall see that by accepting Homunculus as the embodiment of Goethe's own yearning for a free and beautiful poetic being, we have the simplest key, not only to the Classical Walpurgis-Night, but to many of the views which it has suggested to the commentators. Only thus, indeed, can we understand the increasing prominence of Homunculus, and the early disappearance of Faust.

Deycks, also, has this passage: "This much seems to be clear: the scene has little or nothing to do with the history of Faust. At best, it prepares his way to the attainment of Helena; but he, himself, plays a secondary part. Neither is Mephistopheles much more prominent; he meets with (something quite new to him) one embarrassment after another. There are all the better grounds for assuming that Goethe, here, had other purposes, further evidence of which is shown in the visible love and elaboration wherewith the abundant forms are presented, the beauty and importance of so many visions, and the cheerful humor which throws a singular, shifting charm over the whole. It is full of alluring and mysterious suggestion, like the endless laughter of the sea-waves, in the ancient poet."

Another remark of Goethe (made in 1831) may be interesting to the reader: "The old Walpurgis-Night is monarchical, since the Devil is there everywhere respected as the positive ruler. But the

Digitized by Google

Classical is thoroughly republican, because all are broadly placed side by side, one being as valid as the other, none subordinate or concerned for the others. But for a life-long interest in the plastic arts, the execution of the scene would not have been possible. Nevertheless, it was very difficult to be moderate with such abundant material, and to reject all figures which did not completely accord with my design. For example, I made no use of the Minotaur, the Harpies, and various other monsters."

Mephistopheles is seduced to overcome his dislike for "antique cronies" by the mention of Thessalian witches, and the scene is accordingly opened by the witch Erichtho, described by Lucan as dwelling in the wilds of Hæmus, where she was consulted by Pompey, before the battle of Pharsalia. Her allusion to the "evil poets" is undoubtedly meant for Lucan and Ovid. She speaks in the measure called iambic trimeter (double); it is really an iambic hexameter, scarcely known to the English language, but the latter, nevertheless, adapts itself as readily to the additional foot as the German.

65. *Here, on Grecian land.*

Faust recovers from his trance as soon as he touches the classic soil: his artistic instinct tells him at once that he is on the track of Helena. How much of Goethe's own feeling is expressed in these lines may be seen from the following passage in his works: "Clearness of vision, cheerfulness of acceptance, and easy grace of expression, are the qualities which delight us: and now, when we affirm that we find all these in the genuine Grecian works, achieved in the noblest material, the most proportioned form, with certainty and completeness of execution, we shall be understood, if we always refer to them as a basis and a standard. Let each one be a Grecian, in his own way: but let him *be* one!"

66. *I find myself so strange, so disconcerted.*

Mephistopheles, on the other hand, is entirely out of his proper element. His disgust with the nudity of the antique forms is an admirable bit of humor, through which we can detect Goethe's own well-known defence of the chastity of ancient art. The delicate satire of the line, *Doch das Antike find' ich zu lebendig*, is lost in translation. We may almost surmise that when Mephistopheles speaks of overplastering the figures according to the fashion, Goethe referred to the indecent rehabilitation of the statues in the Vatican.

Mephistopheles finally addresses himself to the Griffins and Sphinxes, as the most grotesque and unbeautiful of the forms around him.

67. *The source, wherefrom its derivation springs.*

Düntzer explains that this passage is in ridicule of certain philologists, who, in Goethe's day, grouped words together at random according to their initial letters, and then attempted to trace them to a common root. The answer of



Digitized by Google

Mephistopheles is a play upon the words *Greif* (Griffin) and *greifen* (to grip) — sufficiently like the English words to be intelligible in translation. The Griffin accepts this explanation, and confirms it by slightly changing the Latin proverb *Fortes Fortuna juvat*, which he applies to his own advantage.

68. The Arimaspeans.

According to Herodotus, the Arimaspeans were a one-eyed race who inhabited a distant part of the Scythian steppes, and were engaged in continual conflict with the gold-guarding Griffins. The colossal Ants, which were somewhat larger than foxes and dwelt in Central Asia, threw out gold-dust in making their subterranean burrows.

I confess I can offer no satisfactory explanation of the appearance of these creatures, beyond that of their repulsive forms. Schnetger finds a scale of development in them, in the following order: Griffins, Ants, Arimaspeans, Sphinxes, and afterwards Sirens, each grade approaching nearer the human form. Hartung, on the other hand, finds that the Griffins are philologists; the gold, scientific treasures; the Ants, diligent collectors of knowledge; the Arimaspeans, clever writers, who live by stolen thoughts, and the Sphinxes, History. Goethe would hardly have buried an allegory so deep as this. Schnetger's explanation would answer very well, were it not for the Ants and Arimaspeans, who have no place in a progressive development based on Art. All we can be sure of is, that they are primitive forms of the Ugly, without the suggestion of possible beauty which we find in the Griffins and Sphinxes.

69. *Express thyself, and 't will a riddle be.*

It is evident that the Sphinxes immediately recognized Mephistopheles, and their questions are only "chaffing." When they say that their spirit-tones become material, to him, they hint that he sees nothing more than their semi-bestial form. In the answer of Mephistopheles to the demand for his name, Goethe uses the English words "Old Iniquity." This term was given, in the Moralities, to a personification of Vice, or Sin, who accompanied the Devil when he appeared, teased him and beat him with a whip. The Clown, in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," refers to this character in his song: —

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again
In a trice,
Like to the Old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, Goodman Devil!

Although Mephistopheles is an entire stranger among these antique forms, we must not suppose that he has never heard of them, and that his demand for

Digitized by Google

an enigma from the Sphinx is out of keeping with the part he plays. But his Romantic sneer is at once crushed under the Bœotian irony. The retort of the Sphinx shows that she fully comprehends the mediæval Devil. Its keenness will be properly appreciated when I state that the word *Plastron* (which I have translated "breast-plate") is a piece of impenetrable armor, worn by fencing-masters, in order to let their pupils lunge at them with impunity, even as the Devout, in Faust's day, flattered their ascetic idea of holiness by keeping up an imaginary conflict with the Devil. We cannot much wonder that Mephistopheles should lose his temper, on receiving such a thrust.

70. Sirens.

The Sirens are first mentioned by Homer as two in number, but two more were afterwards added by the Athenians. They were located in various places, — Crete, Sicily, or Capri, — and there were contradictory accounts of their origin and character. It was generally believed, however, that they were fated only to live until some one should pass their island without being captivated by their song, whence the corresponding myths of the Argonauts and Ulysses.

After the confused and uncertain forms with which the Classical Walpurgis-Night opens, Goethe seems to have selected the Sirens as a point of departure for the opposite paths of Faust and Mephistopheles. They were generally represented as beautiful maidens to the waist, the lower half having a bird-form, with hideous falcon claws. The grotesque and beautiful are more intimately blended in the woman and lion of the Sphinx: in the Sirens Beauty and Ugliness are simply and sharply joined to each other. After leaving them, Faust begins to rise towards his Ideal, while Mephistopheles descends towards his.

In the description which the latter gives of the Sirens' song, commencing "These are of novelties the neatest," Hartung sees "Goethe's opinion of certain modern poets." Some such meaning is certainly suggested by the lines; but we are already familiar with Goethe's habit of double and triple allegory, and shall not be bewildered by these minor glosses.

71. *In the Repulsive, grand and solid features.*

This line throws a clear light all along the path we have chosen. Faust recognizes the far-off predictions of the Beautiful in the forms of Indian and Egyptian Art, the forerunners of that of Greece. He is even reconciled to what is repulsive in them, by their association with the early memories of Grecian History and Literature. He is filled with fresh spirit, for he now feels that he has a clew which shall guide him to Helena. To Mephistopheles, who remembers Faust's disgust for the grotesque phantoms of the Blocksberg, his satisfaction is of course incomprehensible.

The Sphinxes direct Faust to Chiron, the Centaur, who is not only purely

Digitized by Google

Greek, but also the last struggle of the artistic Ideal of Beauty with animal forms; while, after recalling the Stymphalic birds and the heads of the Lernæan Hydra for the benefit of Mephistopheles, they shrewdly send him after the Lamiæ, who have aroused his desire at the first view.

### 72. Peneus.

The Pharsalian Fields lie upon the Enipeus, a branch of the Peneus, and many of the commentators charge Goethe with having made a mistake; but it is very evident that he meant to include in the scene the whole region from Pharsalus to the base of Olympus and the shores of the Ægean Sea.

In the river-god, Peneus, with his attendant Nymphs and Tributary Streams, we reach a higher plane of development. Here the forms, though representing Nature, are entirely human, and an atmosphere of Poetry, as well as of Art, encircles them. The verse changes, also, suggesting a clearer moonlight and fresher air.

Faust's dream of Leda and the Swan, which was described by Homunculus in Wagner's laboratory, is here purposely repeated, as the reality of what was there only presentiment. Now, however, Leda herself is not seen: the thick foliage conceals her form. Faust is not yet prepared to behold the conception of the Beautiful.

### 73. Chiron.

The Centaur Chiron was the son of Saturn and Philyra, the daughter of Oceanus. Homer calls him the wisest and most just of the Centaurs. He was said to have taught the human race oaths, joyous sacrificial services, and music. In his grotto on Pelion he educated the grandest Grecian heroes, among them Peleus, Ajax, Achilles, Æsculapius, Theseus, and Jason.

Schnetger has a very ingenious explanation of the symbolical significance of Chiron in this scene. He interprets the expression of the Sphinx to Faust:

> Our very last was slain by Hercules,

as indicating the overthrow of the monstrous forms of early Art; and Hercules therefore marks the commencement of the Human period. He then says: "If the old forms are entirely overcome by the new, in Hercules, then must Chiron, his instructor, be considered as standing equally in both periods of development. This position, half here, half there, is clearly illustrated in his figure, which is a horse behind and in front a nobly formed man. Chiron represents to us the bridge, the transition from the former coarseness and distortion to the later and loftier forms, and upon him Faust must pass to approach that which he seeks."

One of the finest of the Pompeian frescos, now in the *Museo Nazionale* at Naples, represents Chiron teaching the young Achilles to play upon the lyre. Goethe never saw it, but he has unconsciously given to the Centaur the same dignity, nobility, and yearning sadness of expression, which are there so wonderfully painted.

Digitized by Google

74. *No second such hath Gæa granted.*

There is a seeming contradiction in this passage. When Faust suggests the name of Hercules, which Chiron has omitted from the list of his Argonautic pupils and friends, the Centaur's burst of enthusiasm for the hero whose poisoned arrow accidentally caused his own death is, to say the least, unexpected; while Faust's following speech:

"The fairest Man hast thou depicted,
Now of the fairest Woman speak!"

couples Hercules with Helena as the Ideals of male and female beauty. But it was *Paris* and Helena whom he called from the Shades. We must assume that when he speaks of the latter pair to Mephistopheles, in Scene V. Act I., as "the model forms of Man and Woman," he is merely repeating the conventional ideas of the Emperor and the Court circle. In any case it is Goethe himself who speaks here. It was probably the famous torso in the Vatican which first gave him the impression that Hercules is, as he more than once declares in his papers on Art, "the highest glorification of masculine, beneficent activity and harmonious combination of power," therefore in his form the highest embodiment of masculine beauty. In his *Vier Jahreszeiten*, he says: "Grace is only revealed from the fulness of Strength." In 1832, only a month before his death, Goethe said to Soret: "The Hercules of antiquity is a collective being, the great bearer of his own deeds and the deeds of others."

75. *'T is curious with your mythologic dame.*

A trifling personal experience is here interpolated, or, at least, suggested. When Faust says: "But seven years old!" and Chiron answers:

"Philologists, I see,
Even as they cheat themselves, have cheated thee"—

we are directly reminded of a passage in Eckermann. Goethe was speaking of a line in one of his own poems, where Professor Göttling had persuaded him to change "Horace" into "Propertius," to the damage of spirit and sound. "In the same manner," said Eckermann, "the manuscript of your *Helena* showed that Theseus carried her off as a 'ten-year-old and slender roe.' But Göttling's representations led you to print, instead, 'a seven-year-old and slender roe,' which is much too young, both for the beautiful maiden, and for her twin-brothers, Castor and Pollux, who rescued her."

"You are right," said Goethe; "I am also of the opinion that she should be ten years old when Theseus carries her off, and for that reason I afterwards wrote:—

'She has been worthless from her tenth year on.' (Page 111.)

In the next edition, therefore, you may still make a ten-years' roe out of the seven-years' one."

Faust answers Chiron, as a Poet: "Then let no bonds of Time be thrown around her!" He refers to an obscure legend (mentioned by Müller, in his

Digitized by Google

work on "The Dorians"), that Achilles ascended from the Shades to wed Helena on the isle of Leuke, — not *Pheræ*, which seems to be a mistake of Goethe, — where they had a son, Euphorion.

### 76. Manto.

Goethe has wilfully taken Manto from blind Tiresias, "prophet old," whose daughter she was, and given her Æsculapius as a father, perhaps to account for her familiarity with Chiron, and enable the latter, through her, to send Faust further on his ardent pilgrimage. She was, in reality, devoted to the service of Apollo. After her father's death she wandered to Italy, where her son, Oknus, founded and named for her the city of Mantua. (Virgil refers to this in the Tenth Book of the *Æneid*, and Dante in the twentieth Canto of the *Inferno*.)

The temple shining in the moonlight, the dreaming Manto, and the few Orphic sentences which she utters, prepare us for Faust's mysterious descent to Persephone. Goethe's own words (quoted in Note 64) show that he had projected the scene; but here, in the vestibule, the doors suddenly close, and no voice from the adytum of Hades reaches our ears. Faust disappears, and we see him no more until the middle of the next Act, where the character of the allegory is entirely changed. There can be no doubt that Goethe found his powers inadequate to the execution of his design, and, as at the close of the First Part, he left the reader's imagination to span the chasm for which he could build no poetic bridge.

The Classical Walpurgis-Night falls, naturally, into three divisions of nearly equal length. The first division closes here: the representation of the development of the Beautiful through the Grecian mind is temporarily suspended, and a very different element is introduced.

### 77. *Health is none where water fails!*

We return from Manto's Temple, at the foot of Olympus, to the Upper Peneus, where the preceding scene opens. The premonitions which the River-god then uttered, are about to be verified. The Sirens reappear, but (we must assume) stripped of their former symbolism: they are now evidently representatives of the Neptunic theory in geology, and the "ill-starred folk" of whom they sing must be the Plutonists. The above line — in German, *Ohne Wasser ist kein Heil!* — declares the former theory at once, though it also suggests the well-known phrase of Thales, *ariston men 'udor*. The word *Heil* means either health or salvation; and the latter rendering would perhaps be more correct here. Goethe undoubtedly selected the Sirens to describe the earthquake, because they are the only characters already introduced who are directly associated with the Sea.

### 78. Seismos.

Goethe makes a personification of the Earthquake (Σεισμός), in order the better to satirize the Plutonists.

Digitized by Google

It is now time that I should endeavor to represent, as clearly as may be possible, what Goethe has introduced in this division of the Classical Walpurgis-Night, and why he has introduced it. A thorough and satisfactory commentary would involve the statement of scientific questions which require much special knowledge; but, on the other hand, it is inexpedient to wander too far from the tracks we have been following. Goethe did not intend this episode to be a digression. The pains he has taken to weave together the two threads, of such irreconcilable texture, are very evident, yet he has none the less failed in his attempt. I only feel bound, therefore, to present whatever may be strictly necessary to the understanding of this foreign element, and its elimination from the genuine substance of the drama.

Düntzer has carefully collected the principal facts, and so skilfully arranged them that I only need to abbreviate his material, and add to it a few illustrations from Goethe's writings. The Neptunic theory in geology, to which Goethe early became a convert, originated with Werner, and is based on his observations of mountain-strata. Taking granite as the original base, he taught that the later formations were successive deposits from a primeval ocean or from denser atmospheres; that, as Goethe expressed it, the Earth, slowly and by a progressive, harmonious development, builded itself; and that earthquakes and volcanic fires, although permanent phenomena, were not universal creative agencies. When Werner, in 1788, declared that basalt was formed through the action of water, the struggle of theories commenced, and the terms "Neptunists" and "Plutonists" began to be heard. In the *Xenien*, written in 1796, Goethe speaks of the short-lived triumph of the latter, in regard to basalt.

Nevertheless, Plutonism was not dead. The theory of the upheaval of mountain-chains through the action of internal forces rapidly gained ground in the scientific world. Its champions were two distinguished geologists, Leopold von Buch in Germany and Elie de Beaumont in France, to whom, about 1820, was added Alexander von Humboldt. Goethe, aroused from his security in regard to the Neptunic theory, now began to express his views, less in the way of impartial scientific discussion than as a matter of feeling, — we may even say, prejudice. He wrote, at this time: "When the Earth began to interest me in a scientific sense, and I endeavored to become acquainted with its mountain masses, internally and externally, in generals as in particulars, — in those days, we had a foothold where to stand, and we could not have wished a better one. We were directed to Granite as the highest and the deepest, we respected it in this sense, and labored to investigate it more closely."

It is evident that the rapid and general acceptance of the theory of upheaval was a great annoyance to him. Like an earthquake, it seemed to threaten his faith in the stability of the Earth itself. To his mind, it substituted violence,

Digitized by Google

convulsion, and a series of chaotic accidents, for the quiet, undisturbed, sublime process of creation. In a paper entitled "Geological Problems and an Attempt at their Solution," he wrote: "The case may be as it pleases, but it must be written that I curse this execrable racket and lumber room of the new order of creation! And certainly some young man of genius will arise, who shall have the courage to oppose this crazy unanimity." In a letter written to Zelter in 1827, he says, referring to Leopold von Buch, "I know very well what we owe to him and others of his class; but it is not well that the gentlemen immediately set up a priesthood, and try to force upon us, together with that for which we are grateful, that which they do not know, possibly do not believe. Now that the human race moves especially in herds, they will soon lead the majority after them, and a purely progressive, problem-reverencing mind will stand alone. Since I will quarrel no more, — which I never did willingly, — *I now allow myself to ridicule*, and to attack their weak side, of which they are no doubt aware."

I must add one more passage, from a letter written to Zelter in November, 1829, while Goethe was preparing the material of the Classical Walpurgis-Night: "Unfortunately, my cotemporaries are quite too eccentric. Recently the Milanese announced to me with amazement, that Herr von B. [Buch] would demonstrate to their eyes that the Euganæan Hills, which they have hitherto looked upon as a natural outpost of the Alps, rose up suddenly from the earth at some time or other. They are about as well pleased at that, as savages at the preaching of a missionary. Now, last of all, it is announced [Humboldt's Siberian Journey?] that the Altai was once conveniently squeezed up from the depths. And you may thank God that the belly of the earth does not choose to fall in somewhere between Berlin and Potsdam, in order to get rid of the fermentation in the same way. The Academy at Paris has sanctioned the declaration that Mont Blanc arose from the abyss last of all, after the crust of the earth was completely formed. Thus the nonsense accumulates, and will become a universal faith of the people and *savans*, like the faith in witches, devils, and their works, in the darkest ages."

If these passages show the bitterness of Goethe's prejudices, the unreasoning hostility he manifested to views based on honest and careful research, they show at the same time the secret source of his irritation. He must have considered the new theory as one of the phenomena of an approaching "Storm and Stress" period in Science, and have turned from it with the same revulsion of feeling as from that period in Literature, fifty years before. He suffered his æsthetic instincts to mould his scientific opinions, for the two had long been harmonized in his own mind. We must, therefore, now turn to that fancied harmony for an explanation of the intrusion of his scientific opinions into the lofty æsthetic plan of this epi-

Digitized by Google

sode. The two errors account for each other. The desperation with which he clung to the ground, which we can see he felt to be slipping from beneath his feet, shows how his intellect had succeeded in uniting Man and Nature, the individual, the race, and the planet, in one consistent and harmonious scheme, wherein the poem and the mountain, the flower and the statue, obeyed the same laws of growth. It was thus much more than the Neptunic theory of which the Plutonists deprived him.

Viewing the scene from this standpoint, we may guess that Goethe justified it to his own mind, and perhaps considered that his Ideal of the development of Nature should of right be interwoven with his artistic Ideal. The part given to Homunculus in the illustration of the Neptunic scheme strengthens this conjecture. The details of the double plan will be further explained in the following Notes.

It is also probable that persons, circumstances, and events are occasionally indicated. The prominence of the geological discussion has long since passed away; but the Witches' Kitchen and Walpurgis-Night of the First Part betray a wilful habit of reference to passing events or temporary interests, which we may well suppose is retained in this scene. Goethe, speaking of the Classical Walpurgis-Night as a whole, said to Eckermann: "I have so separated from the particular subjects and generalized whatever of pique I have introduced, that the reader may indeed detect references, but will not recognize any one to whom they would properly apply. I have endeavored, however, to represent everything in the antique manner, in distinct outlines, and to avoid any vagueness and uncertainty, such as is allowed by the Romantic method."

79. *For the Sphinxes here are planted.*

The arbitrary manner in which Goethe employs the forms of his duplicate allegory, using one or the other separate meaning, or blending both, at will, must not for a moment be lost sight of, in threading the mazes of the Classical Walpurgis-Night. If the Sphinxes, in the preceding scenes, represent the struggle of Art to rise from the animal to the human form, it is very evident that such a symbolism is entirely out of place here, where the new element is introduced. They were the prophecy of coming Beauty, to Faust, the "grand and solid features," manifested in spite of the repulsiveness belonging to all undeveloped forms. Here, they seem to represent calm, stability, unchange, in opposition to the violence and convulsion of Seismos. We may even conjecture that the lines:

> "But no further shall be granted,
> For the Sphinxes here are planted,"

indicate that, while Goethe admits the local operation of volcanic forces, he insists that their agency is limited and restricted by the eternal cosmic law of gradual and harmonious creation.

The reference to the island of Delos is a variation of a legend mentioned by Pindar, wherein the island, which had



Digitized by Google

previously floated on the waves, was made stationary by Apollo, for the sake of his mother Latona. Pliny also speaks of the volcanic origin of Delos and other isles of the Ægean.

When Seismos answers, the poetic aspect of force, which suggested the Titans, seems, in spite of his theory, to have kindled Goethe's imagination. Forgetting his scientific prejudice, he gives full play to the new and picturesque fancy; the passage is perhaps the finest in the scene. Some of the commentators imagine that the line:

"How stood aloft your mountains ever,"

contains a reference to Elie de *Beaumont;* but the pun would be incomplete, and its application not very clear.

### 80. Griffins.

The sudden appearance of the Griffins, Emmets, Pygmies, and Dactyls, as inhabitants of the newly-created mountain, and their activity, both in collecting gold and arming to attack the Herons (Neptunists), is a new bewilderment, and many of the German critics leave it without attempting an explanation. While we cannot hope for a clear and complete interpretation of every detail, the design of the whole scene at least points out the direction which our guesses should take. The circumstance that Goethe represents the Plutonists by those purely grotesque forms, from which Mephistopheles takes his departure towards the Ideal Ugliness, shows his attempt to blend the accidental scientific element with his original æsthetic plan. This can hardly be a mere coincidence. Thus far, if we accept it, the choice of characters is explained.

For their further significance, we must remember the extent to which Goethe was irritated by the general acceptance of the Plutonic theory. The Griffins and Ants, we may guess, represent those who at once give in their adherence to every new scientific *régime*, and fancy that its principles are so many great intellectual treasures, which they hasten to collect and possess. The Pygmies and Dactyls (Thumblings and Fingerlings) are the crowds of students and smatterers who are unable to free themselves from the chains of the new theorist; who find themselves, without knowing how it happened, under his authority, intellectual serfs, forced to service and obedience, without any reference to their own wills. The Pygmy-Elders and the Generalissimo are, of course, the rulers: it would hardly be too much to say that the former represent the members of the French Academy, and that the latter is Elie de Beaumont or Leopold von Buch. Homer's account of the battle between the Pygmies and the Cranes suggested the introduction of the Herons as Neptunists. The Generalissimo orders the slaughter of these water-haunting birds, that the Pygmies may feather their helmets with the crested plumes.

### 81. The Cranes of Ibycus.

The "fat-paunched, bow-legged knaves" of Plutonists are triumphant,

Digitized by Google

and wear the plumes they have plundered from the slaughtered Neptunists. But the Cranes, in their airy voyage, have seen the murder, and like the "Cranes of Ibycus," in Schiller's ballad, they are the agents appointed by Fate to revenge the deed.

Ibycus, the poet, on his way from Rhegium to attend the Isthmian games, was attacked by robbers in the pine-grove dedicated to Neptune, near Corinth. Far from all help, cut down, and dying, with his last breath he called to a flock of cranes, flying in a long file over the grove, and invoked them to bear abroad the news of the murder. His body was found, carried to Corinth, and recognized; and the grief of the populace, assembled at the games, was loud for the loss of their favorite singer, Ibycus. Suddenly, during a pause in the performance, while the great amphitheatre was silent, a file of cranes passed overhead, and a mocking voice was heard, saying: "There are the Cranes of Ibycus!" The suspicions of the people were instantly aroused, the speaker and his accomplice were picked out from the audience, and the amphitheatre became a tribunal of judgment. The murderers confessed the deed, and the Cranes revenged Ibycus. Such is the story which Schiller has embodied in one of his most admirable ballads.

When Goethe wrote, in 1827, "Certainly some young man of genius will arise, who shall have the courage to oppose this crazy unanimity," he anticipated the overthrow of the Plutonic theory. In his selection of Schiller's "Cranes of Ibycus," to summon his Neptunic kindred to the revenge which is only announced, not immediately performed, there is a touching suggestion of his own loneliness. The "endless hate" which is sworn is not the true substance of hate (which Goethe declared to be a passion only possible to youth): it is merely an impatient exclamation, veiling a pang of longing for the great friend who had passed away, and of disappointment that no one came to his side to help him turn his intrenched defence into an open assault.

82. *Dame Ilse watches for us from her stone.*

Schnetger says: "There is also a little venom in the circumstance, that the reappearing Mephistopheles finds what he seeks in this world of the Vulcanists. 'In your fire-world,' Goethe virtually exclaims, 'the Devil can attain his object; there is enough of the Ugly, the Vulgar, the Abominable there, but nothing whatever of the Noble and the Beautiful.' But even the Devil grumbles over these new surface-inflations, and praises his secure Brocken of a thousand years, with its primitive and eternal forms of the Ilsenstein, Heinrichshöhe, the Snorers, and Elend: he greatly prefers such a soil to this uncertain quake-world."

Mephistopheles mentions not only "the region of Schierke and Elend" of the First Walpurgis-Night, but also the Ilsenstein, which is one of the features of the approach to the Brocken on the northern side, by way of the

Digitized by Google

Ilsethal. Heine, in his *Reisebilder*, describes the stream of the Ilse, as it plunges down the glen, from the Heinrichshöhe, in a spirited passage, which I quote from Mr. Leland's translation: —

"No pen can describe the merriment, simplicity, and gentleness with which the Ilse leaps or glides amid the wildly-piled rocks which rise in her path, so that the water strangely whizzes or foams in one place among rifted rocks, and in another wells through a thousand crannies, as if from a giant watering-pot, and then, in collected stream, trips away over the pebbles like a merry maiden. Yes — the old legend is true, the Ilse is a princess, who, laughing in beauty, runs adown the mountain. How her white foam-garment gleams in the sunshine! How her silvered scarf flutters in the breeze! How her diamonds flash! . . . . The flowers on the bank whisper, Oh take us with thee; take us with thee, dear sister.

"I am the princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle,
Thou shalt be blest and mine!
. . . . .
I'll kiss thee and caress thee,
As in the ancient day,
I listened to Emperor Henry,
Who long has past away."

83. Lamiæ.

The original Lamia, the daughter of Belus and Libya, was beloved by Jupiter, and then transformed, through Juno's jealousy, into a hideous, child-devouring monster. Lilith, the nocturnal, female vampire of the Hebrews, mentioned in Isaiah, is rendered *Lamia* in the Vulgate. In the plural, they appear to have corresponded, very nearly, to the witches of the Middle Ages, who, indeed, were then frequently called *Lamiæ*. Keats's poem of "Lamia," in which the bride, recognized by the keen-eyed sage, returns to her original serpent-form, represents another of the superstitions attached to the race.

Mephistopheles (probably remembering the Thessalian witches promised by Homunculus) is attracted by forms having so much family likeness to those with which he is familiar; and when we recall Goethe's opinion of Mérimée and Victor Hugo (*vide* Note 24), we may suppose an indirect reference, in this episode, to the approach of the Classic and Romantic schools in the elements farthest removed from Beauty. The scientific satire, at least, is here temporarily suspended, but to be soon again resumed.

84. *Empusa, with the ass's foot.*

Empusa (the "one-footed," as the name denotes) had one human foot and one ass's hoof, and is therefore fairly entitled to call Mephistopheles "cousin." Goethe probably took her, as well as some other characters of the Classical Walpurgis-Night, from Böttiger, with whose works he was well acquainted. Empusa is mentioned in "The Frogs" of Aristophanes, and also in the life of Apollonius Tyana, by Philostratus. She had not the same habit of transfor-

Digitized by Google

mation as the other Lamiæ, but surpassed them all in her hideous appearance and her cannibalic habits.

Mephistopheles, however, is too ugly and repulsive for even these. They simply amuse themselves with him, and then send him further. The transformations which they undergo when he attempts to grasp them are characteristic of the Lamiæ, but, at the same time, they suggest some additional meaning. What it is I cannot guess, and I find nothing in any of the commentaries which throws the least light on the passage. Düntzer's explanation is entirely inadequate.

85. Oread (*from the natural rock*).

Here the Oread is the spirit of a primeval mountain, created according to the Neptunic theory. But she is not introduced solely for the purpose of ridiculing the neighboring Plutonic mountain which Seismos has created by upheaval, and which, she declares, "will vanish at the crow of cock." When Mephistopheles exclaims:

"Honor to thee, thou reverend Head!"

it is again Goethe who speaks; and the circumstance that Homunculus, who has been invisible during the whole Plutonic episode, now suddenly shows his light among the thickets covering *the natural rock*, hints that the Oread is immediately responsible for his reappearance. If we attach to Homunculus the part which I have ventured to propose, — if we assume that he is the æsthetic principle in Goethe's own nature, seeking the commencement of a frēe, joyous and harmonious being, — the passage receives a distinct and easily intelligible meaning. As I have given, in Note 59, the other varieties of interpretation, the reader may apply them for himself, here as elsewhere, if he finds reason to reject my suggestion.

86. Anaxagoras (*to* Thales).

The representatives of the two geological theories are now introduced. Goethe's choice of Anaxagoras and Thales is too evidently dictated by what is known of the systems of those philosophers, to need any further explanation. The former wrote of eclipses, earthquakes, and meteoric stones; the latter derived all life and physical phenomena from water; yet both based their theories on "Nature," and equally sought to solve her mysteries. Homunculus, impatient to begin existence, seems to heed the counsel of Mephistopheles (Goethe) to dare to err, as the only means of arriving at understanding.* Consequently, no sooner does the dispute between the two philosophers recommence, than he steps between them, seeking guidance.

* This is a maxim which Goethe has expressed in manifold forms. The line in the Prologue in Heaven: "*Es irrt der Mensch, so lang er strebt*," is an important part of the argument of *Faust*. In *Wilhelm Meister* he asserts that each man must be developed in his own way in order to attain a genuine independence; and therefore, that he had better err when error will gradually lead him into his own true path, than walk mechanically aright on the path prescribed for him by another.

Digitized by Google

The words of Thales: —

"To every wind the billows yielding are:
Yet from the cliff abrupt they keep themselves afar," —

undoubtedly indicate what Goethe considered to be the easy acquiescence of other geologists in the Plutonic theory, and his own stubborn position; yet it is a little singular that he should have chosen the Neptunic "billows" as symbols of his antagonists!

87. *And 't is not Force, even on a mighty scale.*

The four lines very tersely express Goethe's scientific creed. In 1831 he said: "The older I grow, the more surely I rely upon that law by which the rose and the lily blossom." He recognized no beauty except in proportion, no harmony except in gradual, ordered development. When we remember his constant aspiration, as an author, to attain unto a pure objective vision, we may well wonder that in this instance he was not only unable, but fiercely unwilling, to liberate himself from prejudice. But, after carefully studying his life, we find that we have to deal with more than an intellectual peculiarity: it rests on the deeper basis of his moral, and even physical, nature, and was directly inherited from his mother. The *Frau Aja*, as she was affectionately called by the Weimar court-circle, was a woman of clear, lively intellect, of admirable frankness and honesty, and of warm and strong feelings. Yet, with all her force of character, she was unable to endure anxiety, suspense, the ordinary shocks and plagues of life. She always begged her family and friends to hide from her every coming appearance of misfortune, and only to mention that which was past, and to be inevitably supported. The circle around Goethe were so familiar with the same peculiarity in his nature, that they avoided speaking to him of losses which they knew he felt keenly. Even the love of woman seems to have been, to him, more an unrest than a bliss, as is clearly shown in his relations to Frederike and Lili.

It would be easy to give many direct illustrations of Goethe's hostility to every influence which interfered with his quiet, harmonious development, and to show how such a strong quality of his nature must have moulded (perhaps unconsciously to himself) his scientific views. The better our knowledge of the poet, the less we shall be surprised to find him introducing, here, an element foreign to the original plan of the drama. The artistic mistake which we perceive was not one to him.

The two philosophers take no notice of Homunculus, until Anaxagoras, after seeing that the new mountain is already peopled, offers to make the former king over the Pygmies and Dactyls. Düntzer says of this passage: "Anaxagoras does not recognize the genuine nature of Homunculus; he sees only the external appearance, the little form, the imprisonment in the phial. On account of his *littleness*, and not, as others assert, because he is a spirit of

Digitized by Google

fire, does Anaxagoras esteem him to be competent to rule over the little people. He seeks to exist, to enter the reality of life, which can only be attained through gradual development; but Anaxagoras desires to make him king at one blow, quite in the spirit of the theory of upheaval, which would create all things suddenly and violently."

Thales answers as a Neptunist, and describes the destruction of the Pygmies by the Cranes of Ibycus. The latter event was possibly intended as a prophecy; or, at least, as a satirical declaration that the Plutonists, if forced to give up the theory of upheaval, would next insist that mountain-peaks were created by meteoric stones projected from the volcanoes of the moon. This view is entirely consistent with all that we know of Goethe's temper, before and during the time when the scene was written.

88. *Then were it true, Thessalian Pythonesses.*

This is a reference to an old Grecian myth, mentioned in the *Gorgias* of Plato and the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. Horace, also, (*Carm.* V.,) has the lines: —

"*Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala*
*Lunamque cœlo deripit.*"

We are to suppose that only a meteoric stone has fallen, but that Anaxagoras, in his excited fancy, imagines that the orb of the moon is rushing down upon the earth. Thales perceives nothing but that "the Hours are crazy"; the moon is shining quietly in her place. But a meteoric mass has really fallen, giving a pointed head to the round Hill of Seismos, and crushing Pygmies and Cranes in one common destruction. Perhaps Goethe meant to hint, satirically, that the theory of creation "from above" (as Homunculus says) is quite as rational as that of creation by upheaval. If so, he has curiously anticipated one of the most recent scientific ideas, — that of the growth and physical change of planets, by accretion from the meteoric belts.

Thales says, positively, to Homunculus: "'T was but imagined so," and then sets out, with him, for his favorite element, leaving Anaxagoras prostrate on his face. Here the *direct* scientific allegory terminates, and we pick up the æsthetic thread again.

89. *The Phorkyads!*

The Phorkyads, or, more correctly, *Phorkids*, were the three daughters of Phorkys (Darkness) and Keto (The Abyss). Their names were Deino, Pephredo, and Enyo: Hesiod, in his Theogony, gives only the two last. They were also called the *Graiæ*. They were said to have, in common, but one eye and one tooth, which they used alternately, and to dwell at the uttermost end of the earth, where neither sun nor moon beheld them. They represent the climax of all which the Greek imagination has created of horrible and repulsive. Mephistopheles, consequently, is ravished with delight: he has found the Ideal Ugliness. His flat-

Digitized by Google

tery serves also to hint that while Northern or Romantic Art (in the Middle Ages) was accustomed to represent the Devil and all manner of hideous and grotesque Fiends, Classic Art only occupied itself with shapes of beauty. The Phorkyads dwelt in gloom, ununknown, and only not unnamed. The Lamiæ rejected the Northern Devil, for he was still uglier than they, but the Phorkyads admit him into their triad. He suffers a classical change into something hideous and strange, and disappears from the Walpurgis-Night, to reappear, in his new form, in the *Helena.*

90. Rocky Coves of the Ægean Sea.

With this scene commences the third and last of the three parts into which the Classical Walpurgis-Night naturally divides itself. The first part, as we have seen, gradually eliminates the Beautiful from the Grotesque, separates the opposite paths of Faust and Mephistopheles, and closes with the disappearance of Faust, on his way to implore Helena from the shades. The second part introduces the Plutonic theory in geology as a disturbing element, satirizes it, symbolizes its overthrow, decides the course of Homunculus by attaching him to the Neptunic Thales, and closes with the union of Mephistopheles and his ugly Ideal.

The development of the Idea of the Beautiful is now taken up at the point where it was suspended, and carried onward; but Homunculus is henceforth the central figure of the changing groups. The reader will remark, however, that this and the following scene are strictly Neptunic: the characters all belong to the Ocean, and the occasion which calls them together is a festival of Nereus. Although Goethe's scientific creed is constantly suggested, it is subordinate to his æsthetic plan, and hardly interferes with it. His few brief references are like so many low rocks, which cannot interrupt the multitudinous dance of the waves.

Oken, for whom Goethe felt a hearty and admiring respect, has the following passage: "Light shines on the salt flood, and it becomes alive. All life is from the sea, nothing from the firm land: the entire ocean is living. It is a billowy, ever-upheaving and again subsiding organism. . . . . Love is a birth of the sea-foam. . . . . The first organic forms issued from the shallow places of the great ocean, here plants, there animals. Man, also, is a child of the warm shallows of the sea, in the neighborhood of the land." This passage, which Goethe certainly knew, and probably accepted in a poetical sense, will throw some light on what follows.

91. *Steering away to Samothrace.*

We must suppose that the scene opens on the Thessalian coast, near the mouth of the Peneus, and therefore almost in sight of the mountain-isle of Samothrace. The purpose of the Nereids and Tritons, in their journey thither, will be presently revealed. Meanwhile Thales conducts Homuncu-

Digitized by Google

lus to Nereus, the Graybeard of the Sea, whom Hesiod describes as just and friendly, and well-disposed towards the human race.

Nereus, however, in words which are almost an echo of Goethe's own expressions, refuses to give counsel. "The giving of advice is a peculiar thing," said Goethe to Eckermann, "and when one has had some chance of seeing how, in the world, the most intelligent plans fail and the absurdest often turn out successfully, one is inclined to give up the idea of furnishing advice to anybody. At the bottom, indeed, the asking of advice denotes a restricted nature, and the giving of it an assuming one." The reference to Paris is suggested by a passage in Horace (Ode I.), where Nereus is represented as having appeared in a calm to Paris, on his way to the Troad with Helena, and predicted to him the coming war and ruin.

92. *The Graces of the Sea, the Dorides.*

The Dorides were the daughters of Nereus and the sea-nymph Doris, but are called Nereids in the Grecian mythology. Goethe's object in calling them *Dorides* and presenting them as the daughters of Nereus, while the Nereids are introduced without any hint of their relationship, has puzzled the commentators; and since any attempt at explanation must be merely conjecture, without evidence, I leave the question as it stands. There seems, also, to be no ground whatever for the declaration of Nereus that Galatea was worshipped at Paphos in the place of Cypris (Aphrodite). Thus far, none of the Olympian Gods or Goddesses have been introduced; and the fresco of Galatea by Raphael, which Goethe knew, together with the description of a very similar picture, mentioned by Philostratus, undoubtedly suggested to him the propriety of giving her the place which really belongs to Aphrodite, as the representative of Helena (Beauty).

It is possible that the reason why Nereus refuses to help Homunculus to being, and refers him to Proteus, is, that Goethe intends the former to be an embodiment of accomplished, completed existence, while the latter represents Transformation, and therefore — since Homunculus must begin with the lowest form of organic life — he must be first consulted.

93. *Three have we brought hither.*

The introduction of the *Cabiri*, ancient Egyptian and Phœnician deities, in this place, is more difficult to explain than that of the geological element in the preceding scene. I can discover no dramatic, æsthetic, or even metaphysical reason for turning back from the human forms which we have reached, with their increasing poetry and beauty, to the uncouth gods of Samothrace, — especially since nothing comes of the circumstance. The whole episode seems to have been wilfully inserted, as the consequence of a whim or a temporary interest in the subject.

Schelling's work "The Deities of Samothrace," published in 1815, first



Digitized by Google

directed Goethe's attention to these primitive creatures. Creuzer, in his "Symbolism and Mythology" and Lobeck in his "Aglaophamus" continued the archæological discussion, which, considering the remote and uncertain nature of the subject, was carried on for a time with a good deal of sarcasm and bitterness. The dispute had not subsided when Goethe wrote this scene in 1830; and it was perhaps natural that he should have overrated its importance.

The Cabiri were originally three. In Memphis they had a temple and were worshipped as the sons of Phthas (Hephæstos). They appear to have been colonized on Samothrace by the Phœnicians, and their mysteries were celebrated there with orgies borrowed from the phallic worship of the Egyptians. Three female deities were subsequently added to their number; but Creuzer insists that there were seven, corresponding to the seven planets, with a possible eighth, representing the sun. The names of the first three were Axierus, Axiokersus, and Axiokersa, and the fourth, Kadmilus, being added as a uniting principle, they became together, according to Creuzer, a symbol of the spheral harmony. This may explain Goethe's allusion to the fourth.

The Hebrew word, *Kabbirim*, is translated by Gesenius, "The Mighty." Fürst says that *Kabbirim* was the name of the seven sons of Tzadik, in Phœnician mythology. The Arabic word *kebeer* (great), still in use, is evidently the same.

94. *These incomparable, unchainable.*

This quatrain seems to be aimed at the archæologists. Schelling had asserted that the Cabiri represented a chain of symbols, the first being *Hunger*, the second Nature, gradually rising to the latest and highest, who corresponded to the Zeus of the Greeks. Goethe transfers the desire of these lower deities to reach the places of the higher to the desire of the archæologists for unattainable knowledge.

The answer of the Sirens is a play upon Creuzer's adherence to the Oriental symbolism of the sun, moon, and stars. Their reference to the Fleece of Gold, that is, The Cabiri, is also meant for satire, although it is so weak as to be scarcely apparent.

95. *Had earthen pots for models.*

Creuzer, again. He asserted that the Cabiri were originally worshipped under the form of thick-bellied earthen jars, or pots. Schelling's interpretation of the names had been opposed, not only by Creuzer, but by Paulus, De Sacy, Welcker, and others, — whence the mention of "stubborn noddles."

Here the episode, which we cannot but feel is altogether unnecessary and unedifying, comes to an end.

96. *He has no lack of qualities ideal,*
*But far too much of palpable and real.*

The description which Thales gives of Homunculus directly suggests many hints which Goethe let fall in regard to

Digitized by Google

his own nature. Ideas were never lacking to him; on the contrary, their very profusion was a source of unrest and perplexity, since it was associated with a difficulty in discovering the appropriate reality of form which Poetry requires. The perfect fusion of the two elements was what he most admired and envied in Shakespeare; and the struggle of his life, to unite the Classic and the Romantic, was nothing more than to give the rare and subtile and delicate spirit of the latter the positive, palpable, symmetrical form which he recognized in the former. If Homunculus verily be Goethe's own Poetic Genius, it is all the more easy to perceive how he was here able to symbolize a powerful aspiration of his nature, for which no other form of expression could be found. The theme suggests a multitude of illustrations, and I resist with difficulty the temptation to develop it further.

97. *One starts there first within a narrow pale.*

Homer describes the transformations of Proteus in the Fourth Book of the Odyssey, where Menelaus forces him to appear in his proper form. Thales makes use of the curiosity of Proteus to accomplish the same result.

Goethe, here, and from this point to the end, attaches an additional meaning to Homunculus, partly, no doubt, in order to disguise the secret, personal symbolism of the latter, and partly, also, because it enabled him to give a hint of his own palingenetic ideas. He suggests the gradual development of life, constantly evolving higher forms from lower as a part of his theory of creation, in accordance with the Wernerian system. But when Thales says, in the following scene (page 215): —

> Be ready for the rapid plan!
> There, by eternal canons wending,
> Through thousand, myriad forms ascending,
> Thou shalt attain, in time, to Man —

he expresses the psychological view of the ancients rather than the scientific system of the moderns, of which Darwin is the latest and most successful illustrator. Goethe perhaps considered that as all the series of organic life are traversed in the development of the human embryo, so, reversely, the lowest series already contains the preparation for, and the prophecy of, the highest. Schnetger's interpretation, that Proteus represents Nature and bears Homunculus on his back as the embryo of the human race, which is to ascend "through thousand, myriad forms" to Man, is entirely consistent with this view.

98. Telchines of Rhodes.

The Telchines of Rhodes, who were called Sons of the Sea, were the first workers in metals. They made the knife of Kronos and the trident of Poseidon, and cast the first images of the Gods in bronze. Their appearance, here, indicates the dawn of the age of higher Grecian art. Pliny and Theophrastus are Goethe's authorities for the sunny weather and pure atmosphere of Rhodes. The very movement of the verse suggests brightness; we

Digitized by Google

feel that the sun and air are not those of Rhodes alone, but of all Classical art and literature.

The Telchines exalt Luna as the sister of Phœbus, who was the tutelar deity of Rhodes: the conclusion of their chorus seems to indicate the union of Religion and Art, and suggests Coleridge's "fair humanities of old religion." Proteus exalts organic being, life in the waters, over the dead works of the Telchines, and hints at the overthrow of the Rhodian Colossus by an earthquake.

Hartung's words upon this passage may also be of service to the reader: "From the rude fetich to an Olympian Zeus by the hand of a Phidias, there is as great a gap as from the mollusk to the human form; and Art must run through the whole career. In this festival of the Sea, the poet has placed the development of organic forms in Nature, rising in continual progression to Man, side by side with the development of Art, in Religion, from the fetich [Cabiri?] to the height of a Phidias."

99. *That I also think is best.*

The words of Thales are not meant as a reply to Nereus. They are simply a continuation of what he has before said: —

"'T is no ill fate
In one's own day to be true man and great."

100. Psylli and Marsi.

Goethe took from Pliny the Psylli and Marsi, who were snake-charmers in Southern Italy and on the Libyan shore. He arbitrarily makes them guardians of the chariot of Cypris, in which they still conduct Galatea by night, "unseen to the new generations," fearing neither the Roman eagle, the winged lion of Venice, the crescent of the Saracen, nor the cross of the Crusader. Why they are here introduced, is not so easy to explain. Düntzer insists that, being magicians, they represent the magic power of Beauty! Schnetger says they are nearer to Galatea than the Telchines of Rhodes, because they destroy snakes, which are ugly, and which, according to the Bible, are hostile to woman!

It is not necessary to quote the variety of meanings given by the commentators to the interlude of the Dorides and the young sailors whom they have rescued from shipwreck. They, as well as the Telchines, the Psylli and Marsi, belong to the triumphal convoy of Galatea. Hence they are all prognostications of the coming Beauty, perhaps her symbolized attributes; and no single explanation could be satisfactory to every reader. Hartung's guess seems to me very plausible, at least: "The poet has had in his mind the fable of Aurora and Tithonus, for that goddess could not prevent her lover, for whom she had obtained immortal life, from withering up into a grasshopper, from age. And thus we further perceive from the passage that Nature may indeed create the highest beauty, but can only retain it for a moment; for Beauty increases until human maturity, then immediately begins to fade."

Digitized by Google

101. *Galatea approaches on her chariot of shell.*

Galatea, the lovely Nereid, here takes the place of Helena, as Homunculus takes the place of Faust. She is the Ideal Beauty, the sea-born successor of Aphrodite. Goethe not only selected her as a Neptunist, but he was also directed to her, as I have already remarked, by Raphael and Philostratus. The latter thus describes a picture of her: "The broad watery floor heaves gently under the chariot of the Beauty; four dolphins, harnessed together, seem urged forward by one impulse; young Tritons bridle them in order to curb their wanton plunges. But she stands on her shell-chariot; the purple mantle, a sport of the wind, swells above her head like a sail and shades her." Goethe says: "It is important for our object, to place beside this description what Raphael, the Caracci and others have done with the same subject." Raphael's fresco, in the Farnesina Palace in Rome, represents Galatea standing in a chariot drawn by dolphins, who are driven by a Cupid. Around her are Tritons, blowing their conch-shells, and embracing the attendant Nereids.

It is only a passing glimpse which the poet allows. Thales has hardly finished his pæan to Water, as the creating and sustaining principle of life, when the triumphal procession is already afar. The long line of symbols has now reached its crown, and the allegory must close.

102. *What fiery marvel the billows enlightens?*

Homunculus sees at once the beginning and the perfect result of existence. Beauty is all around him: his imprisoning glass glows and vibrates with his passionate yearning, and shivers itself at the feet of Galatea. The waves around the shell-chariot are covered as with fire: he begins life in the phosphorescent animalculæ of the Ocean.

Some, here, imagine that Homunculus represents Eros; others that he is Galatea (!); others that he is Faust's æsthetic passion. I will only say that to one who has closely studied Goethe's life; who has detected how the cramped and restricted existence in Weimar became almost unendurable to him, how a new freedom came through his acquaintance with Classic Art in Italy, with what passionate devotion he strove to comprehend the Ideal of beauty in the human form, shivering all former moulds in which his intellectual being was confined, and pouring his nature forth in an effusion of free and joyous desire to create a new being for himself, — to such a one, both symbols, which are here united in Homunculus, become clearly intelligible. If, in the Boy Charioteer and Plutus we recognize Goethe's relation to Karl August, crowned by the leisure for poetic activity which the princely friend secured to the poet, may we not find symbolized in Homunculus the struggle which resulted in that æsthetic growth, that intellectual freedom, into which Goethe

Digitized by Google

rose during and after his Italian journey, and finally, in Euphorion, the harmonious union of the Classic and Romantic elements in his own poetry, commencing with *Iphigenia in Tauris* and *Tasso?*

The concluding chorus glorifies Eros, whom Hesiod mentions as one of the original creative Powers. The four Elements — Water, Fire, Air, and Earth — are celebrated, and Love is the generative principle through which all life, from its first rudimentary forms to the Supreme Beauty, is begotten from them. We are reminded of one of Goethe's epigrams: —

Thou, in amazement, show'st me the Sea; it seems to be burning:
Waves are broken in flame, meeting the night-going ship!
I am no longer amazed: from the Sea was born Aphrodite;
Was not then born from her also the Flame, as her son?

### 103. Helena.

The Third Act is known in Germany as *The Helena*, not only because it was separately published in 1827 under the title of "Helena: a Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria," but also because it is a complete allegorical poem in itself, inserted in the Second Part of *Faust* by very loose threads of attachment. It represents, indeed, in one sense, the æsthetic development of Faust's nature, as an important part of his experience of "the greater world," and a step by which he attains to the higher being to which he aspires; but this has already been announced, and, in itself, demands no such elaboration. The chief motive which governed Goethe was the reconciliation of the Classic and the Romantic: this dictated the form of the episode, which is quite as remarkable as its substance. Goethe, himself, recognized the preponderance of the latter allegory, and at one time debated whether he should not complete the *Helena* as a separate work. It was perhaps Schiller's death which prevented the fulfilment of this plan.

I have related (in Appendix II., First Part) how Eckermann's suggestion led him, in 1825, to take up the neglected fragment, which was written in 1800. We can scarcely be wrong in assuming that the earlier scenes, read at the Court of Weimar in 1780, were of an entirely different character, and that nothing of them was retained. At that time the terms "Classic" and "Romantic" were not heard: Schiller's essay "On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry" led to that literary discussion which divided the German authors into distinct parties, thus designated. A quarter of a century later the conflict was transferred to France, where it has scarcely yet subsided. The significance of the terms is, therefore, now so generally understood that no special explanation is necessary. We need only remember that the culture of the German people was then so high, and their intellectual interests so keen, that the subject possessed an importance which we are likely now to undervalue.

When the *Helena* was published, in

Digitized by Google

1827, Goethe himself announced it in his journal, *Kunst und Alterthum*, in an article which must needs be quoted entire : * —

"HELENA. INTERLUDE IN FAUST.

"Faust's character, in the elevation to which latter refinement, working on the old rude tradition, has raised it, represents a man who, feeling impatient and imprisoned within the limits of mere earthly existence, regards the possession of the highest knowledge, the enjoyment of the fairest blessings, as insufficient even in the slightest degree to satisfy his longing: a spirit, accordingly, which, struggling out on all sides, ever returns the more unhappy.

"This form of mind is so accordant with our modern disposition, that various persons of ability have been induced to undertake the treatment of such a subject. My manner of attempting it obtained approval: distinguished men considered the matter, and commented on my performance ; all which I thankfully observed. At the same time I could not but wonder that none of those who undertook a continuation and completion of my Fragment, had lighted on the thought, which seemed so obvious, that the composition of a Second Part must necessarily elevate itself altogether away from the hampered sphere of the First, and conduct a man of such a nature into higher regions, under worthier circumstances.

"How I, for my part, had determined to essay this, lay silently before my own mind, from time to time exciting me to some progress ; while, from all and each, I carefully guarded my secret, still in hope of bringing the work to the wished-for issue. Now, however, I must no longer keep back ; or, in publishing my collective Endeavors, conceal any further secret from the world ; to which, on the contrary, I feel bound to submit my whole labors, even though in a fragmentary state.

"Accordingly I have resolved that the above-named Piece, a smaller drama, complete within itself, but pertaining to the Second Part of *Faust*, shall be forthwith presented in the first portion of my Works.

"The wide chasm between that well-known dolorous conclusion of the First Part, and the entrance of an antique Grecian heroine, is not yet overarched ; meanwhile, as a preamble, my readers will accept what follows :

"The old Legend tells us, and the puppet-play fails not to introduce the scene, that Faust, in his imperious pride of heart, required from Mephistopheles the love of the fair Helena of Greece ; in which demand the other, after some reluctance, gratified him. Not to overlook so important a concern in our work was a duty for us: and how we have endeavored to discharge it will be seen in this Interlude. But what may have furnished the proximate occasion of such an occurrence, and how, after manifold hindrances, our old magical

* I borrow Carlyle's translation from his article "Goethe's Helena," in the Foreign Review, 1828.

Digitized by Google

Craftsman can have found means to bring back the individual Helena, in person, out of Orcus into Life, must, in this stage of the business, remain undiscovered. For the present, it is enough if our reader will admit that the real Helena may step forth, on antique tragedy-cothurnus, before her primitive abode in Sparta. We then request him to observe in what way and manner Faust will presume to court favor from this royal all-famous Beauty of the world."

### 104. Chorus.

The opening of the act appears to be imitated from "The Eumenides" of Æschylus. Until the appearance of Faust, the form of the verse is purely classic, the iambic hexameter, and afterwards the trochaic octameter, alternating with the irregular yet wonderfully metrical strophes of the Chorus. Some features in the description of the burning of Troy, in this Chorus, are taken from the Æneid, but the form and character are Goethe's own. The first four strophes, in the original, are very grand. From the opening of the Act until the introduction of rhyme, after Faust's appearance, I have been able to retain the exact metres, while giving the lines very nearly as literally as in a prose translation.

Carlyle, whose version of this passage and of Helena's description of the encounter with Phorkyas is so excellent, that, had he given us the whole Act, no other translation would have been necessary, says of the metres: "Happy, could we, in any measure, have transfused the broad, yet rich and chaste simplicity of these long iambics; or imitated the tone, as we have done the metre, of that choral song; its rude earnestness, and tortuous, awkward-looking, artless strength, as we have done its dactyls and anapæsts. . . . . To our own minds, at least, there is everywhere a strange, piquant, quite peculiar charm in these imitations of the old Grecian style; a dash of the ridiculous, if we might say so, is blended with the sublime, yet blended with it softly and only to temper its austerity; for often, so graphic is the delineation, we could almost feel as if a vista were opened through the long gloomy distance of ages, and we, with our modern eyes and modern levity, beheld afar off, in clear light, the very figures of that old grave time; saw them again living in their old antiquarian costume and environment, and heard them audibly discourse in a dialect which had long been dead. Of all this, no man is more master than Goethe."

### 105. Phorkyas.

The reader will not have forgotten the transformation of Mephistopheles into a Phorkyad (page 197), in the Classical Walpurgis-Night, and will thus understand how he, as the Spirit of Negation, here appears in a female mask, as Ugliness, to torment and threaten Beauty. Carlyle says: "There is a sarcastic malice in the 'wise old Stewardess' which cannot be mistaken."

Digitized by Google

### 106. Choretid I.

The quarrel between Phorkyas and the Chorus has been variously interpreted; but it is evidently an imitation of the Greek tragedy. Very similar scenes occur in the *Ajax* and *Electra* of Sophocles. The sole purpose, here, seems to be to bring out in sharper distinctness the malice of Phorkyas, and to identify her more completely with Mephistopheles. In the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, the members of the Chorus speak singly, in one scene, fifteen times in succession. Goethe's Chorus evidently consists of twelve, of whom six (one Semichorus) now speak.

### 107. *To him, the Vision, I, a Vision, wed myself.*

The German word is *Idol* (*eidolon*): I follow Carlyle in translating it "Vision," although the word "wraith" expresses the meaning more closely. Stesichorus is Goethe's authority for this myth concerning Helena: he even declares that it was only her *eidolon*, not herself, which was present in Troy. Professor Lehrs (*Populäre Aufsätze aus dem Alterthum*) says: "He (Stesichorus) was probably the inventor of the fable of the airy image, which he connected with the legend of Helena's residence in Egypt, and which he appears to have formed from the analogy of the *eidolon* of Æneas, about which the armies fight in the Iliad, and of that which Here substituted for herself, for the embraces of Ixion." Her captivity in Egypt and her rescue from King Proteus, there, is the subject of the *Helena* of Euripides.

The union of Achilles, called from the shades, to Helena, on the island of Leuke, in Pontus (not Pheræ, as Goethe says), is mentioned by Arctinus and Pausanias. The name of her son by him was *Euphorion*. Lehrs says: "That she was wedded to Achilles on the island of Leuke, which appears to have been an Oriental Elysium, is based on the idea of uniting the highest beauty of Man and Woman."

The meaning of Helena's swoon is passed over by most commentators. It seems to me that it must be accepted in a dramatic, not an allegorical sense; or, if the latter be demanded, that it may have some reference to the apparent death of the Classic spirit, before its *renaissance* in the Middle Ages. What Goethe said to Riemer, after completing the *Helena* (and he expresses himself similarly in a letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt), may here be quoted.

"It is time that the passionate conflict between the Classic and Romantic schools should be at last reconciled. The main requisite is *that* we are developed: *whence* our development comes would be indifferent, were it not that we must fear to shape ourselves wrongly by false models. In the hope of sympathetic insight, I have freely followed my own mood in elaborating the *Helena*, without thinking of any public or of any single reader, convinced that he who easily grasps and comprehends the whole will also be

Digitized by Google

able, through loving patience, gradually to accept and assimilate the details."

108. *Queen, the offering art thou!*

Goethe here follows one of the many Greek legends in relation to Helena. Although Homer relates that Menelaus threw away his sword, overcome by her beauty, when he again met her, yet there are frequent references in the poets (Euripides, among others) to a story of her having been sacrificed. Goethe makes a skilful use of it, to account for Helena's migration from Classic to Romantic soil. Phorkyas maliciously amuses herself with the terror of the Chorus: the summoning of the dwarfs to prepare for the sacrifice is but a grim joke: she is bound, as Mephistopheles, to obey Faust's command. Her threat of death to the Chorus is suggested by the punishment which Telemachus, in the Odyssey (Book XXII.), inflicts on the faithless maids.

109. *Not robbers are they; yet of many one is Chief.*

We now begin to feel, as by a subtile premonition, the approach of the Romantic element. Although the line "So many years deserted stood the valley-hills," may be taken as a reference to the blank ages which followed the passing away of the classic world, yet the form in which the allegory is clothed has a singular distinctness and reality. Kreyssig speaks of the "sun-bright atmosphere" of the *Helena*, and Carlyle uses nearly the same expression: "It has everywhere a full and sunny tone of coloring; resembles not a tragedy, but a gay, gorgeous mask." Nothing, indeed, is more wonderful than the delicate transition by which the antique form, spirit, and speech resolve themselves into the life, movement, and dithyrambic freedom of Modern Song. The two elements are equally represented in the external art, and in the characters, of the Interlude.

This must be borne in mind, when we attempt to find a special symbolism in every detail. Some things are undoubtedly introduced for the sake of artistic *tone*; others, again, for their intrinsic picturesqueness; others, perhaps, are the result of fleeting hints and suggestions which dropped into Goethe's mind as he wrote, surrendering himself freely to the mingled visions of the highest culture of the ancient and modern world. A full and consistent allegory is here impossible; but, through the dissolving forms and colors of the "Phantasmagoria," we catch continual glimpses of the leading idea.

The race, pressing forth from the Cimmerian Night, is of course the German, as we learn from the gold-haired boys. Düntzer says that the "*free-gifts*" of which Phorkyas speaks refer to the mediæval custom of purchasing security of the feudal barons; but the circumstance that Goethe has italicized the word hints of some particular significance, which I cannot discover. The description of Gothic architecture and the coats-of-arms is not ironical, as some assert, for under the mask of Phorkyas there is a mediæval Devil.

Digitized by Google

110. *Beauty is indivisible.*

Phorkyas, here, and not when Helena chides her, forgets her part. The allegory becomes clear again, and its historical element is more pronounced. Kreyssig has a passage which explains this crisis in Helena's fate: "The allegory shows us, in narrow space, a few boldly conceived dramatic scenes of that enormous revulsion, filling nearly a thousand years, which laid the antique culture in the grave of Barbarism, in order to summon it forth therefrom, in the fulness of time, rejuvenated and reinspired, as the beaming dawn of a new day of the world. The demoralization of the Hellenic favorites of the Gods themselves tore the crown from the head of that Culture, even as Menelaus, possessing through the favor of the Gods the highest Beauty, drives, in his ignoble, vulgar passion, the innocent victim from the house of her fathers, and compels her to seek protection among the Barbarians of the Cimmerian North."

Carlyle says of the remarkable Chorus, wherein the characters are carried in mist and vapor from the high House of Tyndarus to a feudal Castle of the Middle Ages: "Our whole Interlude changes in character at this point; the Greek style passes abruptly into the Spanish: at one bound we have left the *Seven before Thebes* (Æschylus) and got into the *Vida es Sueño* (Calderon). The action, too, becomes more and more typical; or, rather, we should say, half-typical; for it will neither hold rightly together as allegory nor as matter of fact."

111. *Inner court-yard of a Castle.*

The reader will notice that although the classical form of verse is still retained, the Gothic character of the subject makes itself more and more prominent. When the Chorus describes the procession of blond-haired pages, the introduction of an alternate anapæstic foot, followed by the short choriambic lines, prepares us for a coming metrical change. The transformation of time, place, and spirit is so artfully managed, that it is accomplished before we are aware, and as in dissolving views, the fading outline we have been watching proves to be the growing outline of a new scene.

The description of the youths suggests both Tacitus and the *Non Angli sed angeli* of Pope Gregory. It is the appearance of a new type of human beauty. The doubt and uncertainty of Helena and the Chorus, on finding themselves suddenly in the Gothic court-yard, are thus explained by Schnetger: "When Classic culture, with its ideal of Beauty, began to migrate northwards, it found the old Romantic world imprisoned in the darkness of priesthood, and sunken in monastic barbarism; the spirit of the North was as gloomy and unlovely as were its castles, cloisters, and churches. Fear-inspiring, as a deep, dark pitfall, the mediæval walls meet the gaze of the daughter of Greece, accustomed to freedom and to nature; she stands alone, unwelcomed on alien soil, for the Ro-

Digitized by Google

mantic world had in the beginning no recognition for the lovely guest from afar."

112. *Whose duty slighted cheated me of mine.*

Faust drops one foot from the double trimeter, and speaks in modern heroic measure. The Leader of the Chorus, in her description, agrees with Phorkyas, preferring him to many of the antique models of manly beauty. He is here not yet *Faust*, — not even the Faust of the Classical Walpurgis-Night, — but the new, virile element in Literature and Art, the growth of the Middle Ages, now so far developed that it recognizes its ideal of Beauty in the supreme æsthetic culture of Greece. Only towards the close of the act does he again become the hero of the drama.

The Warder, Lynceus (pilot of the Argonauts), whom he leads in chains to Helena's feet, is variously interpreted. According to some, he represents both the Provençal troubadours and the German Minnesingers, — the poets of love, who, with all their sharp-sightedness, saw not the true art. Carlyle's guess seems to me more successful: "We cannot but suspect him of being a School Philosopher, or School Philosophy itself, in disguise." He may be the embodiment of Lore, in the scholastic sense, which, during the Middle Ages, plumed itself on the treasures which it had secured from antiquity, blind to the far greater treasure which was afterwards recalled to life, in the finer development of the race.

113. *In the South arose the sun.*

"As it has frequently happened to the Germans," says Kreyssig. We surely have a reference here to the revival of the antique Beauty in Italian Art and Literature. It would be easy to illustrate this, as well as other passages, at length; but I must endeavor to confine myself strictly to what is necessary, in these Notes. The text suggests a wealth of allusions, for it is the attempt to epitomize the eighty years' knowledge and thought of one of the clearest and most active of all human brains. But the thoughtful reader will be satisfied with a guiding hint, and the one who takes up the Second Part of *Faust* for a simple recreation will never return to it again.

With Lynceus, rhyme, and the Romantic metre first appear, although, for a short distance further, the Classic characters retain their native form of speech.

114. *Forth from the East we hither pressed.*

The second address of Lynceus describes the migration of the races from the East, under which the whole Classical world was buried, until it slowly arose from the inundation to assist in shaping a new phase of human culture. The chief import of the verses seems to be, that all which War and Colonization achieved — territory, power, wealth, permanence — becomes null and vain beside this new vision. It can only be restored, and to a better value,

Digitized by Google

through the abiding presence of the Beautiful, the worship of which is the crowning element of Civilization.

115. *Each sound appeared as yielding to the next.*

Goethe has taken a Persian legend (related in his own *West-Œstlicher Divan*) of two lovers, Behram-gour and Dilaram, who invented rhyme in their amorous dialogues, and has applied it here with consummate skill, as a means of bringing Faust and Helena nearer. The gifts are not all on one side: the Romantic welcomes and worships the Classic, but in return it adds the music of rhyme to the proportion of metre. Thus the new element continues to absorb the old, through the loving mutual approach of the two. The allegory becomes so incarnate in the chief characters that it impresses us like an actual human passion, and is so described by the Chorus. The very soul and being of the antique world — the proportion, the reality of form, and the sublime repose of Classic Art — are wedded, in a union perfect as that of love, to the sentiment, the passion, and the freedom of Romantic Art: and the latter, equally yielding, forgets Time, Place, and Race, and feels only that it now possesses the supreme Ideal of Beauty.

This is too much for Phorkyas-Mephistopheles: she breaks in upon the lovers, addressing them in rhymes which seem intended to satirize Rhyme itself, — so violent is their contrast to the melting speech of Helena and Faust. The interpenetration of the ancient and modern metres in this portion of the act is a wonderful piece of poetic art, and I must call the reader's special attention to it. Faust answers in the Greek iambic trimeter (for the first time), then returns to rhyme, while the Chorus and Phorkyas continue the classic forms until the appearance of Euphorion, when the transition is complete.

116. *Signals, explosions from the towers.*

Düntzer conjectures that these "explosions" give us a hint of the invention of gunpowder and the use of artillery, towards the close of the Middle Ages. The commentators are generally agreed that Faust is here a type of the romantic, chivalrous spirit, which was expressed in the Minnesingers and Troubadours, as the forerunners of Modern Literature. The apportionment of the Peloponnesus (except Sparta and Arcadia) among the Dukes is certainly a literary rather than an historical symbol. The literatures of the German, the Goth (Spain), the Frank and the Norman (England) share equally in the classic inheritance. May we not guess, then, that, as Helena is Queen over all, her special Spartan and Arcadian realm, wherein the Romantic, or Modern spirit is her spouse, is that region of the loftiest achievement, where Art and Literature cease to be narrowly national, but are for the world and for all time?

117. *This land, before all lands in splendor.*

Yes: the question, asked at the close of the foregoing note, is answered.

Digitized by Google

The Arcadia of Faust and Helena is the home-land of the highest Art and Song: *Et ego in Arcadiâ* is the password which has been transmitted from generation to generation, and from race to race, through the long course of the ages. The name itself has a golden clang, and never was its mystic, illuminating power more thoroughly manifested than in these stanzas of the aged Goethe. We are reminded, it is true, of Ovid, Horace, and other ancient poets, and of Tasso's "*O, bella età dell' oro!*" — but here the ideal character of the realm is so blended with an exquisite picture of the actual Grecian province, that its hills, gorges, and happy meads rise palpably on our sight, as we read.

In the spring of 1858, after spending days beside the Eurotas and among the fastnesses of the Taygetus, I climbed from Messene into Arcadia, and everywhere, — whether plucking violets on the "Mount Lycæan" of Pan, or gazing on the lonely beauty of the temple of Apollo Epicureus, crushing the wild hyacinths along the mountain paths, or resting beside the herded goats and kine in the green vale of the Alpheus, — I felt both the magic of the name and its immemorial cause. The mountains, that swell and fall in rhythmic undulations; the wealth of crystal streams; the grand forests of oak and pine; the pure, delicious air, and the sweet, happy sense of seclusion which seems to brood like a blessing over every landscape, must have been an inspiration to the earliest poet who sang to its people. Let it still continue to be a name for the dream of the pure and perfect life which Poetry predicts, and will predict forever!

118. *All worlds in inter-action meet.*

The original: —

> Denn wo Natur im reinen Kreise waltet,
> Ergreifen all Welten sich, —

is one of those pregnant expressions which make the translator despair, — for, the more thoroughly he is penetrated with the meaning, the less does it seem possible to express that meaning in any words. The literal translation is, "For where Nature sways in a pure circle (or orbit), all worlds (human and divine) reciprocally take hold on one another." The series is nowhere violently interrupted: the Gods reveal themselves through men, even as men rise to resemble Gods: the orbits of all spheres of existence are harmoniously interlinked. But we here approach the highest regions of the Ideal; and he who has not some little intuition to guide him will hardly follow the thought further.

119. *Ye, also, Bearded Ones, who sit below and wait.*

"It appears too, that there are certain 'Bearded Ones,' (we suspect, Devils,) waiting with anxiety, 'sitting watchful there below,' to see the issue of this extraordinary transaction; but of these Phorkyas gives her silly women no hint whatever." — *Carlyle.*

"If the French only recognize the

Digitized by Google

*Helena*, they will perceive what may be made of it for their stage. The piece, as it is, they will ruin; but they will employ it shrewdly for their own purposes, and that is all one can wish, or expect. They will certainly supply Phorkyas with a Chorus of monsters, which, indeed, is already indicated in one passage." — *Goethe to Eckermann*, 1831.

Düntzer, who so rarely lets anything escape him, does not seem to have noticed Goethe's remark. He insists that the "Bearded Ones" are the spectators, whom Mephistopheles addresses in Act II., Scene I., and in Act IV. For my part, I find Goethe's meaning so very uncertain, that I prefer to hazard no conjecture.

120. *Call'st thou a marvel this, Creta's begotten?*

The son of Faust and Helena, as he is first described by Phorkyas, is Poetry, not an individual. In his naked beauty, his pranks and his sportive, wilful ways, he suggests not only the greater freedom of the Romantic element, but also the classic myths of Cupid and the child Hermes (Mercury). Phorkyas, in proclaiming him the "future Master of all Beauty," quite forgets that she is Mephistopheles.

The Chorus describes the birth and childish tricks of Hermes, as they are related in Homer's hymn and Lucian's dialogues of the Gods. There is, perhaps, a "poetic-didactical word" for the reader, in their relation, as well as for Phorkyas. Hermes may possibly typify the Poetic Genius, which boldly steals the attributes of all the Gods, and even longs to grasp the thunderbolts of Zeus, the Father.

121. Euphorion.

In the original legend, Faust has by Helena a son, to whom he gives the name of Justus Faustus, and who disappears with her when his compact with Mephistopheles comes to an end. In one of the ancient Grecian myths, Helena bears a son to Achilles (recalled from Hades) on the island of Leuke. This son, born with wings, was called Euphorion (the swift or lightly wafted), and was slain by the lightning of Jupiter. Goethe unites the two stories, and adds his own symbolism to the airy, wilful spirit, resulting from them.

We have, at the outset, three positive circumstances to guide us. Euphorion is here, as when he formerly appeared in the Boy Charioteer, Poetry; he is born of the union of the Classic and Romantic; and, shortly before he vanishes from our eyes, he becomes the representative of Byron. The last of these characters, however, was not included in Goethe's original plan. Indeed, it could not have been, since that plan was sketched while Byron was a boy at Harrow. We are able to fix both the time and the special influences which led to the introduction of Byron; and, moreover, the point in the allegory where the change commences may be easily detected.

Neither as we know him, nor as Goethe knew him, could Byron be the

Digitized by Google

child of Faust and Helena: the only modern English poet to whom the symbolism would in any wise apply, is Keats. Among the Germans we might, if there were any indication pointing towards him, accept Schiller; but we at once feel, I think, that no poet of this age has so subtly and harmoniously blended the two elements in his highest achievement, as Goethe himself. His *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Tasso*, *Hermann and Dorothea*, and *Die Natürliche Tochter* (a singularly neglected masterpiece), will suggest themselves as illustrations, to all who are acquainted with his works. Besides, the order in which the three boyish sprites are introduced reflects the order of his own development. In the Boy Charioteer we have his relation to Karl August, and his liberation from Court and official life: in Homunculus, his first acquaintance, through Art in Italy, with the spirit of the Classic world, and his struggle to lift himself into another and purer poetical existence; and finally, in Euphorion, the regeneration and birth of his nature in his greatest works. The allegory is carefully veiled, for long isolation, misrepresentation, and abuse had taught him to be cautious; but he would not, in any case, have made it obvious to the running reader. The secret was too intimate and precious to be easily betrayed, yet it has not been hidden beyond the reach of that "love and patience" on which he relied for a full and final recognition. He who discovers the symbolism must first pass through one chamber after another of the poet's nature, and, when he has reached the inner sanctuary, he has breathed the same atmosphere too long to see either vanity or arrogance, or aught but a justified self-consciousness, in these fair and mysterious forms.

During the appearance of Euphorion upon the stage, the Classic form is wholly lost, absorbed in the Romantic. The measure becomes a wild, ever-changing, rhymed dithyrambic, which, in the original, produces an indescribable sense of movement and music. I can only hope that something of the infectious excitement and delight which I have felt while endeavoring to reproduce it may have passed into the English lines, and will help to bear the reader smoothly over the almost endless technical difficulties of translation. The spirit of the scene is quite inseparable from its rhythmical character.

There are references, in the first utterances of Phorkyas and the Chorus, to the new elements of Sentiment and Passion in Modern Poetry, as contrasted with the Classic; but they need no further explanation. Some have supposed that Helena's first stanza: "Love, in human wise to bless us," etc., gives the additional meaning of the Family to her relation with Faust. The stanza, certainly, has this character, but only incidentally: the reference is too slight to be applied to the entire allegory.

122. *Midst of Pelops' land,*
*Kindred in soul, I stand!*

We may accept the lawlessness of Euphorion as, to a certain extent, re-

Digitized by Google

flecting Byron's wild, unregulated youth. Some of the German commentators, however, force the parallel quite too far, endeavoring to discover definite incidents of the poet's history in his dances with the Chorus, and his pursuit of the maiden who turns into flame. The individual character of Euphorion is very gradually introduced, and is first declared in the above lines.

Byron became acquainted with the First Part of *Faust* through Shelley, in 1816. There was at that time no English translation of the work, and he offered to give a hundred pounds if he could have it in English, for his private perusal. His *Manfred*, which was written immediately afterwards, betrays the strong impression which *Faust* left on his mind, — an impression which Goethe instantly detected, on first reading *Manfred*, the following year. The two poets appear to have occasionally exchanged greetings, through common acquaintances, and it was the wish of both that they might meet. Byron dedicated his tragedy of *Sardanapalus* to Goethe, in words, the like of which a poet has rarely addressed to one of his contemporaries: "To the illustrious Goethe a stranger presumes to offer the homage of a literary vassal to his liege-lord, the first of existing writers, who has created the literature of his own country, and illustrated that of Europe." In February, 1823, Goethe sent the following lines to Byron: —

"He who, with his own inner self at war,
Grows strong, through wont, to bear the deepest pain,
Be it well with him, when he himself shall know!
Dare he, to name himself as highly blessed,
When the strong Muse shall overcome his pangs,
And may he know himself, as I have known him!"

This, followed by Byron's letters from Genoa and Leghorn, was their only approach towards a nearer intercourse. Goethe was engaged in completing the *Helena*, in 1826, when Mr. Murray, the publisher, sent him the autograph of the Dedication to *Sardanapalus*; and, from some hints which he let fall to Eckermann, his daughter-in-law, Ottilie von Goethe, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Byron, was another of the additional influences which, in combination, led him to change the character of Euphorion.

Goethe said to Eckermann (in 1827): "I could use no one but him, as the representative of our recent poetic time; he is, without question, the greatest talent of the century. And then, Byron is not antique, and is not romantic, but he embodies the Present Day. Such a one I needed. He was also appropriate through his unsatisfied nature, and his military ambition, which ruined him in Missolonghi. . . . . I had intended, formerly, an entirely different conclusion to the *Helena*; I had elaborated it, for myself, in various ways, one of which was quite successful; but I will not betray it to you. Then time brought me Byron and Missolonghi, and I let all else go. You have remarked, however, that the



Digitized by Google

Chorus quite loses its part in the Dirge; formerly it was antique throughout, or at least never contradicted its maiden-nature, but now it suddenly becomes grave and loftily reflective, and gives utterance to things which it never before thought or could have been able to think."

Goethe's estimate of Byron is not generally understood: it has, at least, been frequently misrepresented. I have, therefore, carefully gone through the correspondence with Zelter and Eckermann's three volumes, for the purpose of selecting such passages as may give, in the briefest space, a fair representation of his views. There is much more material, of the highest interest to the literary critic, but the following extracts may perhaps suffice to explain the fleeting adumbration of Byron which we find in Euphorion: —

"That which I call *invention* I find more pronounced in him than in any other man in the world. The manner in which he disentangles a dramatic knot is always beyond one's expectation, and always better than one's own preconceived solution."

"Had he only known how to impose upon himself moral restrictions! It was his ruin that he was unable to do this, and we are justified in saying that his lawlessness was the rock on which he split."

"This reckless, inconsiderate activity drove him out of England, and in the course of time would have driven him out of Europe. Circumstances were everywhere too narrow for him, and with all his boundless personal freedom he felt himself oppressed: the world was for him a prison. His going to Greece was not a spontaneous resolution; he was driven to it through his false relation to the world."

"We are forced to admit that this Poet says more than we wish; he speaks the truth, but it gives us a sense of discomfort, and we should prefer that he remained silent. There are things in the world which the Poet should veil rather than reveal; yet this is precisely Byron's character, and we should destroy his individuality in attempting to change him."

"Byron's boldness, wilfulness, and grandiose manner, is it not an element of development? We must avoid seeking that element exclusively in what is decisively pure and ethical. All that is *great*, as soon as we appreciate it, furthers our development."

"Byron's fatal fault was his polemical tendency."

"Nevertheless, although Byron died so early, it was not a material loss to Literature, through the probable further expansion of his powers. He had reached the climax of his creative force, and, whatever he might have afterwards accomplished, he could scarcely have enlarged the borders within which his talents were already confined."

From these, and other utterances of Goethe, it is very evident that what he most admired in Byron was not the harmonious union of the Classic and Romantic elements; not the artistic perfection of form; not the breadth

Digitized by Google

and vitality of that Genius which lifts itself slowly, but on strong wings, through the still higher and clearer ether of thought: but that restless, mysterious, ever-creative quality which Goethe called *Daimonic*, the native, effortless splendor of rhythm and rhetoric, the sentiment of Nature pervaded and exalted by Imagination, and that virile power of transmitting himself to other minds, which we never can clearly analyze. Mr. Matthew Arnold has declared Byron to be "the greatest *elemental power* in English Literature, since Shakespeare," and this phrase briefly expresses Goethe's judgment. The latter was probably the first who ever looked beyond the prejudices of Byron's day, unmoved by the opposing gusts of worship and hate, and separated the poet's supreme and immortal qualities from the confusion of his life and the dross of his simulated misanthropy.

123. *The path to Glory opens now.*

The Chorus entreats Euphorion to bide in the peaceful Arcadian land of Poetry; and his answer is entirely in accord with the spirit of the Philhellenes, during the Greek Revolution. The heroic struggle of the Suliotes, in which even women and children shared, is indicated in the preceding verses, and then follows the closing chant, in which the wail of the coming dirge is fore-felt through the peal of trumpets and the clash of cymbals. I am not able to state whether Goethe had read Byron's last poem, written at Missolonghi, on his thirty-sixth birthday, when he wrote the concluding portion of the *Helena*. It is strangely suggested here, in spite of the allegory, and the difference of metre.

124. Chorus. [*Dirge.*]

Here all allegory is thrown aside: the four stanzas are a lament, not for Euphorion, but for Byron. They express Goethe's feeling for the poet, while the profound impression created throughout Europe by the news of his death was still fresh.

125. *Helena's garments dissolve into clouds.*

When Phorkyas bids Faust hold fast to Helena's garment, saying: —

> "It is no more the Goddess thou hast lost,
> But godlike is it," —

we are forced to forget the part she plays. She, — Mephistopheles in the mask of the Ideal Ugliness, — to call the garment of the Beautiful a "grand and priceless gift," which will bear Faust "from all things mean and low"! This is a singular oversight of Goethe, and we can only guess that it was not noticed during his life, for the reason that the remainder of the Second Part was still in manuscript, and the character of Phorkyas thus not entirely clear to the critics.

Since Faust is only temporarily typical of the Artist, the symbolism embodied in the disappearance of Helena, and his elevation upon the clouds into which her garments are transformed, is not difficult to guess. The Ideal Beauty is revealed to few; but even its

Digitized by Google

robe and veil form a higher ether over all the life of Man. In the direct course of the drama, æsthetic culture is the means by which Faust rises from all forms of vulgar ambition to that nobler activity which crowns his life.

126. *Service and faith secure the individual life.*

Panthalis, the Chorage, is the only member of the Chorus who has manifested an individual character throughout the Interlude; consequently she retains it here, where the other members are about to be lost in the elements. We are reminded, by what she says, of Goethe's vague surmises in regard to the future life. He hints on more than one occasion that a strong, independent individuality may preserve its *entelechie* (actual, distinctive being), while the mass of persons in whom the human elements are comparatively formless will continue to exist only in those elements. In 1829, he said to Eckermann: "I do not doubt our permanent existence, for Nature cannot do without the *entelechie*. But we are not all immortal in the same fashion, and in order to manifest one's self in the future life as a great *entelechie*, one must also become one." The subject seems to have been discussed with others; for we find Wilhelm von Humboldt, in 1830, writing to Frau von Wolzogen: "There is a spiritual individuality, but not every one attains to it. As a peculiar, distinctive form of mind, it is eternal and immutable. Whatever cannot thus individually shape itself, may return into the universal life of Nature."

127. *Nature, the Ever-living.*

The twelve maidens of the Chorus divide themselves into four groups, relinquish their human forms, and enter into the being of trees, echoes, brooks, and vineyards. Goethe was so well satisfied with this disposition of an antique feature for which there seems to be no place in the romantic world, that we can hardly be mistaken as to his design. The transfusion of Nature with a human sentiment belongs exclusively to Modern Literature: it is not the Dryad, but the tree itself, not the Oread, but the Spirit of the Mountain, which speaks to us now. We have lost the "fascinating existences" of ancient fable, in their fair human forms; but Nature, then their lifeless dwelling, now breathes and throbs with more than their life, for we have clothed her with the garment of our own emotion and aspiration.

Unless this transformation, or a very similar one, were intended, the Chorus must of necessity have returned to Hades.

The description of the vintage with which the act closes resembles, in the original, a fragment of the frieze of a temple of Bacchus.

128. *The curtain falls.*

Düntzer interprets the Bacchanalian description as a picture of the decadence of the antique world. When the curtain falls, Phorkyas remains in the pro-

Digitized by Google

scenium, rises to a giant height, takes off her mask, and reveals herself as Mephistopheles. Perhaps this may indicate that the element of Ugliness and Evil was not lost to the human race when the historical curtain fell on the beautiful culture of the Greeks, but remained as the sole link of union between the ancient and modern worlds!

The epilogue, which Goethe apparently planned, was never written. Indeed, after the publication of the *Helena*, in 1827, he scarcely again looked at its pages.

129. *Yet seems to shape a figure.*

The classic trimeter is purposely retained in the opening of this Act, as a last, dying reverberation of the *Helena*. Faust's soliloquy has also the character of an echo and a memory. The clouds upon which he has floated take the form of Helena, as they recede from him: the Ideal which he has been pursuing rests along the distant horizon, and the stony summits of actual life are again under his feet.

Goethe began to write Act IV. about the middle of February, 1831. The apparent calm with which he received the news of his son's death was followed by an alarming hemorrhage, and during the month of November, 1830, his life was in danger. His great age and increasing physical weakness warned him to make use of his remaining time, and fill the single remaining gap in the Second Part of *Faust*; but that marvellous second spring-time of Poetry which we feel in the *Helena* and the Classical Walpurgis-Night, was over. Throughout this act we notice, if not precisely the weariness of age, yet a sense of effort, of surviving technical skill not wholly filled and made plastic by the life of the author's conception. His original design for the Act had been given up, and the present substance was evidently adopted, perhaps at the last moment, because it offered fewer difficulties of execution.

In the *Paralipomena* we find some fragments of the original plan, which lead us to suppose that this Act should have had a political character. Since every other clew thereto has been lost, I simply give the fragments in the order in which they were printed by Eckermann and Riemer: —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If wisdom could exist with youth,
And Republics without virtue,
Near were the world unto its highest aim.

---

Fie, be ashamed, that thou desirest fame!
'T is Fame that charlatans alone befriends.
Employ thy gifts for better ends
Than vainly thus to seek the world's acclaim.
After brief noise goes Fame to her repose;
The hero and the vagabond are both forgotten;
The greatest monarchs must their eyelids close,
And every dog insults the place they rot in.
Semiramis! did she not hold the fate
Of half the world 'twixt war and peace suspended,
And in her dying hour was she not full as great
As when her hand the sceptre first extended?
Yet scarcely hath she felt the blow
Which Death deals unawares upon her,
When from all sides a thousand libels flow,
Her corpse to cover with complete dishonor.
Who understands what 's possible and fit

Digitized by Google

May win some glory from his generation,
But, when a hundred years have heard of it,
No man will further heed thy reputation.

---

And when you scold, when you complain
That my behavior all too rude appears,

---

Who tells you truth at present, plump and plain,
He tells it to you for a thousand years.

---

Go, let thy luck then tested be!
Prove thy hypocrisy on all such matters,
Then, lame and tired, return to me!
Man only that accepts, which flatters.
Speak with the Pious of their virtue's pay,
Speak with Ixion of the cloud's embraces,
With kings, of rank and rightful sway,
Of Freedom and Equality, with the races!

FAUST.

Nor this time am I overawed
By thy deep wrath, which plans destruction ever, —
The tiger-glance, wherewith thou look'st abroad.
So hear it now, if thou hast heard it never:
Mankind has still a delicate ear,
And pure words still inspire to noble deeds;
Man feels the exigencies of his sphere,
And willingly an earnest counsel heeds.
With this intention I depart from thee,
But here, triumphant, soon again shall be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then go, with all thy splendid gifts, and try it!
I like to see a fool for other fools concerned:
Each finds his counsel good enough, nor seeks to buy it,
But money, when he lacks it, won't be spurned.

---

Why men themselves so worry, fret and fray,
It is a stale, insipid way;
The bread, we beg with daily breath,
Is not the finest, at its best;
There 's also naught so stale as Death,
And that is just the commonest.

130. *A Seven-league Boot trips forward.*

Goethe means to indicate by this image, and the first words of Mephistopheles, that Faust has been borne far away from his previous life, so that the former is obliged to make use of the seven-league boots of the fairy tale, in order to overtake him.

Mephistopheles, finding him among jagged peaks of stone, (a volcanic formation?) immediately claims an infernal origin for them. Goethe's hostility to the Plutonic theory is again exhibited here, and with more of his irritation than in the Classical Walpurgis-Night. The episode is so unnecessary (as the Germans would say, *unmotivirt*) that we can only explain it by the conjecture that something must have occurred in the scientific world, about the beginning of the year 1831, to renew Goethe's partisan feeling. I have not thought it necessary to ascertain this with certainty, for the point is hardly important enough to repay the uncertain labor, and the attempted satire is sufficiently plain.

131. *A mystery manifest and well concealed.*

Here, in the original, Riemer has added the reference: "*Ephesians* vi. 12," which I have omitted. The text is: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Luther translates the last phrase: "against evil spirits under heaven." The preceding

Digitized by Google

line also suggests ii. 2, of the same Epistle. Mephistopheles perhaps means to insinuate that through the Plutonic doctrine he and his fellow-devils have escaped from their old subterranean Hell, and he has again become "the prince of the power of the air."

Faust's reply expresses Goethe's idea of Creation, and in almost the same words which he more than once employed in describing it.

132. *O'er all the land the foreign blocks you spy there.*

In February, 1829, Goethe said to Eckermann: "Herr von Buch has published a new work, which contains an hypothesis in its very title. He means to treat of the granite blocks which lie about, here and there, one knows not how nor whence. But since Herr von Buch secretly cherishes the hypothesis that such granite blocks were cast out from within and shivered by some tremendous force, he indicates this at once in the title, where he speaks of *scattered* granite blocks. The step from this to the Force which scatters is very short, and the noose of Error is thrown over the head of the unsuspecting reader, before he is aware of it."

*Erratische Blöcke* is the common German term for "boulders." The reader, familiar with the science of our day, must remember that the glacial theory was then unknown. Mephistopheles continues Goethe's satire by attributing the scattered boulders to the effects of Moloch's hammer, and mentions, in verification, the correspondence of popular superstition, which sees the Devil's hand in every unusual rock-formation.

133. *The glory of the Kingdoms of the World.*

Here, again, Riemer has printed, opposite the text: "*Matthew* iv." It is, of course, the eighth verse to which he refers: "Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceedingly high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." The temptation of Christ was evidently Goethe's model for this portion of the scene. Mephistopheles offers the lures of authority and luxury, but Faust's nature has been enlightened and purified, and he adheres to his own grand design of a sphere of worthy activity.

134. *The sum of rebels thus augmented.*

There is a marked contradiction, in this passage, to Faust's liberal and confiding view of the people, given in the *Paralipomena* quoted in Note 129. Goethe, moreover, frequently declared that revolutions were always occasioned by the faults of the rulers, not by a native rebellious element in the people. In the description of a capital, which Mephistopheles gives, it is probable that Paris was intended; for the succeeding picture of "a pleasure-castle in a pleasant place" is undoubtedly Versailles. Since the scene was written early in 1831, the preceding July Revolution was probably fresh in Goethe's memory, and we may thus explain Faust's apparent cynicism.

Digitized by Google

135. *Mine eye was drawn to view the open Ocean.*

In this description, from first to last, we recognize Goethe. He frequently asserted that what we call the elements, the active forces of Nature, are full of wild, unfettered impulses, constantly warring against each other and against Man. The grand Chant of the Archangels (Prologue in Heaven) represents their endless operation, and is thus prophetic of Faust's sphere of activity. Society and Government have not satisfied the cravings of his nature; the Ideal, though its consecration is permanent, cannot be a possession; and he now determines to enter into conflict with a colossal natural force, and compel its submission to the imperial authority of the human mind.

136. *They, more than all, therein were implicated.*

We must suppose that Mephistopheles, bound to obedience, unwillingly serves in the fulfilment of plans which he cannot comprehend. Although he implicates Faust in the coming military movements, ostensibly for the purpose of acquiring possession of the ocean-strand through the help which the latter shall furnish to the Emperor, he is ever watchful to bring the affair to another issue. In the passage commencing: "A mighty error!" Faust gives us Goethe's impression of Napoleon. Mephistopheles naturally casts upon the priesthood the heaviest responsibility for the anarchy of the realm, and here, again, we have another view which Goethe frequently expressed.

137. *No! But I've brought, like Peter Squence.*

Shakespeare's Peter Quince becomes, in some English farce into which the comic parts of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" were worked, pedant and schoolmaster; and in Gryphius's translation of this farce was introduced to Germany as "Herr Peter Squenze." — *Düntzer.*

138. *The Three Mighty Men appear.*

Riemer here inserts the reference "2 *Samuel* xxiii. 8." But only the phrase seems to have been borrowed from the description of the three mighty men of David. The character given to the "allegoric blackguards" of Mephistopheles is not suggested by anything in *Samuel*, or the corresponding account in 1 *Chronicles* xi.

139. On the Headland.

The disposition of the Imperial army is described with so much exactness of detail that the plan of battle, and the application of the magic arts which Mephistopheles employs, may be followed as readily as if we were furnished with a topographical chart. We find the Emperor, also, precisely as we left him in Act I., a weak, amiable ruler, with fitful impulses which he mistakes for qualities of character, always planning great personal achievements which he forgets the next moment. In spite of the prosaic substance of this scene, it

Digitized by Google

is overhung by a weird, strange atmosphere; the real and the technical are singularly interfused with the supernatural, and we seem to be constantly on the point of feeling that vital poetic glow, which, in Goethe's eighty-second year, was but faintly smouldering under its own ashes.

140. *For they, in crystals and their silence, furled.*

Precisely what Goethe intends to hint in this line is uncertain. It can scarcely be crystallomancy, as one of the forms of divination; nor, as Düntzer says, "wonderful phases of crystallization, considered as an external symbol of intellectual research." Goethe attributed to Crystallization many mountain-phenomena which the Plutonists explained by upheaval, and this may be, possibly, a last, subsiding echo of his scientific prejudices.

141. *The Sabine old, the Norcian necromancer.*

Faust introduces an episode of the Emperor's coronation in Rome, in explanation of his assistance, and the Archbishop-Chancellor afterwards mentions the same incident, in the very opposite sense. In one of the notes which Goethe attached to his translation of the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, we detect the original material from which he constructed this passage: —

"From whatever cause the mountains of Norcia, between the Sabine land and the Duchy of Spoleto, acquired the name in old times, they are called to this day the Mountains of the Sibyls. Old writers of Romance made use of this locality in order to conduct their heroes through the most wonderful adventures, and thus increased the belief in those magical figures, the first outlines of which were drawn by the Legend. An Italian story, Guerino Meschino, and an old French work, relate strange occurrences, by which curious travellers have been surprised in that region; and Messer Cecco di Ascoli, who was burned in Florence in the year 1327, on account of his necromantic writings, is still remembered, through the interest felt in his history by the chroniclers, painters, and poets."

142. *Self is the Man!*

Again Goethe speaks; but his eloquent advocacy of a free, independent development of the individual becomes a hollow pretence in the Emperor's mouth. Faust's reply is a piece of flattery, which would have been more appropriate to Mephistopheles.

143. Bully (*coming forward.*)

The original of this name is *Raufebold*, and those of the other Mighty Men *Habebald* (accompanied by the *vivandière*, *Eilebeute*) and *Haltefest*. The first verse of *Isaiah* viii.: "Moreover, the Lord said to me, Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen concerning Maher-shalal-hash-baz" — reads, in Luther's translation: "Und der Herr sprach zu mir: Nimm von dich einen grossen Brief; und schreib



Digitized by Google

darauf mit Menschen-Griffel *Raubebald, Eilebeute.*"

I applied to the Rev. Dr. Conant for the exact interpretation of the Hebrew words, and take the liberty of quoting his reply : —

"*Habebald* and *Eilebeute* were suggested to Goethe by the symbolic name, *Maher-shalal-hash-baz*, the meaning of this name (*hasten the spoil, speed the prey*) portending that the spoiler and plunderer was at hand. In this, as its general import, critics are agreed, although there is a difference of opinion as to the grammatical construction. Gesenius, in his translation of Isaiah, expresses it well by *Raubebald Eilebeute.* Goethe was familiar with same forms, transposed, in Luther's version. I take it that Goethe regarded the spirit of plunder as the foremost element in war ; and hence he has placed its representative, under the symbolic name of *Habebald*, at the head of the central phalanx.

"Half the Hebrew name he has given to the *vivandière*, introduced (as I suppose) both to enliven the representation and to characterize another revolting accompaniment of war, "*die Frau ist grimmig wenn sie greift*," etc. Hence the other half of the name, *Raubebald*, he is obliged to transform to *Habebald*, both as better suited to the office of a military leader, and to avoid too close a resemblance to the name of another of his characters, whose participation in the fruits of victory it truly represents."

There is no doubt that these characters symbolize the human elements manifested in war. Bully represents the fierce, brutal, unrestrained spirit of fight ; Havequick is the thirst for booty, for the spoils of victory in every form ; and Holdfast seems to be the stubborn quality of resistance, the chief strength of armies.

144. *A ruddy and presaging glow.*

The reader, familiar with Goethe's works, is referred to the latter's description of his attack of "cannon fever" in the "Campaign in France" (1792). The passage is too long to be quoted ; but the circumstance that the entire field of battle appeared to be tinged with a red color is here introduced. A careful examination of the "Campaign" would probably discover much of the material which is employed in this scene ; and I venture to say that the chief reason why Goethe relinquished his first political plan, and accepted a representation of War in its stead, was, that it was very much easier for him to draw upon his memory than to task his failing powers of invention.

145. *Attend ! the sign is now expressed.*

After introducing the Fata Morgana of Sicily and the fires of St. Elmo, Faust reassures the Emperor, who has become bewildered and somewhat alarmed, by a sign in the air, such as is described by Homer (*Iliad, XII.*) and Plutarch (*Timoleon*). Goethe certainly designed, by these features, to give a ghostly atmosphere to the scene ; but he may have also meant to unite the superstition of the people with the brutality of war.

Digitized by Google

146. *The thing is done!* —

The apparent advantage of the enemy, in carrying the position occupied by the left wing of the Emperor's army, makes Faust's aid (through Mephistopheles) indispensable to victory. The latter, therefore, employs all his magic devices, in turn. Goethe seems to have ransacked the superstitions of History, and combined their most picturesque features. We are reminded of the storm and flood described by Plutarch, of St. Jago fighting for Spain, of the apparitions and noises which are reported to have accompanied many famous battles; but the most effective agent, after all, is *transmitted party hate.*

147. *Thou sowest treasure on the land.*

"Did the poet, perhaps, mean to indicate that booty is usually thoughtlessly squandered again, or only to describe, in general, the reckless haste of plunder, whereby the best is lost to the greedy robber hands, which attempt to grasp too much?" — *Düntzer.*

148. *'T is* Contribution, — *call it so!*

Havequick retorts that the contributions levied by armies in a hostile country are only another form of plunder.

149. Emperor.

The Alexandrine metre, with alternate masculine and feminine rhymes, in which the remainder of the scene is written, is not Goethe's invention, as some have supposed. I find it in a Prologue of Lessing, written in 1765; but it may also be found, in brief poems, fifty years earlier.

The scene, properly understood, is a grave, powerful satire on the Imperial system of government. All the artificial ritualism of Courts is set forth so naturally and consistently, that we must recall the Emperor's assumed manhood and the great danger he has just escaped, in order to feel the hollow selfishness which, disregarding the condition of the realm and the grievances of the people, only employs itself with the arrangement of ceremonials.

150. *When newly crowned, thou didst the wizard liberate.*

The reader will have already remarked that the satire of this scene is not limited to its mediæval features. It not only embraces that mechanical statesmanship which, after a great historical crisis, sees no other policy than the re-establishment of previous conditions, but it shows, in a contrast which grows sharper towards the close, the grandeur of *intelligent* human ambition, embodied in Faust, and the narrow greed and selfishness, first of the State, and then of the Church. The indifference of the secular princes becomes almost a virtue, beside the bigotry of the Archbishop. The latter refers to the humanity of the young Emperor, in saving the life of the Norcian necromancer, as an unatoned sin. The acceptance of the wizard's gratitude, in the aid rendered by Faust and Mephistopheles, although it has saved the dynasty, (and the Archbishop himself, with it,) is a still greater sin,

Digitized by Google

deserving the ban of the Holy Church. The Emperor is required to make heavy sacrifices of land, money, and revenues, before he can receive full absolution for his guilt. We are reminded of the priest's words to Margaret's mother (First Part, Scene IX.) † —

"The Church alone, beyond all question,
Has for ill-gotten goods the right digestion."

But the climax of rapacity, and also of inconsistency, is reached when the Archbishop demands the tithes of the new land which Faust has not yet reclaimed from the sea.

### 151. ACT V.

On the 13th of February, 1831, Goethe said to Eckermann, after stating that he had commenced the Fourth Act: "I shall now arrange how to fill the entire gap between the *Helena* and the *already completed Fifth Act*, writing down my thoughts in detail as a programme (*Schema*), so that I may execute it with thorough ease and certainty, and also that I may work on whatever parts attract me most."

Yet, on the 2d of May, Eckermann writes: "Goethe delighted me with the news that he had succeeded, within the last few days, in supplying the commencement of the Fifth Act of Faust, *which was hitherto lacking*, so that it is now as good as finished. 'The design of these scenes also,' said he, 'is more than *thirty* years old; it was so important, that I did not lose my interest in it, but so difficult to elaborate, that I was afraid of the task. By the employment of many devices, I have at last taken up the thread again, and if Fortune favors me, I shall finish the Fourth Act before I stop."

Again, in a letter to Zelter, written June 1, 1831, Goethe says: "It is no trifle that one must represent externally in one's eighty-second year what one has conceived in one's *twentieth*, and clothe such a living *inner* skeleton with sinews, flesh, and epidermis."

Here are apparent contradictions, which, I think, may be thus explained: In his letter to Zelter, Goethe simply refers to the original conception of *Faust*. The concluding part of Act V., commencing at Scene V. (MIDNIGHT: *Four Gray Women enter*), was written about the beginning of the century — certainly between 1800 and 1806 — and was perhaps intended to be the entire Act. At least, it seems probable that the sphere of activity which crowns Faust's life was first separated from the closing scenes of the drama. If Goethe, therefore, simply transferred the first four scenes from the Fourth Act to the Fifth, after remodelling the former, all these discrepancies of statement become intelligible.

Goethe also said: "That which, in my early years, was possible to me daily, and under all circumstances, can now only be accomplished periodically and under certain fortunate conditions. . . . . Now, I can only work on the Second Part of my *Faust* during the early hours of the day, when I am restored by sleep, feel myself strengthened, and the distractions of daily life have not confused me. Yet, after all,

Digitized by Google

what is it that I accomplish? In the luckiest case, one written page; but ordinarily only a hand's breadth of manuscript, and often, in an unproductive mood, still less."

It is very evident that the first four scenes of this last Act, having a more lyrical form than the conclusion of the Fourth Act, which was written a few weeks later, were a sore task to the aged poet. The metre is stiff and almost painfully constrained, and the construction sometimes so crabbed that I have twice or thrice been compelled to vary the phrase slightly for the sake of fluency. But the reader, no less than the critic, will be generous; and, keeping the grand design in view, will not too sharply scrutinize the imperfections of detail.

152. Baucis.

"Goethe showed me to-day the beginning of the Fifth Act of *Faust*, which had been lacking. I read to the passage where the hut of Philemon and Baucis is burned, and Faust, standing on the balcony of his palace at night, smells the smoke, borne to him by the wind.

"'The names Philemon and Baucis,' said I, 'transport me to the Phrygian shore, reminding me of that famous antique pair; but this scene is laid in modern times and in a Christian region.'

"'My Philemon and Baucis,' said Goethe, 'have nothing to do with that antique pair and the legend concerning them. I only gave them the same names, to dignify the characters. The persons and circumstances are similar, and the names thus will have a good effect.'" — *Eckermann*, June 6, 1831.

153. *Where the Sea's blue arc is spanned.*

The Wanderer is introduced in order that the changes which Faust has wrought in the region may be described. The sea, which broke on the downs where the former was wrecked, years before, is now only seen as a blue horizon-line in the distance.

154. *Knaves in vain by day were storming.*

The original line is: "*Tags umsonst die Knechte lärmten.*" Some translators have rendered the word *umsonst* into "unpaid," because it has frequently the meaning of "gratis." The other and equally correct rendering is suggested to me by the circumstance that the workmen were employed by night as well as by day. The account which the old couple give of Faust's cruelty must not be taken too literally: they are no friends of innovation.

155. *My grand estate lacks full design.*

The Warder, Lynceus, is here introduced for the purpose of describing the action. Schnetger, it is true, says he is the "prophetic vision of the Poet," mourning over the destruction of the Beautiful by the modern Industrial Spirit; but I find in him no symbolism whatever, — certainly nothing which connects him with his namesake of the *Helena*. Goethe's plan could not be embodied in dramatic dialogue; it required de-

Digitized by Google

scriptive passages, and the vehicle through which to introduce them was not always readily found.

"Faust, as he appears in the Fifth Act," said Goethe to Eckermann, "is just one hundred years old, according to my intention; and I am not certain whether it would not be well to express this positively, somewhere."

156. *With twenty come to port again.*

Mephistopheles, still forced to serve, turns his commercial into a piratical voyage, and hopes to secure Faust's complicity in Evil by tempting him to accept the precious spoils of all climes, and the vessels which he has accumulated. His argument, that War, Trade, and Piracy are "three in one," makes no impression on Faust, who, as we learn from the Three Mighty Men, turns away from the bribe in disgust.

157. *To-morrow the gay birds hither wend.*

This is an obscure line, which some interpret as denoting those seaport sirens who consume so much of the sailor's earnings. The Three Mighty Men represent the sea-faring class, so far as their character is drawn: Goethe did not feel himself on very secure ground here, and contented himself with indicating the sailor's blunt coarseness of speech and fondness for carousals.

158. *No sorer plague can us attack,*
*Than rich to be, and something lack.*

The reader must remember Faust's age, and his long course of successful achievement, in order to understand his present impatience and petulance. He loses all joy in his vast possessions, because the neighboring sand-hill, whereon he wishes to build a lookout for a view over all his new, thickly-peopled realm, is the property of another who refuses to sell or exchange it. Goethe has borrowed this incident from the story of Frederick the Great and the miller of Potsdam.

159. *Still Naboth's vineyard we behold.*

Riemer has here inserted a side-reference: "1 *Kings*, xxi." It will be enough to quote the second and third verses: —

2. And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house; and I will give thee for it a better vineyard than it; or, if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money.

3. And Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.

160. *Forgive! not happily 't was done.*

Faust, impatient at being so long thwarted in his plans, so far yields to Mephistopheles that he consents to employ force. Here is yet another — and the last — chance for the Spirit of Evil to win his wager. Like Jezebel, he compasses the death of Naboth-Philemon. The result is incendiarism and murder, not forcible removal; and Faust, instead of accepting the coveted property, curses the rash, inhuman deed

Digitized by Google

161. MIDNIGHT.

There can be no doubt that the earlier written portion of the Fifth Act commences with this scene. In the absence of any special evidence, I cannot fix the exact time; but I think it must have been in existence before Schiller's death (1805). The atmosphere of the First Part begins to breathe upon us again, as if from a distant Past; gradually and successively the old warmth and harmony and power revive; the chimes and chants of Easter morning are heard again in the Choruses of the Angels, and we are lifted, at the close, into a region of Heaven less austerely sublime than that of the Prologue, but burning into clearest whiteness through the ineffable Presence of the Divine Love.

162. *Necessity, mine.*

I have followed Dr. Anster in thus translating *Noth*, which may also be rendered "trouble" and "need," for the reason that Care, in this scene, includes the former meaning, and Want the latter.

The character of the three gray sisters, Want, Guilt, and Necessity, is explained when they declare that they cannot enter the house of the Rich; but Care, the *atra cura* of Horace, has free entrance everywhere. Goethe's conception of her being seems to be the embodied Worry, and the other three have no further apparent significance than to separate her from the other tormenting powers of life, and thus the more clearly define her nature.

163. *Then were it worth one's while a man to be!*

Goethe said to Eckermann (1828): "But we old Europeans are all more or less in evil plight. . . . . Each is refined and polite, but no one has the courage to be cordial and true, so that an honest man with natural ideas and impulses stands in an unfortunate position. Often one cannot help wishing that one had been born upon one of the South-Sea Islands, a so-called savage, so as once to have purely felt human existence, without any false flavors."

Faust's reference to his magic and to his curse (First Part, Scene IV.) is another evidence of the time when the scene was written, for it shows that the original conception was still fresh and warm in Goethe's mind. In spite of his great age, we feel that we have again met the Faust of the First Part, instead of his shadowy representative of the preceding acts.

164. *This World means something to the Capable!*

The original line, *Dem Tüchtigen ist diese Welt nicht stumm*, is difficult to translate — "To the capable (or *genuine*) man this world is not mute," that is, it reveals to him its uses and possibilities. This was the first article in Goethe's creed of life, and he has expressed it, in his poems, in a multitude of forms.

165. *But in my inmost spirit all is light.*

Faust's selfish desire for a station on the linden-trees, whence to overlook his lands, and the crime to which it

Digitized by Google

led, are justly avenged by his blindness. But with the external darkness comes a growing spiritual light. the "obscure aspiration" gives place to knowledge and faith. The passage is pregnant with meaning, but nothing in it is vague or doubtful.

166. LEMURES.

Goethe has here borrowed (probably from Percy's *Reliques*, which he knew) the original song of Lord Vaux, a part of which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the grave-digger in "Hamlet." But he has taken only the first half of the verses, completing them with other lines of his own. Therefore I have only translated these latter, and added them to the original English lines. In "Hamlet," the verses are: —

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O the time, for ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

But Age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I have never been such.

Goethe shows his knowledge of English literature, in restoring the line of Lord Vaux. —

Hath clawed me *with his crutch.*

Moreover, his variation of this latter verse, at least, is entirely in the spirit of the original.

167. *They spake not of a moat, but of* — a grave.

The original line contains a pun which cannot be given in translation: —

Man spricht, wie man mir Nachricht gab,
Von keinem *Graben*, doch vom — *Grab.*

168. *He only earns his freedom and existence,*
*Who daily conquers them anew*

In these lines Goethe has unconsciously remembered a passage from Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*: —

"Dann erst geniess' ich meines Lebens recht,
Wenn ich mir 's jeden Tag aufs neu erbeute."

(Then first do I truly enjoy my life, when I reconquer it every day as a new possession.)

It is hardly necessary that I should call the reader to observe how Faust's great work, which was at first planned to exhibit the victory of Man over the forces of Nature, now becomes, to his clearer spiritual vision, a permanent gain and blessing to the race. All unselfish work is better than the worker knows: and if Faust has only given "free activity" and not absolute "security" to the millions who shall come, he sees, at last, the great value of their very insecurity, as an agent which shall keep alive the virtues of vigilance, association, and the unselfish labor of each for the common good. He foresees a free people, living upon a free soil, — courage, intelligence, and patriotism constantly developed anew by danger. There is a passage in Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, wherein a similar thought is expressed.

Through this prophetic vision, Faust experiences the one moment of supreme happiness. He has attained it in spite of, not through, Mephistopheles. He has blessed his fellow-men for æons to come, by creating for them a field of existence, surrounded with conditions

Digitized by Google

which assure them its possession and their own freedom and happiness. Not through Knowledge, Indulgence, Power, — not even through the pure passion of the Beautiful, or victory over the Elements, — has he reached the crowning Moment which he would fain delay; the sole condition of perfect happiness is the good which he has accomplished for others.

169. *But Time is lord, on earth the old man lies.*

Mephistopheles almost quotes the Archbishop (page 372): —

"Who patient is, and right, his day shall yet arise."

His manner also suggests his words to the Lord, in the *Prologue in Heaven*: —

"If I fulfil my expectation,
You 'll let me triumph with a swelling breast."

The Chorus now purposely repeats the expression used by *Faust*, in completing the Compact (First Part, Scene IV.): —

Then let the death-bell chime the token,
Then art thou from thy service free!
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,
Then Time be finished unto me!

The answer of Mephistopheles to the exclamation of the Chorus: "'T is past!" seems to conflict with the passion for annihilation, which he expresses in first describing his nature to Faust (First Part, Scene III.). He drops his character of Negation suddenly, and becomes the popular Devil, who is a very positive personage. From this point to the end, we are reminded of the Miracle-plays of the Middle Ages.

170. SEPULTURE.

The chant of the Lemures is here again suggested by the Grave-digger's song in *Hamlet*, third verse: —

"A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

171. *Hell hath a multitude of jaws, in short.*

Goethe's first plan was to send Mephistopheles into the presence of The Lord, for the purpose of announcing that he had won. This, however, would have interfered with the effect of the closing scene, and he selected, instead, the machinery of the Miracle-plays, as better adapted to his purpose. The open jaws of Hell, as they are still represented in many chapels of Catholic countries, and the two varieties of Devils, are intentionally introduced as a coarse, almost vulgar framework for a scene which is meant to include the sharpest contrast of two principles, Heaven stooping down, and Hell rising up to take hold of the soul of Man.

172. *Pluck off the wings, 't is but a hideous worm.*

This passage is a satirical reference, both to the old traditions of the appearance of the soul and its manner of escape from the body, and to various psychological speculations of recent times.

173. *And Genius, surely, seeks at once to rise.*

The long, lean Devils, in whom a commentator (probably related to Nico-



Digitized by Google

lai) finds a symbol of the Jesuits, are directed to catch the soul in the air, if it should escape the clutches of those who bend over the body. All the contempt of Mephistopheles for Faust's ideal aspirations seems to be expressed in this sneer at "Genius."

174. *Is just the thing their prayers demand.*

Mephistopheles here becomes Goethe, for a moment. The latter firmly believed in the universality of the Divine Power and the Divine Love, and few things were more repulsive to his nature than the horrors of the conventional Hell of mediæval theology. Nothing could be more savagely satirical than this declaration of Mephistopheles that the worst torments invented by the fiends are demanded by the faith of the Pious.

Hartung says of the appearance of the angels: "Mephistopheles calls the glory which surrounds them an 'unwelcome day,' their chant a 'nasty tinkling, a boy-girlish strumming,' etc. This is a satire on the Moravian hymns and those of other canting sects." The correctness of the last assertion is by no means evident.

175. Chorus of Angels (*scattering roses*).

The angelic choruses in this scene are scarcely less wonderful than those of Easter morning, in the First Part. They present an equal difficulty to the translator in their interlinking feminine and dactylic rhymes, and perhaps a greater one in that unnatural compression of phrase which almost destroys the form of the thought. In one or two instances Goethe has attempted the impossible, and failed; yet his failure is so grand that we are tempted to accept it as a success. I add the literal translation of this Chorus, for the help of those who are unacquainted with the original: —

Roses, ye dazzling,
Balsam out-sending!
Fluttering, hovering,
Secretly animating,
Branch-winged,
Bud-unfolded,
Hasten to bloom!
Let Spring shoot,
Purple and green!
Bear Paradise
To the One who rests!

In the closing scene, the Roses are declared to have been scattered by the hands of "loving, sanctified women-penitents." They are symbolical of Love; but not yet, as some commentators suggest, of the Divine Love. I agree with Dr. Bloede, who in his essay, *Die Religions-Philosophie Goethe's*, calls them "acts of Love," in which the highest principle of Good, manifested through Man, overcomes the principle of Evil.

176. Angels.

The spirit of this Chorus is clear, in the original, but not the language. Even a literal translation is impossible unless we supply, conjecturally, the singular ellipses of the German lines: —

Blossoms, the blissful,
Flames, the joyous,
Love disseminate they,

Digitized by Google

Rapture prepare they,
As the heart may [receive or contain?].
Words, the true,
Ether in clearness,
To Eternal Hosts
Everywhere Day!

The meaning of the last four lines seems to be that true words are the clear ether wherein the eternal hosts of spirits find everywhere Day — or Light. There are several *German* interpretations of this chant.

177. Chorus of Angels.

The grotesque, mediæval character of the strife belongs to the Devils alone; the Angels are not yet seen, only their Chants fall from the Glory above. The celestial Roses burn and sting, "sharper than Hell's red conflagration," and both varieties of Devils are so tormented that they plunge head foremost into the Jaws which stand open upon the left hand, leaving Mephistopheles alone. We are to suppose that the Angels gradually descend during the singing of this Chorus, which I also give literally: —

What not appertains to you
Must you avoid;
What troubles your inner being
Dare you not suffer.
Should it press powerfully in,
We must be thoroughly strong;
Love only the Loving
Leads in to us!

178. *What now restrains me, that I dare not curse?*

Whatever may be said of the coarseness and irreverence of this and the following passage (Julian Schmidt, for instance, pronounces them "atrocious"), there could be no more tremendous illustration of the baseness and blindness of the principle of Evil. Although Mephistopheles is covered from head to foot, like Job, with boils which the burning roses have left behind them, he becomes enamored of the beauty of the Angels. In this languishing mood he is doubly a Devil, and the Negation embodied in him reaches a climax beyond all previous suggestion, for it is placed in antagonism to sacred purity.

179. Chorus of Angels.

Literally: —

Change into clearness,
Ye, loving Flames!
Them who damn themselves
Let Truth heal,
That they from Evil
Joyously redeem themselves,
Thus in the All-union
Blessed to be!

180. *The old case-hardened Devil went astray.*

The word which I have translated "case-hardened" is *ausgepichten*, an adjective usually applied to barrels and signifying "thoroughly seasoned with pitch." This is one of the many instances where the correct translation must be *equivalent*, and not *literal*. The impression left upon Mephistopheles is evidently that the Angels have taken advantage of his attack of "senseless passion" for them, and *stolen* from him the soul of Faust. He understands only the letter of his compact, for redemption through love and beneficent labor for others is to him simply incomprehensible. Thus, not only consistent with his original character, but

Digitized by Google

illustrating, as never before in the whole course of the drama, the eternal ignorance and impotence of Evil, he disappears from our sight.

### 181. Holy Anchorites.

This closing scene, although it ends in the higher regions of Heaven, appears to begin on Earth. Goethe evidently meant to symbolize a continual ascending scale of being, in which Death is simply a form of transition, not a profound gulf between two different worlds. In one of his letters to Zelter, he says: "Let us continue our work until one of us, before or after the other, returns to ether at the summons of the World-Spirit! Then may the Eternal not refuse to us new activities, analogous to those wherein we have here been tested! If He shall also add memory and a continued sense of the Right and the Good, in His fatherly kindness, we shall then surely all the sooner take hold or the wheels which drive the cosmic machinery (*in die Kämme des Weltgetriebes eingreifen*)."

The scene (apparently from some hint of Goethe's, which has not been recorded*) is taken, according to the best German commentators, from Montserrat, the remarkable, isolated mountain near Barcelona. This mountain, during the Middle Ages, was inhabited by anchorites, who were divided into regions according to the degree of spiritual perfection which they attained; the youngest occupying cells in the great summit-pyramids of rock, difficult and dangerous of access, while the older, after certain probations, gradually approached the base, their privations diminishing as their sanctity increased. Goethe reverses this order, commencing with the spirits who retain most of Earth, and rising above the highest summits into the pure, spiritual ether.

Schnetger's remarks are as just as they are concise: "The whole closing scene exhibits nothing else to us than a universal upward movement of loving natures, to whom other loving natures offer their hands; so that we have a long chain, the lowest link of which is on the Earth, the highest in the loftiest regions of Heaven, the lowest a man still heavily burdened with the Corporeal, the highest the Deity. It is not a Heaven full of eternally inactive bliss, such as lazy Piety imagines, which is exhibited to us, but one of the purest *loving activity*."

### 182. Pater Ecstaticus.

It is generally agreed — and the tendency of Goethe's mind during his last years justifies the belief — that the three *Patres* symbolize different forms or manifestations of devotional feeling Their appearance, as we afterwards feel, was suggested by the necessity of avoiding a sudden transition from the blas-

* An indirect clew may perhaps be found in the following passage from a letter which Wilhelm von Humboldt, after visiting Montserrat, wrote to Goethe: "Your *Mysteries* [a poem written by Goethe in 1785] rose distinctly in my memory. I have always taken an unusual delight in that beautiful poem, which expresses such a wonderfully lofty and human feeling; but now, since I have visited this spot, it interweaves itself with something in my own experience."

Digitized by Google

phemous sensuality of Mephistopheles to the "indescribable" exaltation of the closing mystery; but they also have their appropriate place in this ever-rising and ever-swelling symphony, with its one theme of the accordance of Human and Divine Love.

Since it was known that Goethe selected actual figures to serve as, at least, an imaginary basis for his spiritual and allegorical characters, the commentators have exhibited their research in endeavoring to fix upon the originals of these *Patres*. Although the title *Ecstaticus* was bestowed on Dionysius the Carthusian, and is also applicable to St. Anthony, it is not likely that Goethe meant to represent the individual character of either. St. Theresa, in fact, is a better personification of that *ekstasis*, which, as here, would temporarily annihilate the material and dissolve the soul in a frenzy of devotional love.

The last four lines spoken by the *Pater Ecstaticus* must be given literally, for the sake of comparison: —

> "That verily the void, transitory,
> All be dissipated (or exhaled),
> [And] beam the enduring star,
> Germ of Eternal Love!"

183. Pater Profundus.

We might almost say that the Pater Ecstaticus represents Devotion as manifested through temperament or exalted sensation; the Pater Profundus, Devotion as it shapes the intellect, which perceives symbols in all things, feels the limitations of the senses, and aspires towards Divine Truth as the highest form of knowledge; and finally, the Pater Seraphicus Devotion as it possesses the soul in the purest glow of self-abnegation.

The title *Pater Profundus* was bestowed on the English theologian, Thomas of Bradwardyne, and also on Bernard de Clairvaux, founder of the Cistercian order, two centuries before the former. It is not necessary, in either case, to seek for a parallel which we are not likely to find verified.

184. Pater Seraphicus.

This name was given to St. Francis of Assisi, who is mentioned by Dante (*Paradiso*, XI.), and Goethe may possibly have borne him in mind, without borrowing anything from the story of his life.

185. Chorus of Blessed Boys.

These boys, whom Goethe calls "midnight-born," are the spirits of those who died in birth, barely given to Life and then taken from it before the awakening of sense or mind. The meaning seems to be that they are still undeveloped in the spiritual world, — in other words, that, in the scale of ascending Being, they have missed our sphere, and feel only the delight of existence (*allen ist das Daseyn so gelind*), without the intelligence, from which must be born the aspiration for what is still beyond and above them.

186. (*He takes them into himself.*)

The following passage occurs in a letter from Goethe to Wolf, author of the famous Homeric *Prolegomena*, in 1806: "Why can I not at once,

Digitized by Google

honored friend, on receiving your letter, sink myself for a short time in your being, like those Swedenborgian spirits who sometimes receive permission to enter into the organs of sense of their master, and through the medium of these to behold the world?"

187. *Whoe'er aspires unweariedly*
*Is not beyond redeeming.*

Eckermann writes, in June, 1831: "We then spoke of the closing scene, and Goethe called my attention to the following passage" [every line is here so pregnant with important meaning that an exact rhymed translation becomes nearly impossible, and I therefore add the verse, in prose]: —

"Rescued is the noble member
Of the spirit-world from Evil:
Who, ever striving [aspiring?], exerts himself,
Him can we redeem.
And if he also participates
In the Love from on high,
The Blessed Host will meet him
With heartiest welcome."

"In these lines," said Goethe, "the key to Faust's rescue may be found. In Faust, himself, an ever higher and purer form of activity to the end, and the eternal Love coming down to his aid from above. This is entirely in harmony with our religious ideas, according to which we are not alone saved by our own strength, but through the freely-bestowed Grace of God.

"Moreover, you will admit that the conclusion, where the redeemed soul is carried above, was very difficult to accomplish; and also that I might very easily have lost myself in vagueness, in such supernatural, hardly conceivable surroundings, if I had not given a favorably restricting form and firmness to my poetic designs, through the sharp outlines of Christian-ecclesiastical figures and representations."

188. *Eternal love, alone,*
*Can separate them.*

This passage is somewhat obscure, because it attempts to express a greater bulk of meaning than the words will hold. The last eight lines are: —

When strong intellectual power
The elements
Has gathered into itself,
No angel [may or could] divide
The double nature grown into one
Of the intimate Two:
Eternal Love alone
Has power to separate it.

Goethe undoubtedly meant to say that the elements of earthly knowledge and experience become, in life, so blended into one with the spiritual nature of Man, that the Angels, who bear Faust's immortal part, not yet purified from the traces of its earthly career, cannot separate the two: it must be the work of Eternal Love. The soul of Faust is now given into the hands of the Blessed Boys.

189. Doctor Marianus.

Some see in this name a reference to Marianus Scotus, who died, as an eremite, in 1086. Others, again, suppose it to be *the celestial name of Faust*, although the soul of the latter has not yet awakened to the change. The title "Doctor" impresses us singularly,

Digitized by Google

after the *Patres*, and we cannot help surmising some special intention in it, although the character seems to be introduced solely for the purpose of describing the approach of the *Mater Gloriosa*. But there is nothing said, which might not, with equal propriety, have been put into the mouth of the Pater Seraphicus.

190. *The* MATER GLORIOSA *soars into the space.*

It is easy to understand why, in this mystic symphony of Love, Goethe should have chosen the Virgin as a representative of the sweetest and tenderest attribute of the Deity. This variation from the *Prologue in Heaven* was directly prescribed by the ecclesiastical framework through which he expresses the symbolism of the scene. Some of the critics censure Goethe for applying to the Virgin the word "Goddess," because it is not used by the Catholic Church; as if, in borrowing the form, he must necessarily accept the spirit with it! Nevertheless, a Catholic writer, Wilhelm von Schütz,* sees in this scene the evidence that Goethe was dissatisfied with "the palliative poverty of the Protestant spirit," and had almost reached Catholicism at the close of his life! On the other hand, Dr. Bärens† illustrates almost every portion of the scene by passages from the New Testament, and Pastor Cludius* declares that "Faust is a sphinx, whose enigmas can only be solved by those who are initiated into the mysteries of Christianity." Add to these views the assertion of a French critic that Faust is "a Gospel of Pantheism," and we can appreciate the height of Goethe's mind above all sectarian or theological boundaries.

191. MAGNA PECCATRIX.

I have retained the references attached to this and the two following stanzas, because I am not sure whether they were originally written by Goethe, or afterwards added by Riemer. Mary Magdalene and the Woman of Samaria require no comment: Mary of Egypt is described in the *Acta Sanctorum* as an infamous woman of Alexandria, who, after seventeen years of vice, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On approaching the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, an invisible arm thrust her away. Weeping, overcome with the sudden sense of her unworthiness, she prayed to the Virgin, and was then lifted as by hands and borne into the Temple, and a voice said to her: "Go beyond the Jordan, and thou wilt find peace." She went into the Desert where she lived alone forty-eight years, only visited by a monk who brought her the last sacrament, and for whom, when she died, she left a message written upon the sand.

These three sinful yet penitent and

* Goethe's Faust und der Protestantismus's Manuscript für Katholiken und Freunde. Bamberg, 1844.

† Der zweite Theil und insbesondere die Schlussscene der Goetheschen Fausttragödie. Hannover, 1854.

* Goethe's Faust as Apologie des Christenthums.

Digitized by Google

glorified women are made intercessors for the soul of Margaret, which has not yet been admitted to the higher spheres.

192. Una Pœnitentium.

Margaret sees her full pardon in the face of the Mater Gloriosa, before it is spoken, and the prayer (First Part, Scene XVIII.) which was a despairing cry for help now becomes a strain of unutterable joy. The Blessed Boys approach, bearing the soul of Faust, already overtowering them as it grows into consciousness of the new being. By him, who has learned so much of Life, they shall be taught at last. Margaret, no longer an ignorant maiden, but an inspired Soul, sees the beauty and glory of the original nature of Faust, now redeemed, releasing itself from its earthly disguises and shining like the Holy Host. But we hear no voice: we only know that it awakens.

193. *Who, feeling thee, shall follow there.*

The literal translation of these two lines must be added: —

"Come, lift thyself to higher spheres!
When he has a spiritual sense of thy presence, he will follow"

The reader who knows the original need not be told how difficult it is to render the word *abnet*.

194. Chorus Mysticus.

The closing lines of the wonderful drama must not be read as a complement to, or a solution of, the problem stated in the Prologue in Heaven. They seem to relate almost exclusively to the last scene, in order to connect the heavenly and the earthly spheres, by suggesting, mysteriously, the relation of the two. The translation I have given is nearly literal; but, inasmuch as every word is important, I here make it entirely so: —

All that is transitory
Is only a symbol:
The inadequate (or insufficient)
Here becomes event; (reality?)
The Indescribable,
Here it is done:
The Eternal-Womanly (or Feminine)
Draws us on and upward.

I can find no English equivalent for *Ewigweibliche* except "Woman-Soul," which will express very nearly the same idea to those who feel the spirit which breathes and burns throughout the scene. Love is the all-uplifting and all-redeeming power on Earth and in Heaven; and to Man it is revealed in its most pure and perfect form through Woman. Thus, in the transitory life of Earth, it is only a symbol of its diviner being; the possibilities of Love, which Earth can never fulfil, become realities in the higher life which follows; the Spirit, which Woman interprets to us here, still draws us upward (as Margaret draws the soul of Faust) there.

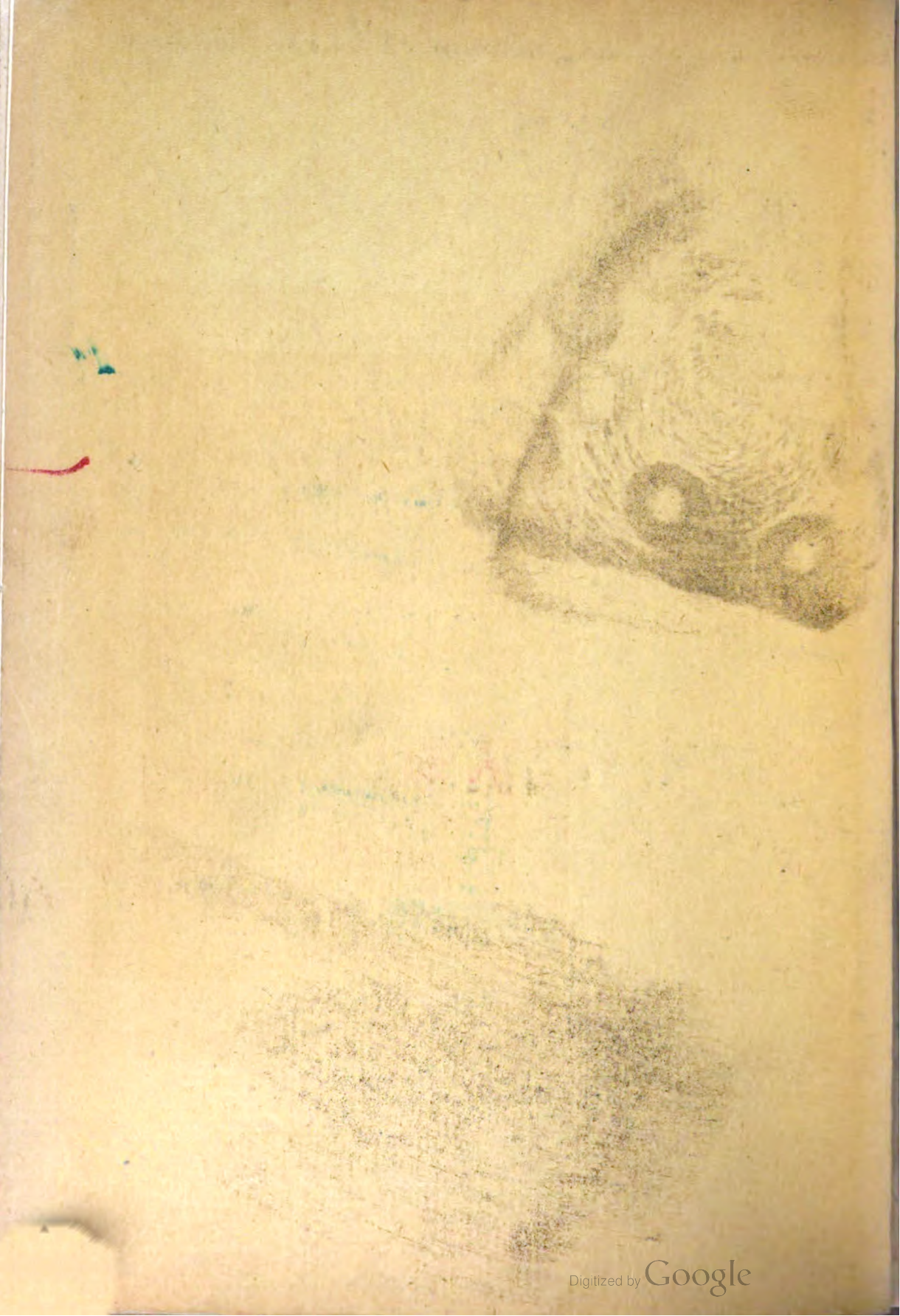
Cambridge: Electrotyped and Printed by Welch, Bigelow, and Co.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

WIDENER
BOOK DUE
APR 2 2
CANCELLED
APR 2

Digitized by Google